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SCALPEL AND CROSS IN HONAN

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IN HONAN

by CASPER C. SKINSNES, M. D.

AUGSBURG PUBLISHING HOUSE
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SCALPEL AND CROSS IN HONAN

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Printed and Manufactured in the United States of America by
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By Way of Introduction

THE LAND was Norway; the time, early in the 1890's. A little boy was hurrying along a country road, purposefully, with his eyes fixed on some distant goal. When a passer-by stopped him to ask where he was going in such haste, the little fellow replied, 'I am running to where the earth meets the sky. I am going to find God.'

"Years later the man who had been that boy found his God—not at the horizon—but at the cross of Jesus Christ where heaven truly touches earth.

"This book gives us glimpses of the life he has devoted to helping his fellowmen as he fought against suffering and disease in the mission fields of inland China. With this service he has shown countless others how they, too, can find God.

"But the story of Casper Skinsnes does more than that. It opens port-holes through which one catches glimpses of far-away lands, of other peoples and their needs, and of missionary enterprises, including the work of one small hospital dedicated to a struggle against superstition and misery, a hospital that, in the face of all barriers, brought modern Christian medical care and healing to thousands.

"The record should be an inspiration to those who would follow in such service and to all those who can help provide the means to expand the work of Christian medical missions throughout the world. It is a witness to the winning power of the mission of healing."

Olaf K. Skinsnes, M.D.

With these words the son of Casper Skinsnes—now a medical missionary himself—would preface the memoirs of his father's years in the Lutheran mission fields of China. And as one

reads the book, it is to find oneself returning again and again to the picture of a small boy with resolute face turned toward the horizon and God.

For Casper Skinsnes, like most doctors and most missionaries, spent much of his time hurrying from place to place; yet he always seemed to know where he was going and why. His *why* was ever in obedience to the will of God. Once that will, in any instance, became clear to him, he set forth to do it by the shortest, straightest path—whether it was to negotiate a peace between Chinese war lords or to cure a sick child in a distant village.

Writing of Dr. Skinsnes, an American visitor who was not a Christian herself expressed the strongest admiration for his work at the same time that she professed to find his fundamentalist religion "grim and dour." "Yet," she adds, "in his work with the sick and wounded, I saw only a man dedicated to the service of mankind." It is strange that even an atheist could not see in such consecrated service the very essence of Christianity. However grim the circumstances, in this kind of selfless service there is manifested the love that the apostle Paul defines—not a weak sentimentalism, but Christian love that can suffer long and still be kind, that does not boast of itself, that does not rejoice in evil but only in the truth, that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." This was the love that Casper and Mathilde Skinsnes carried with them from America to China; and it has been in such love that they and their children year after year labored and triumphed in the heart of an alien and often hostile land.

Christian love so manifested does not fail. Civil strife may close the doors of the missions and level the hospitals; but in the minds and memories of certain Chinese men and women there glows a faith that will not die. For many it was kindled by the ministrations of a doctor who found the God he sought and who serves Him well.

Memories at best are fragmentary records; but the pages from the hand of Casper Skinsnes carry the impact of reality.

To help the reader see these scenes in their Chinese setting, an introductory sketch of Chinese backgrounds and a brief calendar of Chinese history have been provided. During the twentieth century so much has been happening so fast in eastern Asia that one needs to freshen and clarify his impressions of the geography and economy of China if he is to understand her recent turbulent history.

The Editors

By Way of Background

CHINA today is a nation in turmoil. For more than fifty years she has not known real peace. It is true that she has suffered from foreign invasion; but much of the strife of this present century has been civil warfare, with Chinese fighting against Chinese. As these words are being set down, the Communists have control over the whole Chinese mainland, and Chinese doors are again effectively closed to Christianity.

The immediate causes of the fighting have been outlined briefly in a "Calendar of Recent Chinese History" in the appendix. But to understand the basic reasons, one needs to look at maps and to form some picture of the geographic and economic features of the country.

On a map of Asia in 1934 when Protestant missions were still active in the Orient, China looked not unlike a huge grapefruit filling most of the east central portion of the continent. But even then the arms of Russian influence embraced her upon three fronts—west, north, and northeast. And from the seaward side Japan, who had already seized Korea and Manchuria, was now pointing her guns and bombs directly at China's rich coastal cities.

Today the map of China has changed its outline. Manchuria is again a part of China; but a great gouge out of the top of the grapefruit shows where Outer Mongolia has become a "People's Republic," nominally independent but actually closely associated with Soviet Russia. All the mainland of China is Communist territory with its capital at Peking; and only the island of Formosa, lying off the coast a little south of the bulge of central China, is under the control of Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Nationalists.

In 1950 the area of China was estimated to be about 3,290,000 square miles, or just a little larger than our United States. Only about a fourth of the land is suitable for cultivation; and yet the country has somewhere between 450,000,000 and 500,000,000 people. China is subdivided into 35 provinces, corresponding somewhat in diversity of size and climates to the differences found among our own states.

To get some idea of the relation of the Chinese people to their land, let us think of the country as quartered by two imaginary lines: one a vertical line separating the eastern half from the west, and the other a horizontal line running a little north of the main course of the Yangtze River. A swift glance at any detailed map of China will show that most of the population lives east of the vertical line, with the heaviest concentration of cities in the central and southern parts of this eastern zone. To the north and northwest are great barren wastes; to the west and southwest rise the Himalayas and the special lofty province of Tibet—actually an independent state.

The horizontal line roughly separates a rugged north from a teeming, fertile south. In the provinces of the north there are grazing lands, some deposits of mineral, and considerable industry and trade in the northeastern coastal cities. On the plains of Manchuria and southward in the good soil lying between the Yellow and Yangtze rivers, there are agricultural districts; but in Manchuria the winters are severe and the growing season short; and the Yellow River, known as the "River of Sorrow," is subject to disastrous floods that periodically wash out crops and lives. The most important city of northern China is Peking—recently known as Peiping but again called Peking under the Communists—old, and rich in history.

The south of China has a climate ranging from warm to hot, and land so rich that farmers can raise two and sometimes three crops a year of rice and other grains. It is said that eighty percent of the people of China are farmers, with most of them crowded into this southern sector. Lack of good transportation makes it difficult or impossible to distribute the usually abundant produce of the south among the

provinces of the north. And so in the years of crop failures in upper China, starving hordes try to press south in search of food.

The Yangtze, unlike the Yellow River, is a life-giving stream. It provides a great waterway east and west, for it is navigable for more than a third of its 3,200 mile length. Along its course are important trading cities: Nanking, near its mouth on the eastern coast; Hankow some 500 miles inland; and Chungking, another 500 miles to the west.

The principal line of communication across China from south to north is the Canton-Peking railroad. The city of Hankow is strategically located at the point where the river and the railroad intersect.

About one hundred miles north of Hankow along the railroad is the picturesque mountain resort of Kikungshan. It is scarcely a town; but it was for years the seat of an American school for the children of missionaries, and during the summers a favorite gathering place for the missionaries themselves. Reaching out from Kikungshan for one hundred miles north and for two hundred miles on either side, lies the area that was served by the Lutheran United Mission. The district is mostly in the southeastern part of Honan province, but part of it dips down into Hupeh. Geographically, it is a pleasant location. Three of the mission stations—Sinyang, Kioshan, and Suiping—were on the Peking railroad. The other fourteen stations were spread out from Paokang in the west to Kushih in the east.

The railroad takes one south from these cities to Hankow or north to Peking. From Hankow, one may move south or east or west by rail or water. But, unfortunately, as national differences flared into war and as the Japanese moved westward into China, it became apparent that the mission field was also directly in the path of invading armies. Soldiers from the north and soldiers from the south surged back and forth through the section. In 1935 the Japanese were threatening all the interior; and by 1938 both Hankow and Canton had fallen to the invaders. There was also the threat of Com-

munism, for the Communists grew rapidly in numbers and strength after the first World War. Churches, schools, and hospitals took increasing punishment, as the years passed, both from the incidental cross-fire of opposing armies and from the direct hostility of anti-foreign, anti-Christian forces.

It was to this field that Casper and Mathilde Skinsnes had come in the fall of the comparatively peaceful year of 1915. At that time the Chinese Republic was only three years old. For the next 34 years, the life and work of Dr. Skinsnes would be centered in or about China and her people. This book suggests the story of those years.

We meet Dr. Skinsnes and his bride in the summer of 1915. For both of them this year was especially significant—a time of fulfilment as well as a time of beginnings. For Casper, it marked the end of almost eight years of training in college and seminary and medical school and hospital. Now in a rush had come his marriage, his degree of Doctor of Medicine, his ordination, and his call to the mission fields of China. Both he and his wife, the former Mathilde Olsen, had been born in Norway; and before they set out for China and the work they had chosen, they wanted to take the last steps in the process of naturalization which would make them American citizens. And they hoped, besides, to spend a few vacation weeks with their families in Norway during the summer.

The doctor tells us a bit about these eventful days in the first chapter of his chronicle.

The Editors

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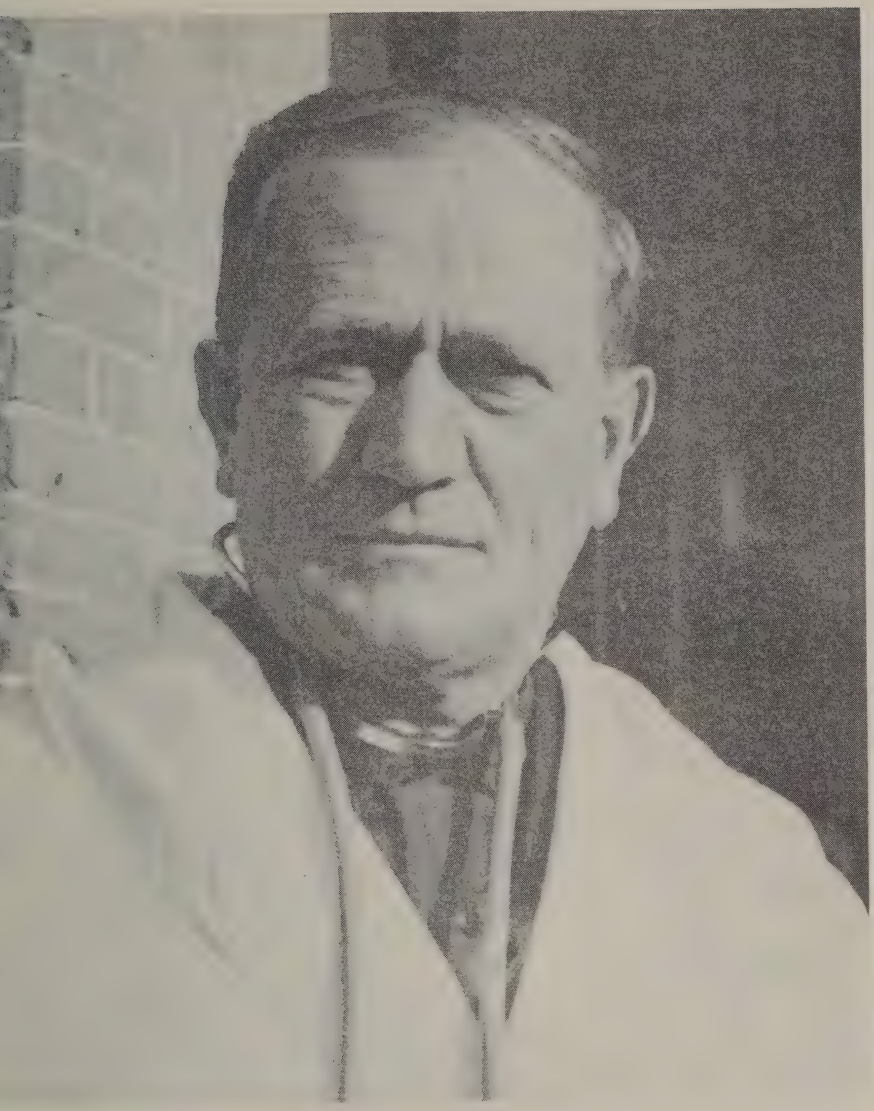
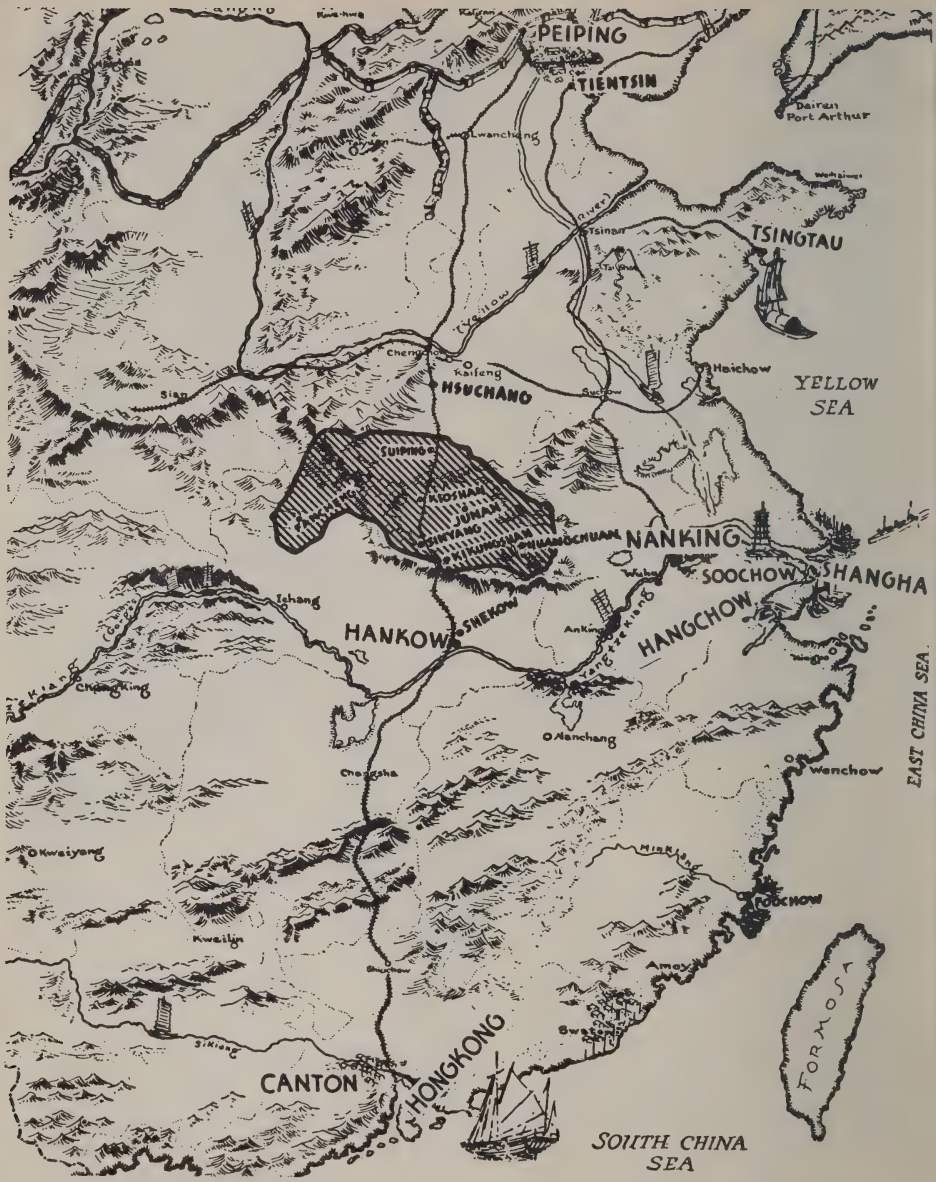


(1) Casper C. Skinsnes, M.D., Physician, Surgeon, and Missionary



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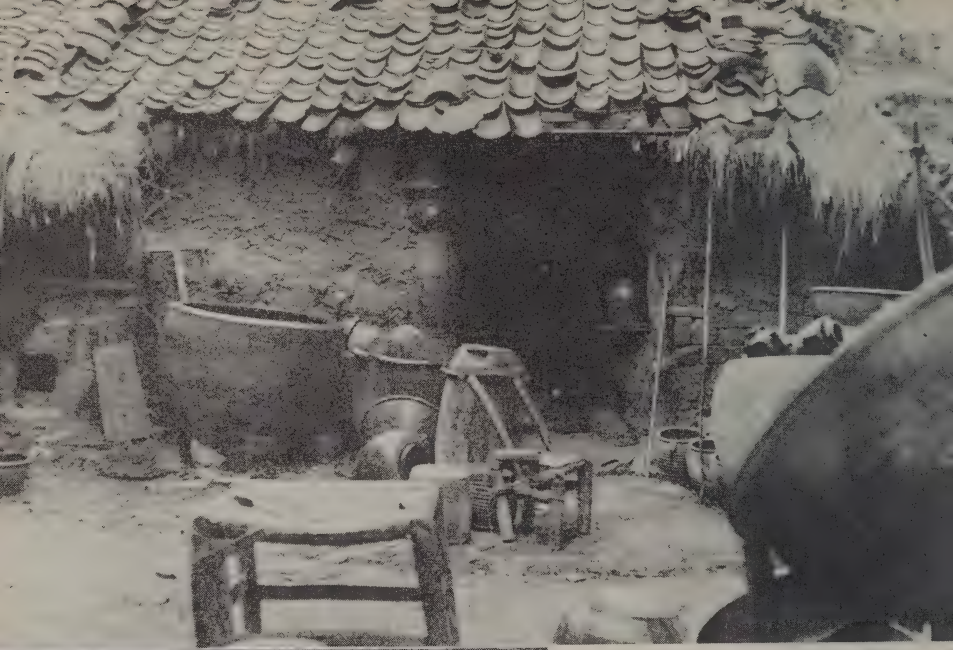
(3) Ingredients for Chinese medicines, displayed in the shop of an itinerant merchant

(4) A street restaurateur preparing a meal



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Going Places

OF ALL the ships docked along the waterfront, the *Awa Maru* looked to be the smallest. And in truth she was not large. She was Japanese and manned by Orientals who were also small, yet arrogant and stern.

Nor were our first days aboard reassuring. There were times when we wondered, was this a ship at all or some strange kind of submarine? Huge waves washed over the decks and hammered against her sides. They tossed her like a plaything; and we, her passengers, were rolled and buffeted about our cabins.

Our own cabin with its double-decker bunks opened into a small companionway. Near us was a similar cabin occupied by a Government teacher and his young wife who were bound for the Philippines. The poor girl was terribly seasick. Hoping that some fresh air might help her, the husband opened their door into the companionway and also the door leading out to the deck. There came a sudden bang, a roar, a rush of water, and a scream. Wind and waves had torn the door from his grasp. Water poured down the passageway, tossed

the young man into his bunk, and washed about the cabin. His wife screamed. For a moment we wondered whether the *Awa Maru* was breaking to pieces and if we were to be swallowed up with her. But we were only learning the hard way that neither fright nor fresh air nor salt sea-water can compound a cure for seasickness.

Later we were told that we were caught in the tail of a typhoon; and as our ship moaned in pain, we agreed that there was power in that tail.

But calm days followed. There were days on end when we sat blissfully on deck or leaned against the rail watching as the *Awa* pointed her nose westward toward our eastern destination. As we tried to picture our first ports of call—Yokohama and then Shanghai—we looked backward as well as ahead. Under quiet evening stars in the midst of a silken sea, we could recall with amusement those anxious days in June when we began to wonder if we should ever see China at all.

Most vividly we remembered our consternation when we learned of a hitch in our process of naturalization.

Early in the spring we had filed our petitions. Then, in June, when we expected to have our hearing, we learned that someone had blundered. Our names along with some three thousand others had not been posted until just the week before; and the law required a three-months' posting. Whatever were we to do? Our passage to China had already been booked and our plans laid for a trip to Norway in the weeks before we

left for China. It looked as if the Norwegian holiday would have to be canceled and perhaps even our sailing for the Orient postponed.

"Is there nothing that can be done about it?" I asked the clerk. "Who is the highest authority in this matter?"

"The federal officer. You will find him in the Federal Building," the young fellow answered in a tone that implied, "and little good will it do you to discuss such matters with *him*."

But the federal officer was a friendly man. We told him of our desire to become citizens, of my working my way through school so that I could go to China as a medical missionary, of our sailing plans, and of our deep desire to see our people in Norway once more before going so far away.

He promised at once to arrange a hearing for us for the latter part of August.

"And what about the Norway trip? Must we give that up?"

"No, go ahead. You, Dr. Skinsnes, have resided continuously in the United States for eight years. The law requires only five years. And after all," with a twinkle, "a honeymoon is a honeymoon. We can't let the law interfere with that." He noted down his promise on a sheet of paper, placed it in the file, and gave us the file number.

Cheered by his assurances, we sailed for Norway and our summer-time honeymoon.

When we returned to America late in August, we found that the grand old man had been transferred; but our papers were issued just as he had promised;

and three days later we were on our way to Seattle to keep our appointment with the *Awa Maru.*

Passenger ships always have their rumors. The *Awa Maru* was no exception. A rumor that troubled some of us who were going to the Orient for the first time concerned money. Passenger after passenger told us that they were carrying all their money in gold coins; for only gold, they assured us, could be exchanged for foreign currency. The secretary of the mission board had given us no such warning, but had merely advised us to watch out for counterfeit dollars in Shanghai. This, of course, was years before the Gold Reserve Act had taken gold coins out of circulation as domestic money; and our fellow travelers strolled the decks congratulating themselves on the heavy store of coins they carried with them hidden in specially designed pockets, belts, and stockings. We on our part kept uneasily quiet; our money was in greenbacks and bank drafts.

The day came when we disembarked in Yokohama. We hurried to the bank and approached the teller with greenbacks in our hands and trepidation in our hearts. The banker took our money with a smile. Was it true, we asked, that gold commanded a higher rate of exchange? No, was the answer; bank drafts had the best exchange value, then greenbacks, and then coins since these were heavier and harder to transport.

We decided then and there to discount—or at least to accept with reservations—the hearsay that hummed around us.

In Japan a mission doctor from China, who had

come out to meet his sister, boarded our vessel. As we steamed through the beautiful Inland Sea, I asked him some questions about China, particularly about the climate, about health conditions in general, and about any special precautions that should be taken against disease.

He advised us to wear stomach binders or belts and to protect our spines with a layer of red flannel. The temperature of the abdomen, he explained soberly, is higher than that of the rest of the body; and the belt by keeping the stomach warm, would be a protection against dysentery. The spinal covering, he went on, absorbed the ultra-violet rays which were so strong in the Orient.

I looked him over and then asked if he followed these precautions himself. Well, he admitted, he had done so his first years in China; but no, he didn't wear them now. I decided that we, too, could get along unencumbered by binders and red flannel.

It was on October 10 that the *Awa Maru* nosed into the Whangpoo River, sidled over to the wharf, and was moored to the pier. Shanghai was all about us. The day was a national holiday, like our Fourth of July, and there were swarms of people everywhere. Blue-clad porters and coolies trotted about under their heavy loads. Their sing-song cries, "Ei-a, ei-a," filled the air.

We noticed that some of the porters wore the names of hotels, such as "Astor House" and "Kalee Hotel," on their hat bands; but there were none with the name of the hotel that had been recommended to us. So we

asked one reliable-looking fellow where to find it. His shocked expression was enough to tell us that something was wrong, and we hastened to ask him to direct us to a good but reasonably priced hotel. It was not long before we found ourselves in a large attractive dining room. The tables were set with spotless linen and good china and silver. The waiters, in light blue Chinese costumes, moved silently about serving an excellent dinner of soup, fish, meat, vegetables, ice cream, and coffee. While we ate, our baggage was cleared through the customs by representatives of the hotel.

It was all so different from what we had been led to expect! Was this the China in which we were to live and work? Disillusionment came quickly enough. This was Shanghai, a great international city built by foreigners upon Chinese soil. It was not China at all.

Even though the day was a holiday, the hotel exchanged our money for Chinese currency and sent a porter to the office of the steamship company to reserve our tickets for the river trip to Hankow, the next leg of our journey. Later in the day when we went to pick up the tickets, we looked on with interest while the foreign manager at the window called a Chinese to test our silver dollars. The man took each dollar, blew upon it, and held it quickly to his ear. The ears of most Europeans and Americans are not keen enough to distinguish between good and counterfeit dollars with this test, but the Chinese rarely make a mistake. We did learn later to test the dollars by their ring when struck against each other. The dollars the hotel had given us were all good ones, and by seven

o'clock that same evening we were aboard a comfortable steamer and were on our way up the River Yangtze, bound for Hankow.

Hankow both amazed and confused us. Over five hundred miles inland from Shanghai as a crow flies (much farther, of course, by the winding river route), its harbor is a port for all types of sea-going vessels. Although not so large, it reminded us of Chicago in that it was a rail and navigation center. In Hankow were people going east or west, north-and-west, or south-and-west by river; or north or south by rail. We knew that we were going north by rail, but beyond that we knew little.

Not the least among the concerns of a foreign missionary back in 1915 was the uncertainty as to just where he was to go as he neared his destination and just how he was going to make it there. It not infrequently happened that the last hundred miles were the longest and hardest of the whole long journey.

On the pier at Hankow, we knew that we were in a strange land. No one had come to meet us. Later I learned that the wire I had sent to the Reverend Erik Sovik, who lived about ten miles out of Hankow in the village of Shekow, had not been delivered because there was no telegraph office in Shekow. There seemed to be few English or American people in Hankow, and no one around us had ever heard of a Mr. Sovik.

There were Chinese hurrying back and forth with their rickshas. Others had great burdens balanced on poles that swung across their shoulders. Most of them sang a monotonous chant which nevertheless set their

pace and seemed to keep them going. A few seemed even too weary to sing, ready literally to drop in their tracks. Yet all the seething crowd seemed to be going somewhere. Only we stood still looking about us, or started off uncertainly first in one direction, then in another.

I tried asking for the railroad station but could not make myself understood. We approached several men of our color but found they spoke only French. Finally, I puffed out my cheeks near a group of coolies, and huffed and tooted to imitate a locomotive. It worked. They nearly tore us and our luggage to pieces in their struggle to win our patronage for their rickshas.

At the railroad office, the ticket agent was a Belgian who spoke no English, and our troubles began all over again. I knew that the mission hospital to which we had been assigned was at Kioshan on the Peking railroad. Mathilde and I had talked it over and decided to buy tickets for that city. The letters K-I-O-S-H-A-N spelled out on a piece of paper for the ticket agent produced two tickets on which was printed "Chosenhsien." That did not seem right to us; but with signs and an English syllable here and there, the agent managed to convey the idea that there was no Kioshan on his line, but that a ticket to Chosenhsien would eventually get us there.

In our bewilderment, we turned to our ricksha men and waved our hands as we had seen others do in response to the coolies' inquiries. If we got out on the streets, we reasoned, we might see something or find someone to help us out. Evidently the coolies recognized our dilemma and took matters into their own

hands. They set off with no uncertain air, turned many corners and went down many streets, and finally drew up before a friendly looking building with a sign reading "Christian and Missionary Alliance Home." Had we only known it, this *was* our destination in Hankow. But we had not even known there was such a building.

Inside we found our instructions waiting for us. We were to wait there for the arrival of the superintendent of the missions, the Reverend Daniel Nelson, Senior. We need not bother about railroad tickets yet, as we were not to be stationed at Kioshan at once. First we must take some time out to learn the language.

That evening, Mr. Sovik came in from the seminary at Shekow. He knew even more about the plans for us. We were to spend our whole first year at the mountain resort of Kikungshan, learning the Chinese languages of our district and helping out in the American school there, teaching the children of other missionaries.

Mr. Sovik then took us out to his home in Shekow. Here we had our first glimpses of what our life in China might be like. We learned our first Chinese word, "wo-men" meaning "we." We attended our first Chinese church service, and took part in a missionary prayer meeting.

I remember particularly an incident that was used as an illustration by the Reverend Karl Ludwig Reichelt, one of the professors from the seminary, as he spoke about Christian living. It seemed that an elderly Chinese man was traveling alone on one of their crowded trains. His baggage had been placed on a

shelf high over his head. As he neared his station, he tried to get it down but found that he could not reach it. He struggled, perspiration streaming down his face, until he had to give up in exhaustion. Now, that coach was filled with passengers of his own race, old and young, but not one lifted a finger to help the old fellow. Instead they laughed and joked about his predicament. Finally, as the station was almost in sight, he began another frantic effort to get the parcels. Just then a Christian passed through the coach and sensing the difficulty, stepped up and handed down the luggage.

Simple as the story was, it crystallized for us a feeling we had had from the time we left the shelter of our European hotel in Shanghai—a puzzlement about the indifference of the Orientals around us to one another. On the river voyage to Hankow we had glimpsed many a scene of human misery, and round and about —sometimes actually *over* the wretched figures—trotted men of their own race, unseeing and unpitying. Christianity does make a difference in human life. Back home, we took everyday kindness as a matter of course. It isn't. It is a flower of Christian culture. As Mr. Reichelt ceased speaking, there came to Mathilde and me the flash of realization that as we sought to serve this country, we must be ready by night or by day to do even the little things that mark the measure of a Christian's love. The big things—yes, we had been ready for them. But now we understood, no slightest act of service could be beneath the honor of our calling.

When Daniel Nelson came, we met a small man

with deep-set, kindly eyes, and a frame so thin that I was certain he would be our first patient in China. Already in his sixties, he had been in China for twenty-five years. I discovered soon enough that my first impression was misleading. Daniel Nelson was wiry and resilient, and when it came to a test of physical endurance, he could hold his own with any of his coworkers.

It was he who put us on our train for Kikungshan and, in fact, made the trip with us. What a place that train was! Bundles and baskets, big and small, came sailing in through doors and windows. Children with convenient slits in their trousers came sprawling through the same windows, boosted by parents and friends. Bundles of live chickens, tied together by their legs, and even small pigs were stowed away under the seats, out of range of kicks and shoves.

The signal for departure came, and everyone tried to get comfortably settled. Those who could not find seats crawled up on the commodious baggage shelves and made up their beds there. Others stacked their bundles in the aisles and perched themselves upon them. No one paid any attention to the comfort of persons outside their own families, and there were many harsh words and not a few real tussles. Eventually, though, everyone settled down, and the visiting and chatting began. Trainmen came selling boiling water for tea, and sugar cane, and peanuts. Tea cups went the rounds. At stations along the way, vendors passed under the windows selling fried chicken, Chinese buns, sweet potatoes, boiled eggs, noodles, fried ducks, ducks' eggs, and other delicacies strange to us.

With every transaction a bedlam of haggling broke out over prices.

Not long after we got under way, the conductor came through to check our tickets. Trailing him was a row of soldiers with guns and drawn bayonets, and behind them a squad of policemen, each with a bobby-stick. All in the interest of keeping order! Occasionally they came upon a luckless passenger without a ticket. After heated debate and a good deal of club waving, two or three policemen would detach themselves from the group and escort the culprit to the platform of the coach, to be tossed off at the first stop.

Mr. Nelson had been enjoying our reactions to the drama around us. With a twinkle in his eye he said, "Now you're meeting the real thing. You have been traveling in the 'foreigners' China.' This is travel, native style." He then ordered a bowl of soup for each of us. The trainman brought the bowls on a dirty tray. Over his arm he carried a soot-black rag with which he wiped our wooden spoons. We managed to snatch them for further cleaning before he dropped them into the soup. We did eat the soup, at first reluctantly, then more and more avidly for the flavor was good and we were hungry.

Kikungshan can scarcely be more than a hundred miles from Hankow, but that journey to us seemed interminable. Of course, the road did not follow a straight course; some of it ran up grade; and there were many stops. The engine grunted and chugged along. The men on the baggage shelves above us snored, as did the pig under the seat. If we were tempted to catch a few winks ourselves, a wide-awake rooster

put an end to that. Besides, it was well to keep our eyes on our bags. Nelson entertained us with his stories of China and the Chinese. And he ribbed the soldiers, not unkindly, because they hadn't managed to capture and annihilate Pai-lang, the "White Wolf," with his army of bandits. All the soldiers had managed to do so far was to reach the looted, smoking towns hours after Pai-lang had swept through them. In defense, the soldiers protested they had "captured" these gutted towns.

And so the night wore on. In a drowsy moment, I reflected that for a long, long time I had been going places. It seemed now that I was about to arrive at a spot that was very far from home.

Mountain Top and Valleys

IT WAS on a mountain top in China that my wife and I first set up housekeeping. And I admit that our first view of the mountain was a dim one.

We had heard much about the beauty of Kikung-shan. And in time we came to love her dearly, drawing strength from her bracing air and glorious sunlight. But she had her moods of despair and violence when for days she was shrouded in fog, or when the rains came pelting about her shoulders, washing away roads and turning little creeks into rivers.

It was in such a season that we made her acquaintance. Cramped, hungry, weary from our train ride, we had stepped down to the station platform at Sintien into a drizzling rain. Seventeen hundred feet above us, we were told, was the top of the mountain and home, though now it was hidden in heavy clouds.

In those early years, the mountain was wild and rugged, and the road up was in places hardly more than a path. In good weather it was a pleasant, relax

ing climb. In the mist and rain, it was an ordeal. The seventeen hundred feet up—by path, of course, much longer—seemed like seventeen miles. And when we reached the top, there was no glorious view, only more rain and swirling wind.

But there was companionship awaiting us—other missionaries and their wives; and there was a house just for us. For a year it would be our home.

With some dismay we learned that setting up housekeeping would involve hiring a cook and house boy. Two servants for two people? To our thrifty minds, it sounded like sinful extravagance. But in China, we were persuaded, things were different. If we were to insist upon doing all our own work, we should have no face with our Chinese neighbors. The cook and boy were hired.

It was not long before we admitted that we were glad to have them. Things were certainly very different in China.

For one thing, there was no American plumbing, no running water, no electrical appliances. All our water had to be carried uphill from a mountain spring. Wood had to be chopped, and coal must be carried up the mountain side. Laundry was done by hand over a washboard. Mission homes were few and far apart; and so our homes became guest houses for traveling missionaries of any denomination. Our own house came to serve as a hospital as well.

We discovered then that servants were a necessity, not a luxury. Without them, we should have had no time for the special work we had been trained to do.

As we became better acquainted with Chinese ways, we learned to entrust many domestic transactions to our servants. In dealing with the native traders and workmen, they were invaluable. Trading was almost a skilled profession with a trickery of its own. The natives thought all white men were very, very rich; prices skyrocketed if an American or European tried to buy. But our servants knew all the tricks, and they stalled and bargained till the price was right. According to the custom of the country, Chinese servants kept ten percent of the purchase price of all commodities that they handled. But even this bonus added to their wages was nowhere near the amount they saved us by their skill in buying.

They helped us in other ways, too. Many boxes of goods were sent us from Norway. All such supplies were carried up the mountain by coolies from the railway station. The boxes had to be weighed first, as the coolies were paid according to the weight they carried. Not realizing at first that this was a matter to be best handled by the servants, I tried weighing the goods myself. Puzzled to find that the boxes I weighed always came out heavier than they had been marked on the bills of lading, I kept my eyes open. When the next box showed heavier than it had been billed, I looked around quickly and found a coolie stepping on a string attached to the box in such a way that he gave added pull to the scale. When he saw that his trick had been discovered he became furiously angry, and went off shouting murderous threats.

So eager were the workmen for money that they would increase their loads by many a ruse in order to

increase their pay. They would soak the inside pieces of a load of wood in water to make it heavier; put wet wood or stones inside bundles of charcoal; or fill the insides of chickens with small stones. Our servants were adept at discovering such ruses, and we avoided a good deal of controversy and chagrin when we learned to let them handle our transactions with the coolies.

Our year on the mountain was to help us become acclimated literally and figuratively to the new land. And all that we learned about the people and their dealings with one another was greatly to our advantage. Our work itself was to be a year of uninterrupted language study.

If I chafed at first at the thought of another whole year of study before I could begin actual practice as doctor and surgeon, I found out quickly enough that my fretting was groundless. Word spread like magic that there was a foreign doctor on the mountain, and it was not long before my chief concern was how I could find any time at all for my studies.

Curiously, my first professional visitors were not patients. Villagers began coming up from the valley bringing strange and gruesome objects—dead snakes, scorpions, centipedes, old bones that they insisted were genuine tiger bones. These they offered for sale at fancy prices.

"Why in the world," I asked, "should they bring me these things? And why such outrageous prices?"

"They know now that you are a doctor, and they are bringing you the materials they sell to their own doctors to make medicines from. Because you are a foreign doc-

tor, they think you will pay well for these ingredients."

"Why do they specially point out the tiger bones?"

"Ho, don't you know that either? The Chinese doctors make a tonic from them. Isn't the tiger the strongest animal in the world? And if one eats the strongest part of the strongest animal, one will certainly become strong." From their point of view, it was logical enough.

But it was not long before the little veranda of our house became a waiting room for sick folks who wanted our kind of doctoring. From mountains and valleys all around people came to be treated, and I was having no time left to myself at all. Not a great distance from the house was a small community dispensary that had been operated only during the summer months. I decided to open it at certain regular hours and to see no patients outside of the dispensary.

The opening of the dispensary relieved the congestion at home, but it increased the number of patients and required a great deal of time and many medical supplies. Since I was not expected to be practicing yet, there were few supplies at hand. We began to tear up sheets, towels, old uniforms, even old shirts for bandages. Wherever we went, we met folks with wounds or ulcers dressed in odd bits of our cast-off clothing. We might even meet a lad with a shirtband full of buttonholes around his head for a bandage. The missionary women refused us nothing that we requested for the dispensary, but word got around that we would soon be sleeping in beds without sheets and walking around half clad; and arrangements were finally made to secure the needed supplies.

My first out-patient case brought me great acclaim and prestige among the Chinese.

On a day in early spring a delegation came begging me to go with them to see a woman who was much too sick to be brought to the dispensary. I had been instructed not to leave the mountain, but when my visitors assured me that the distance was not great and that the case was desperate, I finally agreed to go with them.

As we wound along the mountain path, I discovered that their idea of distance was quite different from mine. We had gone about half the way when we were met by a man who said that the woman had already died twice, so would we please hurry to prevent her from dying a third time. I suggested that since she had already died, there was no point in my going farther. But he assured us that she was alive again.

Before we reached the patient's house we heard a great wailing and shouting. People by the hundreds seemed to have gathered at the spot. Priests were chanting, drums were beating, and tin pans were being banged together. The woman's relatives had despair in their eyes. They seemed literally to be fighting something that I could not see.

"Do not be afraid," said one of the men. "They are fighting the devil and trying to call back the soul of the woman. They say she is really dead." As I edged in closer, I could see that some were holding the woman's eyes open and shouting in her ear, evidently calling her name.

I forced my way through the hysterical crowd to her side. I felt her pulse and discovered that she was

indeed alive, but she had fainted several times and was very weak. The close dark room in which she lay was the more stifling for the throngs around her. With the help of one of the men who came with me, I cleared the room of the "mourners." Only the husband and the mother of the woman were allowed to remain. Then I sterilized my instruments and pumped into the woman all the stimulants I dared use.

In a few moments she opened her eyes and began to speak in a whisper. I suggested that they give her plenty of tea to drink and also some brown sugar dissolved in hot water, something the Chinese are very fond of. She got both by the teapotful. Before I left, she was asking for eggs boiled in syrup—another favorite dish—and I watched her finish eight of them. I left some medicines with instructions for their use, adding that she was to be kept quiet and to have plenty of fresh air and liquids.

When we came outside, the people swarmed around us. I assured them that the woman was alive and asked them all to return to their homes. A few were inclined to doubt our report, but finally left reluctantly when the husband also asked them to go.

A few weeks later, the woman herself reported to the dispensary, having walked the whole distance. All her friends insisted that I had raised her from the dead.

Our mountain was not topped by a plateau but was divided by a central ridge into two principal valleys, one along the top of the south slope and the other along the north. The south valley was not so rugged as the north, and it held some elaborate residences

built by foreign business men coming from Hankow and its vicinity. The north valley was broken up into smaller ridges and valleys, and in it lived the missionaries.

In our first year, there were very few of these people who lived on the mountain the year around—mostly the ones who were connected with the American School. Houses were far apart and game was plentiful. Through the winter months wild boar, deer, and mountain lions prowled the ridges and valleys. Whenever we went to the spring for water, or strayed very far from the cleared spaces about our homes, we carried long, sharp-bladed knives.

In the summer, the whole mountain top came to life, for it was a retreat to which missionaries and their families could come for relief from the intense summer heat of the plains. Here men and women who spent most of the year in lonely stations far from their own countrymen could spend a few weeks in conference with friends and other workers. Plans could be made for the work ahead, sometimes with vehement argument, but always with Christian charity.

A little stone Lutheran church was especially dear to us. In our first year there, when so much was strange to us and we were sometimes lonely, sometimes perplexed, it was a never-failing place of refuge to us. And as the years in China came and went, often I returned to the mountain top and the little church, worn and discouraged by the tremendous pace of the work on the plains. Here in this quiet spot again and again God met me. It was as if He lifted me on His knees and I saw no one but Him. Then He would

tell me that all the failings and human sins were forgiven, and I would hear Him say, "Come now, we will go down again to the crowds on the plains and we will work at it again for another year, you and I together. And the strength will come not from you but from Me."

And on our mountain always when dusk would dim the valleys, we would gather quietly from the homes and cottages and sing together the well-loved hymns—"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," "In heavenly love abiding," or "My God, how wonderful Thou art!" The Swedes have a saying, *Det la sig som bomuld om hjerte"*—that is to say, these experiences "lay like a balm upon the heart." And so it was.

Kikungshan who had greeted us so dourly became a much loved friend—a symbol of our Refuge and our Strength.

Front-Line Duty

THE MISSION conference had decided that our second year in China should be spent in Sinyang, quite a large and important city about thirty miles north of Kikungshan, on the Peking-Hankow railroad.

The city had no hospital nor, until I came, any scientifically trained doctor. There was, however, a well-established Christian church with a native pastor, the Reverend Mr. Chu Hao-jan. I was to divide my time between language study and medical practice. But again the calls for medical help became more and more time-consuming.

For one thing, Mr. Chu had a large family with many relatives; and he had numerous friends also with large families—some of them influential citizens. Whenever any of these friends or relatives fell ill, after Chinese cures had failed, a call came for me. Had I for any reason refused the call, it would have been taken as an offence to the sick person and an insult to the whole Chu family. I was glad, of course, to answer any and all calls and before long found myself with almost a full-time medical practice on my hands but

without any adequate office, dispensary, or equipment with which to do the work.

The Chinese citizens themselves became interested in providing some kind of hospital for the city. Tao Yu, the civil officer presiding over the nine districts centered about Sinyang, gave a feast in his great palace with its surrounding gardens; and plans were discussed for carrying out such a project.

But before much headway could be made, a call came from the mission board in America for a medical missionary to be sent to a hospital operated by the Norwegian Missionary Society in Taohwalun outside of Yiyang in Hunan province, south of Hankow. Although my practice in Sinyang was large and hopes of a hospital were promising, I was nevertheless the newest doctor in the mission field and the logical one to be given the assignment. The orders came for me to report to Taohwalun as a two-year replacement for the Drs. Vogt who were going home on furlough.

To illustrate the urgent need for medical work in the area I was leaving, let me tell of one call that came to me while I was still in Sinyang.

A missionary in the service of the Lutheran Brethren's Mission—a Mr. Aandahl—had been using his bicycle to take him about his wide parish. One day as he was crossing a narrow stone bridge, he found too late that one of the main slabs was out. He and his bicycle landed in the creek bed some eighteen feet below. One leg pained him greatly, but when he picked himself up, he found that he could walk on it and concluded that the leg had been sprained but not

fractured. After a month's time, his leg showed no signs of mending, so he sent a message to me asking me if possible to come and examine it.

Distances in China, we had already learned, were to be measured in time rather than in miles. By map, Tungpeh was about sixty miles northwest of Sinyang. In America today over good roads, sixty miles represents little over an hour's journey. In China, then, it meant a two- or three-days' trek. There were, of course, no paved roads; and the only practical means of transportation was a sedan chair slung between two poles and carried by a team of coolies. Missionaries who made frequent trips to out-stations had their own chairs and certain coolies they could call upon. This was another custom that Mrs. Skinsnes and I had found hard to accept. At first it had seemed utterly un-Christian to be borne in a chair carried by fellow human beings. But here again we discovered that the Chinese had a different way of looking at it. This was one of the ways they had to earn a living; and persons who chose to walk rather than be carried were cursed as misers and foes of the working man.

On this occasion, one of the missionaries provided me with a chair. It was really too large for good distance traveling, for it required eight carriers who worked in shifts of four. The coolies though, were well trained and used to the weather, the trails, and the muscular exertion.

Bedding was packed for the trip, lanterns were filled and trimmed, extra shoes provided in case we tumbled into one of the streams and got wet. Then there were galoshes in case roads or footpaths were muddy from

rains. And there must be plenty of food for at least two days. The food that would be available in Chinese inns along the way was seldom safe for us, since it might be contaminated by flies and polluted water.

The carriers started out with a great show of vigor, but before long they had to slow up under the heavy load, and I walked long stretches to help them out. At meal time the coolies gathered around my chair and had a fine time watching this foreigner eat meatballs, a goodly supply of them having been prepared for the trip. The Chinese probably had no idea what they were made of, but pointed at them and me, laughing and chattering as if they were watching some good street show.

The first evening we stopped at a small inn. The district and its people both seemed wild and rugged. We had been warned against theft on this trip and advised to sleep in our clothes since some travelers woke in the morning to find themselves without trousers or shoes. Our innkeeper said that all his beds were filled, but he offered me a large grain basket which he guaranteed to be clean and free of vermin. Well, I thought, if Moses, one of the greatest yet humblest of men, could begin his life by floating in a basket, I could certainly sleep in one.

Darkness came quickly. Our only light came from a small crucible filled with oil and fitted with a wick. Rats crawled from their corners and peered down at me from the rafters. The pigs grunted and snored in their customary places under the beds. Chickens slept perched on sticks in the corners. Everyone else had turned in, so I too rolled into my basket, clothes and

all. About midnight the chickens grew restless, and the geese began to hiss and wheeze. Geese, I knew, were often better watchers than dogs, and I was sure that robbers were on the prowl. But the innkeeper made it known that it was a weasel causing all the commotion, and he eventually produced the dead animal by way of proof.

At Tungpeh, I discovered that Mr. Aandahl's hip had sustained a bad fracture and that some of the bones were smashed. Since the accident had occurred four weeks earlier, there was little that I could do to correct it then. I urged him to try to get to Hankow where he could go into a hospital for X-rays and expert care. He either could not or did not go; and for the rest of his days he was handicapped for the lack of medical attention at the time of his injury.

For supper, Mrs. Aandahl served us—you guessed it—hot, tasty, meatballs; and when we left in the morning, she gave me a great package of lunch containing among other things a bountiful supply of the left-over meatballs. On the way home, we made nine river crossings. Each time we balanced our way precariously over wooden bridges constructed of single or double planks supported by tripods of posts set into the river bed. During the rainy season when the rivers were swollen, both planks and tripods were taken up till the floods receded. As we were crossing on one such bridge, a luckless carrier slipped; and the chair (I was not in it at the time), coolies, and baggage all got a good soaking. Only the meatballs in a glass jar were unharmed. They lasted me all the way home.

Expeditions of this sort are a part of the life of the

missionary doctor. His district is large, and facilities are primitive. The discomforts he endures, however, seem as nothing if the results of the trip are successful. But too often the need was greater than resources could meet. Now I was about to leave for the south, and once again Sinyang and the district around it would be without any doctor at all—at least for some time. An encouraging aspect, though, was that the community itself had been awakened to its need and was ready to do something about it.

Southern Interlude

THE CHINA we saw from the mission hill at Taohwalun captivated us with its placid beauty and age-old charm. Between us and the prosperous city of Yiyang with its three hundred thousand inhabitants rolled the wide and deep Tsi River. Boats of every size, every kind known to China plied up and down the river. There were the stately junks, some shining in the sunlight, their hulls rubbed down with tung oil; others old and worn and yet with a dignity in their ample forms. Sails were brown, sails were white, sails were blue; some were square and some triangular, and not infrequently, there was only the bamboo framework against which a few ragged remnants of cloth were pressed by the breeze. In and out darted small boats ferrying the local traffic, since there was no bridge; and up and down the river went the large steamers. All the Chinese craft had two large eyes painted on their prows, for without them the sailors believed the boats could not see where they were going. When the wind was adverse, the crew of the sailing vessels would disembark and walk along the shore pulling their craft with long ropes.

To hundreds of men and women and children, the river was all their life as well as their livelihood. Whole families lived on the ships and boats—even the small ones. Here people were born, here they worked, and here they died.

About the hospital and mission station was a garden of oriental flowers and trees. There were orange trees with their fragrant blossoms and aromatic leaves, and there were enormous bamboos of an almost mythical beauty.

"Listen," we would say in those first days. "What is that crackling sound?"

"Oh, that is the bamboo growing," came the answer. "At this season it grows so fast that you can hear it and almost see it stretch up and up. Measure this shoot today, and tomorrow you will find it many inches taller. Do you see that sprout coming up? It is so strong it is pushing that slab of stone out of its way. In three weeks these bamboos will be full grown—some of them from five to six inches in diameter and over thirty feet tall. Why do they grow so fast? Perhaps for their very lives' sake. The young shoots are so good to eat that if they did not grow quickly out of the sprout stage, they would never survive to maturity."

In the half hour before sunset each day, it was the custom for all of us at the mission to gather in the garden to visit with one another and to talk over the day's experiences. As we listened to the ebb and flow of voices and looked out over the landscape spread about us, we felt that truly we were living in the Middle Kingdom, as the Chinese call their country.

Stretching before us in the nearer distance were rice fields like a vari-colored carpet. There were the pale green strips of young rice and darker bands of older rice. There were brown fields covered with shallow water in which rice shoots were being planted. And there were other fields where water buffalo were pulling hand-guided plows, preparing the wet soil for new seed beds.

In the far distance were hills and low mountains dressed in pine and camphor trees. On Sunday afternoons, if work permitted, we walked among those hills. Mr. Herzberg was usually our guide, for he knew every footpath. One of the vivid memories of those days is his kindliness. If Chinese strangers taunted us by calling out, "Yang Kwei-tze" ("Foreign Devil!"), he would turn and say quietly with a friendly smile, "My name is not Yang but Hsia." And surprise would replace hostility on the faces of the taunters who had failed to provoke anger.

Not until we came to Taohwalun had we realized the animosities that smoldered between Chinese and Chinese. Hunan Province where we were now situated is just two provinces south of Honan where Sinyang is located. But we had crossed the Yangtze, and we were definitely in the south of China. After all, I reflected, it would be like moving from Illinois to Mississippi back in the States. Only, here in China the enmities between North and South were deep-seated, inherent, going back farther than the records and memories of men. Traditionally, the south of China was rich—the seat of learning and culture. Traditional-

ly, the men of the north were barbarians. They were big and savage, hungry, and strong. And periodically these marauders from the north had swept down to conquer and plunder the south. No matter how long the conquest had lasted, or how easily the northerners had adapted themselves to the culture of the south, in minds of the southern Chinese, there was always a distinction, a barrier. As it has been with Americans—as, I suppose, with most people—there is with the Chinese the tendency to "type" people with exaggerated or artificial characteristics. The people of Honan Province as I had met them were different from these Hunan men of the south, to be sure; but they were not the barbarians that the southerners seemed to paint them. And all the years we were in China we were aware of this inner enmity, whether or not it had flared into open warfare—as it actually did much of the time.

Our hospital at Taohwalun was well organized and had a good deal of clinical material available for work and study. The building was not large and in some respects not very well arranged; yet the staff organization was excellent. Mr. Havstad and Sister Mariane were both splendid nurses, well accustomed to caring for emergencies and difficult assignments. I learned much from them. Whenever I felt that they with their greater experience could handle a situation better than I could, I turned the case over to them. Yet they, in turn, were always respectful to me and often turned to me for help.

Occasionally amusing situations arose.

One day a woman on whom I had operated became hysterical. She screamed and shouted like an obstreperous child. Sister Mariane could do nothing with her. The patient had recovered from her anesthesia and was not in any pain, so her carryings-on were in the nature of a temper tantrum. Now, ordinarily I do not believe in corporal punishment, but it struck me that here, perhaps, was a case where it would work. I spanked her! I do not know which one was the more surprised, Sister Mariane or the woman. But the latter immediately became as meek as a lamb. From that time on, she made no objections to the care that was given her. She was actually ashamed of herself. To think that the good doctor who had cured her had had to spank her! When she left, she was full of gratitude and praise for everything, insisting that if it had not been for the spanking received when "the devil possessed me," she would have died.

So many things happened during our stay in Hunan that it is impossible to record them all. But let me present some random incidents to which we might give the subtitle

Leaves from a Mission Doctor's Notebook

Bang! Bang, bang, BANG! Was it firecrackers, or was it shooting?

The civil war had flared into fighting just south of us; and Dr. Nielsen, the superintendent of the mission, was more concerned than he had cared to show. When, the next instant, a bullet tore through our dining room just a few feet from where my wife was standing, we knew we were not hearing firecrackers.

I had Mathilde and the baby take shelter in the bedroom and then hurried to the hospital. Rifles cracked around us and cannon thundered in the distance. Bullets whistling through the trees showered us with branches and leaves. Inside the hospital was fear and anxiety. It was comical to see the patients trying to hide by pulling the blankets up over their heads.

In the dispensary there were thirty southern soldiers. They explained that three thousand soldiers from the northern army had come down the river in boats and had been challenged by three hundred southerners. The northerners had answered with gunfire and now were in hot pursuit of the southerners. "Save us, save us," this small group implored, trembling with fright. Their pursuers could already be seen at the big front gate, not far away.

It was a hard situation. If we turned them out, they would be killed at the hospital gate and their deaths would be laid to us by their families. If the northerners found us sheltering them, they would probably kill us all.

"Are any of you sick?" asked Havstad.

Yes, all were sure that they had some ailment or other. I winked at the resourceful Havstad; and we all snatched their guns, ammunition, and uniforms; hid them; and put the men to bed in hospital gowns. It was accomplished in the twinkling of an eye.

When the northern soldiers arrived, all was quiet as the grave. The soldiers saw nothing unusual and did not stay long but went back to their boats. During the night the southern soldiers, quickly cured of their

ailments, dressed quietly, reclaimed their equipment, and slipped out into the woods.

The next morning the northern soldiers invaded the countryside. Their banners flew from every hill. Any opposition to their demands was silenced by shooting down those who resisted. Between our hospital and the river seventy or eighty people were killed and many more were wounded. Smoke rose from every house. The invaders were feasting upon the cattle, pigs, and chickens of the householders. We could hear the screams and cries of men being mistreated and women being ravished.

When the northerners finally cleared out, they left a sad sight of ruined countryside and broken people. The few shots fired by the southerners had been expensive, not to the enemy, but to their own people. This we found all too often was the pattern taken by the civil warfare in China: the soldiers shoot and run, the people pay the price.

Not long afterward a northern soldier was admitted to the hospital and given a bed next to a southern soldier. The southerner objected so bitterly that we finally moved the other into a corner by himself. The newcomer was very ill, and we suggested that he needed extra nourishment and asked if he could pay for it. But he had been robbed of all his money, and was in truth penniless. Knowing that for any Chinese, whether he came from the north or the south, there was no better cure than soup made from *lao mu chi*—an old hen boiled tender—I bought a fowl and had it prepared for him. This raised a storm of protest.

The Chinese around us remembered that I had come down from Honan in the north, and now they insisted that we were northern sympathizers. Hadn't I prepared special delicacies for this northern soldier? That day the hospital might have been mobbed if it had not been for Havstad who reminded the people of how—among other things—we had risked our lives to save the lives of thirty southern soldiers who sought our refuge.

A man perspiring, exhausted, covered with mud appeared one day at the hospital gate, a letter in his hand. Evidently someone he loved was ill. The message had been sent by a missionary in Ninghsien whose child was very sick. Could I come at once? Then, as on many occasions, I marveled at the devotion of the Chinese servant. The runner had covered the thirty-five miles from Ninghsien in less than seven hours!

After hurried preparations, I set out, making sure to take along a lantern because we should have to cover part of the distance at night. We were approaching Ninghsien, when the challenge "K'ou Ling!" (Password) rang out of the darkness. The voice was so loud and close that I almost dropped the lantern. We had entered territory occupied by northern soldiers. Carefully I explained who I was and asked for permission to continue. All we could hear in the darkness was the sound of guns being cocked. Should we toss away the lantern and duck into the woods? Before I could decide, I inadvertently raised the lantern in an attempt to see the challengers. Immediately there came an order to advance. The sentry had seen that I was a

foreigner and felt safe. We were told that the password for the night was *Wo,* meaning *I.* The men chattered away for some time, apparently asking us over and over to excuse them for having been so grossly impolite as to have challenged me. They explained that they were a small outpost some distance from the main army, and they had become nervous when they saw our light.

I assured them that they had been doing their duty. One of the soldiers then offered to go with us the rest of the way to Ninghsien. He escorted us safely past every challenger and left us at the mission station at two o'clock in the morning.

Sister Mariane was an optimist. For some reason or other, she felt confident that we could do anything we tried. Moreover, she urged us to try everything that needed to be done. One day with her encouragement I undertook a case that was quite beyond my experience at the time. The patient had a large vascular tumor of the neck. After I had worked on it for some time, it seemed to me that I saw blood vessels everywhere. There flashed through my mind a recent report that while one of the good surgeons in Hankow had been performing a similar operation, there had come a sudden spurt of blood that reached the ceiling, and the patient died. It suddenly seemed hopeless for me to go on. But to stop then would be fatal. Unconsciously I turned my head toward the door as if looking for help.

I recalled how in my internship I had seen one of the doctors trying to locate an abnormally situated

appendix. He could not find it. Just then Dr. Henderson paused at the door. The young man's eyes sent him a plea for help. It seemed no time at all before Dr. Henderson was at the operating table, the appendix was found, and in a moment it was out.

There was no Dr. Henderson at my door; but as I looked to the doorway, something seemed to say, "Just go ahead. Use care and judgment. Be your own teacher. All will be well." So I set to it. We worked for another hour and a half. The tumor came out; the wound was closed. The man lived.

"Oh, my doctor, I am so glad to find you. Look at my little boy. He coughs; he brings up blood. See, he is burning with fever. Look, the fingers and lips are blue, and his feet grow cold. Doctor, I think he is dying. Doctor, what can you do for my only boy?"

I looked at the child and examined his chest. He had bilateral lobar pneumonia, and his heart was beginning to give out.

It was during the great influenza epidemic after World War I, and there were then no miracle-working drugs like sulfanilamide and penicillin. I shook my head. There was nothing that I could do. I urged her to hurry home with the child, since the Chinese always want to die at home. They have a belief that the spirit will come back to the home to look for its body and be disturbed if the body is not there. So I said, "Hurry, for if the boy dies here, your people will not let you into the house. I will give him a stimulant that should keep him alive until you get there. But you must go fast."

"Oh, no, my doctor," she sobbed, "I will not go home. I want my child to stay here. I want my boy to be saved."

"But it is too late. He will probably die before midnight."

"But doctor, save my child! I mean save him so that I can meet him in heaven."

"Ah, you are then a Christian? Have you been baptized?"

"No, but I have gone to the church and I have seen them baptize the little children, and their mothers have told me that their little ones become then the children of God, and when they die they go to heaven to live with God. I thought about being baptized and having the boy baptized; but when one is old and dull as I am, it is hard to learn the things that are taught. I am poor and have to work all day long. I have been putting off baptism till a more convenient time. Ah, doctor, it is hard to be a poor Chinese woman."

"Is your husband a Christian?" I asked.

"No. He does not like it that I go to church. It is a waste of time, he says. But he does not beat me for it as some husbands do."

"But there is a rule that says that we may not baptize a child whose father or mother is not a Christian."

"Is that written in the book you call the Bible?"

"Indirectly it is, we believe. It says that we are to teach and baptize. If the parents are not Christian, the child may not be taught about his heavenly Father."

"That is true," sighed the mother. "But my child will die. Can he not be taught in heaven? Do you tell

me my child must die a heathen and never see God because I have been too lazy and stupid to read for baptism? Aia-aia!"

The look of despair on her face I shall never forget.

"Sister," I said to the nurse, "please take the child and his mother into the hospital. I will go over and talk to the pastor. How could anyone dare hinder this little one from becoming a child of God?" She nodded, and I went.

I told the pastor the story, and he said, "But you know, sometimes the ones you say are going to die actually get well. It may be your treatment, or your prayers, or both. But it does happen. However, in this case, though we know the rule—why don't you go ahead and baptize the child? You have been ordained."

I prescribed stimulants for the child and what treatments I could. The sister had evidently spoken words of comfort to the mother, and she was quite calm. The nurse promised to watch over the boy and let me know at once if there was any change for the worse.

About midnight came a familiar gentle knock at the door. The child was worse. Could I come at once? When I went into the room, everything had been beautifully prepared as only love can do it. There was a small table covered in white, on which stood the bowl of water and a few flowers. The Christian Chinese nurses had been awakened and stood silently dressed in gowns as clean and white as snow. The little boy had been dressed, too, in clean white garments. The arrangements showed much care had been taken. But this was no small event. A child was preparing

to meet his God. We sang a few hymns. I read a few passages of Scripture. And I baptized the boy in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

I looked at the mother and saw that now, through her tears, there shone a smile of joy and thanksgiving. When I returned to the hospital in the morning, the mother greeted me again with a smile, and I wondered for a moment if the pastor had been right when he had said, "But maybe he will live." So I asked the mother.

She replied, "My little John went home at four o'clock. Now I am going to read for baptism. I will study to know God so that some day I can again see my son because he cannot return to me."

Silently I marveled at the faith and hope given to a so-called *heathen* Chinese woman.

There he was, an old Chinese, prostrating himself before me and knocking his head against the floor in typical Chinese greeting. I raised him up as quickly as possible and told him that only to God should we humble ourselves in such manner.

"Oh, these pains," he groaned. "They will kill me. I cannot bear them any longer. Give me some of that medicine that takes away pain!"

I gave him an examination and then had to tell him that no medicine could cure his illness. He had a large urinary stone in his bladder and only an operation could remove it. There was no certainty that the operation would be successful, since he was very old and had had the trouble for thirteen years.

"Cut me?" he asked, "and not guarantee the results? That means it might kill me." His anxious eyes found the door, and before I could speak, he had disappeared.

"Good morning, my doctor," the local sheriff said some days later. "How are you? See, I have brought you a patient. He has unbearable pains day and night. I plead with you, give him some medicine that will take away his pain and cure his illness. He is a good man of fine reputation and worth all the help you can give him."

There stood the same old gentleman who had fled from me a fortnight earlier. I repeated to the sheriff what I had told the man. His pathetic face wrung one's heart, but nothing but surgery could help him. Once again I watched him disappear through the door, muttering something like this, "In trying to cure me they will kill me, and then my spirit will wander through eternity without ever finding my noble ancestors, for I would die in the hospital. My sins, oh, my sins!" For the Chinese believe that sickness and pain are caused by their own sins or the sins of their parents.

There he came again, the third time. This time he came close to the desk. "I can bear it no longer. If you must kill me, kill me. It is better to die by your little knife than by these pains."

We admitted him to the hospital and gave him preoperative care. Our evangelist prayed with him and gave him some Christian instruction. The old gentleman listened well to the teaching. Before he was given the anesthetic, I heard him say, "Father of the Lord Jesus, do not let the little knife kill me, but let it cure me and I will serve Thee."

God heard his prayer, and the old man kept his promise. He took instructions and was baptized. Because he was somewhat deaf, he could always be found on Sunday in the front row of seats, listening intently to the Word of God. On weekdays he might be found walking about showing the stone that had caused his pain. "See what the Father of Jesus has done for me!" Then he would explain that it was God's love for him that had sent the missionaries all the way to China. "Hear them!" he would cry.

Our native evangelist had a way of reaching the hearts of his own people. "That was a good talk on love that we had in chapel this morning, was it not?" we might hear a nurse say.

"Yes," would be the reply. "Perhaps it would not be so well appreciated in America as out here. Such illustrations as he used! But we know what he means."

In his talk about love, the evangelist had said among other things, "See Mr. Havstad, see how he goes about with his catheters relieving you of your distention and discomfort. And see the doctor passing the stomach tube. And you in your ignorance often wet them or vomit over them. And they take it with a smile. See how they care for you, day and night.

"And look at this building. Where else in this province can you equal it? Did those bald-headed Buddhists ever do anything for you but talk about a dreamy Nirvana? Did the Confucianists help you? No, with their long finger nails and long gowns, they can do nothing but command others to serve them. Only these Christians will stoop to serve us, for their

Master has told them that it is more blessed to give than to take.

"You, friends, have come from all over this great province to receive help. And you are thankful for it. But you will never become good men and women versed in loving your neighbor and helping God until you also receive Him who sent these people to serve you. He is God Himself, who sent His Son, Jesus Christ, to be to you a spiritual leader. When you know Him, you will in truth live forever. 'And this is life eternal that they should know Thee, the only true God, and Him whom Thou didst send, even Jesus Christ.' "

Outside the hospital gate lived the carpenter. It was wonderful what he could do with his few crude tools. Implements like those found in the museums of other countries as evidence of what had been used centuries ago—these were still his best companions. Every plank had to be hand-sawed before it could be planed. Holes were drilled with a peculiar contraption of wood and scrap metal, put together with rawhide. Yet when he had worked the timber with his hands and when he had carefully shaped and joined the smooth pieces, beautiful articles took form—tables, chairs, bedside stands, bookcases, and ornamental stools. And they could be "bought for a song."

We marvelled at the skill and the dependability of such Chinese workmen, and we thought that they and the farmers were the cream of the nation.

"Good-bye, my doctor," said the carpenter, when my stay at Taohwalun had drawn to a close. "When you

came here, we wondered what such a youngster could do, but there has been a steady increase in the number of patients. I count it that eighty-five out of every one hundred have gone home with a song in the heart. Now the Hunanese know that you are neither a northerner nor a southerner, but that the Kingdom of God lives within you."

In Changsha, the capital of Hunan province, was the Yali (Yale) Medical College.* It was about a two days' journey overland from Taohwalun. The hospital of the school was large, beautiful, and well equipped.

When the staff learned that the Drs. Vogt, whom I had replaced at Taohwalun were returning from their furlough and that I was to return to our field in Honan, they sent me a call to teach at the Yali Medical College and to work with Hsiangya Hospital. I referred the call to our mission conference, but the request was refused because of the shortage of doctors on our own field.

And so instead of remaining in well-organized work in Hunan, "the rice bowl of China," my family and I were sent back to Honan, to "start from scratch," this time at Huangchuan (Kwangchow).

*An interesting account of this fine institution can be found in the book, *Doctors East, Doctors West,* by Edward H. Hume.

The "City of Light" Gets a New Hospital

HUANGCHUAN (now Kwangchow, Honan), whose name meant the City of Light, is divided by a river into a north and a south city, each surrounded by a city wall. Between the two cities is a broad stone bridge, with its walks lined by small shops and business houses. By road, Huangchuan lies about eighty miles east of Sinyang, away from the railroad and from the main lines of communication.

By comparison with the cities of the south, such as Yiyang, which we had just left, or even with the bustling Sinyang, life in Huangchuan seemed primitive indeed.

In the North City, where we were stationed, there was one crowded main thoroughfare—a street with many curves to baffle the devils, who were believed to travel only in straight lines. Nowhere was it more than fifteen feet wide; and its pavement of granite slabs was like a stage on which moved a continuous panorama of humanity. Thanks to the generosity of Christian mis-

sionaries, this pavement had recently been evened out by lowering some of the huge slabs, lifting up others, and replacing the roughest stones with smooth ones. The money for the work had come from an indemnity paid the mission after a bandit had stabbed one of the missionaries in the arm. The whole city was pleased that the money had been put to such good, unselfish use.

Over the smoothed-out pavement rolled the traffic of the city—most of it pushed or pulled in creaking wheelbarrows whose wheels literally screeched for some kind of lubrication. The barrows were of enormous size and could carry as much as four hundred pounds of wheat or rice, great bundles of cloth, large bags of salt, or huge boxes of cigarettes. Sometimes full-grown live hogs were strapped down helpless into the barrows, their snouts hanging over the edge to be bumped by the passers-by.

The wheelbarrows were used for passengers too. It was not uncommon to see a mother sitting on one side of the vehicle, perhaps suckling a baby, with several children balancing the other side. If the children did not weigh enough to balance the barrow, stones were added for ballast. A bundle or two of chickens might be tied to the barrow handles, their heads dangling close to the dusty road. Sometime a lighter barrow hurried past with one coolie pulling and another pushing, while its passenger reclined comfortably on his outspread bedding.

There was other traffic. Two men might hurry by carrying a squealing pig tied by its legs to the pole across their shoulders. There were donkey drivers,

leading strings of five or six animals, laden with bags of grain or salt. The donkeys sometimes jammed the traffic by jostling the wheelbarrows and upsetting their balance or their cargoes. If drivers or barrow pushers were hot-headed, a lively fight might come off. Water carriers sold water by the bucket to those who couldn't or wouldn't carry water for themselves. Those who carried their own, balanced it in two dripping buckets from the ends of a long carrying pole.

Many and varied were the burdens carried on the back or shoulders or swung from poles—garden produce of rice, beans, sweet potatoes, turnips, carrots, cabbages, peppers, and greens; baskets of eggs or persimmons; loads of wood or charcoal or building materials—in fact, all the portable supplies necessary to city life.

Venders of food with their movable kitchens and little shops moved up and down the street. Much of the food was hawked along the street from a carrying pole, ready to be set down wherever a customer wanted to buy hot soup, noodles, sweet potatoes, or peanuts. The venders carried distinctive bells or gongs to denote their various wares. Far into the night we could hear the bell of the traveling restaurateur; and the morning began with the chant of the baker praising his little breads—

> "They cure the deaf and heal the lame;
> And preserve the teeth of the aged dame."

Sometimes we could catch sight of a wedding procession. First came the carriers holding the trays of gifts—gold, silver, silks, garments, utensils. Behind the trays

came the sedan chair of the bride—the chair heavily decorated with beautiful silk embroidered hangings. The procession was accompanied by wailing music from assorted instruments and by the lively popping of firecrackers.

Down the same thoroughfare moved the funerals. Massive wooden coffins, heavily draped, were carried suspended between two long poles. Before the coffin, a dragonhead of papier maché was carried to frighten away any lurking evil spirits. Behind it were carried the sacrificial rooster and a trail of paper houses, paper effigies of servants, paper horses—all designed to be burned in order to provide the dead with the conveniences necessary for a happy spirit life. Last of all came the relatives and mourners dressed in white, according to Chinese custom.

People of rank or wealth were wheeled or carried wherever they went. The poorer folks walked, carrying quilts and umbrellas, walking barefoot, or shod in straw sandals or homemade cloth shoes. The soles were made of pieces of cloth pasted to paper inner soles and then carefully stitched. They were good shoes except in rainy weather when paste and paper had a way of dissolving.

Both sides of the street had rows of shops, each with its own gay sign hung across the doorway or streaming like a banner from the overhanging eaves. In the evening when the shops were closed, the street seemed to be lined with two long black walls; but in the morning when the black leaves of the doors had been folded back, the shops reappeared as if by magic, some ten, some fifteen, some even thirty feet wide.

These entrances opened into tiny little cubby-holes or into large imposing establishments.

Carpenter shops displayed furniture and coffins. Blacksmith shops featured knives, tools, kitchen utensils; while the brass workers specialized in wash basins, candlesticks, water pipes, charcoal heaters, and incense burners. Goldsmiths and silversmiths displayed beautiful ornaments made chiefly for women and children. There were collars of silver wire fastened with a lock, to be worn by little boys as a protection against evil spirits; and there were silver ornaments set with small mirrors to be put on children's hats to frighten devils away. Some shops handled pipes of all kinds and sizes, from finger-length stems to water-pipes of brass or silver with stems three and four feet long and with exquisite engravings on their water jackets.

Instead of grocery stores, there were grain shops, salt shops, wine shops, sweetmeat shops with dainty, delicious cakes and candies. Tea shops and tea rooms served tea in neat little porcelain bowl-like cups, and often tiny flowers floated on the tea. And, of course, there were spice shops stocked with pepper, cloves, cinnamon, and other fragrant spices.

The stores that displayed the god of medicine with his altar and incense sticks were the Chinese apothecary shops. Along the walls were little drawers containing every manner of ingredient, including powdered tiger bones, dried scorpions, snakes, spiders, cobwebs, herbs. From the rafters dangled dried frogs. To make good medicine, we were told, the frogs must be caught on certain calendar days, be filled with black ink and then dried. From such ingredients, medicines were

compounded according to prescription. Materials were ground in hand or foot mortars until well blended. Then they were packaged in substantial quantities, for many of the Chinese held that if a little medicine was good, a great deal of it should be so much better. The more modern shops also did a good business with patent medicines from the western world. The bottles with the biggest, brightest labels were the best sellers; and the more extravagant the claims, the bigger the sales, for the Chinese have been trained to have great respect for the printed word.

The silk shops were outside the east gate. The silks came from many different parts of the country, and one could learn to tell from the particular qualities of each piece just what part of the country it had come from.

The largest store building in the city housed the pawn shop.

The magistrate's *yamen* was located in the North City. It was a large establishment comprising a group of imposing buildings—residences for the magistrate and his family and servants, offices for his many secretaries, barracks for his soldiers, and stables for his horses. The central building was the hall where the magistrate held court. Prisoners knelt before his dais while pleading their case, and witnesses knelt as they gave their testimony.

Adjoining the *yamen* was the prison enclosed by a brick wall twenty feet high. The top of the wall was edged with jagged pieces of glass. Set into the gate was a massive door, barred and locked with a padlock about a foot long. Only the jailer had a key to it. The jail

was divided into different sections. Well-to-do prisoners who would pay the required fees could stay in the more desirable quarters. Their families were allowed to bring them food, a part of which reached the prisoners after a suitable portion had been set aside by the jailers as their commission. Ordinary prisoners were put in cells with barred iron doors and with no sanitary conveniences. If they had money, they could buy food from the jailers, but prices were high and the food was poor. Sick prisoners in chains and under guard were at times brought to our hospital, and there was general astonishment that they were treated with the same consideration and courtesy that was accorded the magistrate himself or any of his household.

And what, you may be wondering, would an American doctor be able to do in such a city? I will try to tell you.

There was also in Huangchuan's North City a well-established Christian mission. The mission compound was very pleasant. Three roomy, comfortable brick residences were encircled by a high brick wall. The wall was not an indication of exclusiveness on our part; it was a necessity if we were to do our work, get some measure of rest, and preserve our property and equipment. Few foreigners, even to this day, get to inland cities like Huangchuan. Those who do appear are a source of never-ending speculation and amusement to their Chinese neighbors. Everything the American or European thinks and says and does is different and queer. If he did not live behind a fence or wall, the idle and the curious would be forever on

his doorstep, investigating him and helping themselves to his equipment. Moreover, our simplest rules of sanitation are unknown to these inland Orientals; and if the foreigner in China left his home and grounds open to the public around him and to the animals and fowls that are allowed to wander freely, he would find himself losing his battle against disease and death right in his own home.

East of the residences was a fine girls' school, enclosed by a continuation of the same wall. Inside the wall a lawn had been laid out, flowers were planted, and shade trees were encouraged.

And there was a hospital of sorts. The hospital had been described to me in glowing terms, with some emphasis on the well-equipped laboratory and on the well-lighted operating room with rounded corners to facilitate cleaning. What I saw was three or four poorly equipped Chinese houses. There was one building for men and one for women. The equipment in the laboratory consisted of one microscope. The corners of the operating room were rounded, but the only light came through a few glass tiles in the roof; and when it rained, we had to have an umbrella up over the operating table. The place was so small that the operating table had to be placed diagonally from wall to wall and the easiest way to get to the other side was to crawl under it.

Disheartening as conditions appeared, the outlook was somewhat better. It was clear that the city needed medical aid sorely, and our Missionary Conference had already set aside funds for the construction of a new hospital.

We found a desirable location high on the river bank, about ten minutes' walk outside the east gate of the city. Good water was close by, and the lay of the land provided excellent drainage. There was room for a garden and for pasturage for cows, so we should be able to provide our own vegetables and milk for the patients. The price asked was one we could afford because the owner had to sell and was in haste to do so. I cabled the mission board asking for their permission to buy the land. But the board was slow in coming to a decision; and when their approval finally came, we learned that the site had already been sold and the new owner was asking three times the original price. That we could not afford.

My disappointment was almost bitter—my mood gray if not black. Why? Why did it have to turn out so? If God could not hasten the decision of the mission board, He might have prevented the sale of the land to an investment profiteer.

But time proved that the outcome was right. Although the site that seemed in every way so desirable would have been perfect in times of peace, it would have been useless in the troubled times that actually followed. No one could have operated a hospital outside the city walls; it would have fallen prey to band after band of roving bandits and undisciplined, savage soldiers.

Blocked in our original plans, we decided then to build on mission property inside the city wall. It was well that we did so. We were able to purchase some additional land adjoining, and I drew up a set of plans to suit the new location.

It seemed best to put up a one-story building with a men's wing and a women's wing, and with kitchen and laundry facilities between them. Lime came from Sihsien, some thirty miles away; lumber came from Hankow; and sand was carried from the river in buckets. We had a shed built next to our house to shelter the lumber and provide living quarters for the carpenters. The location prevented excessive loitering on the part of the carpenters and protected the lumber from theft.

Finding stone for the foundation and brick for the walls seemed at first impossible. I had insisted that since there was sand in the river, there must be gravel somewhere nearby. But none could be found. Then I noticed that in the city there was a good deal of the rubble usually to be found in cities—broken stones, old bricks, pottery *kangs* (containers for water), and broken tiles. We posted a notice on the city gate offering to buy all such materials if they were collected and brought to the building site. The people laughed at first, but word got around that we actually did pay for such rubbish, and before long it seemed as if everyone in the city had joined the procession to our lot with their baskets and barrows of rubble. Even our own children got busy in our yard and came with their toy wheelbarrows filled with stones, demanding coppers for their banks. Temporarily a new industry had been created and the city, as well as our yard, was cleaned up. The piles of earthenware and stone looked like small mountains, and I began to wonder if I could sell back some of the material; but in the end the foundation swallowed up every fragment.

How to get the bricks offered a harder problem. The price of fuel was high, and local brickmakers had been striking for higher wages. The price of bricks had risen so high that people stopped buying and the brickyards had closed down. No bricks were to be found in the district. Finally we rented one of the kilns, renovated it, and hired our own brickmakers. The problem wasn't licked yet. The workers kept changing the size, color, and quality of the bricks. Eventually, though, we got them trained to make us bricks of fair quality and uniform size.

The chief carpenter was a good craftsman and an honest worker. His frames, windows, and doors were firmly built and well aligned. He had a good influence on his men and they worked well for him. He was not a Christian, he explained, because he was honest already. Not that he boasted of his honesty—any man ought to be truthful and honorable. But since he was already as good as any Christian, what need did he have for any kind of help from religion?

While the hospital was under construction, I had to carry on my medical practice in improvised quarters. It was a trying time. We should have had two foreign (American) nurses, but none had been assigned to us, so my wife came each day to help. We had a Chinese male nurse, Mr. Tung, who was a good worker though his training had been limited. We could not have got along without him.

I shall never forget one of our first operations together. I was performing a radical breast amputation for cancer. Tung gave the anesthetic and my wife was

serving as scrub nurse. When I was half way through the operation, the patient stopped breathing. When we had restored respiration, we made repeated attempts to apply the ether mask but each time her breathing stopped. There were no intravenous anesthetics to fall back on in those days, so I finally had to complete the operation with local anesthetics. I do not know who gave the greater sigh of relief—the patient or I—when the ordeal was ended.

Our sterilizer had a gasoline burner. It worked all right, but one day the tank exploded and nearly set fire to the buildings. We managed to put out the fire, but the tank was ruined. We tore out the fuel pipe and constructed a charcoal burner instead. When the pressure was up, it was hard to regulate; but the Chinese are used to charcoal and seem to be able to do the impossible with it. Our improvised equipment worked well.

To our patients, Western medical ways seemed not only peculiar but senseless. I was amazed at the way they would disregard our instructions. Sometimes a patient returned to the dispensary within twenty-four hours carrying an empty medicine bottle that should have lasted him three or four days. Occasionally it happened through misunderstanding, but more often the patient would say that he felt so much better after the first dose that he decided to get well at once by finishing the bottle. One man told me the medicine I had prescribed for his eyes was no good. When I asked how he had used it, he said he had drunk it all, and produced the empty bottle. He had paid no at-

tention to careful instructions to put a few drops in each eye.

We had almost as much trouble educating our native co-workers to our strange medical customs. Mr. Ma was our Chinese evangelist. He came down with pnuemonia, but insisted upon staying at home. He was very ill, so my wife made daily trips to his house, applying antiphlogistine to his chest and supervising his care and the use of prescribed medicines. One day she rushed into the hospital, breathless and exhausted, to report that Mr. Ma had taken the whole bottle of digitalis in one dose. Mr. Ma lived through the experience and in gratitude to Mrs. Skinsnes—perhaps also slightly to me—he did away with one small idol which, up to now, he had not had the heart to surrender even though he was a Christian evangelist.

In-Patients and Out-Patients

OUR hospital tried, of course, to give service to anyone in the community who needed medical care, to Christian and pagan alike.

Mr. Chang was one of the wealthy merchants in the city. He was not a Christian, but he was an honorable and upright person. He had married an attractive, well-developed young woman who had borne him no children. Now he was perplexed and deeply distressed. He was loath to take a concubine, though the temptation was great. If he never had a son, there would be no one to worship at his grave or at the graves of his ancestors. There would be no one to carry on the filial duties of the clan and no one to take over his properties and his business. Besides, there would be no one to burn paper money and thus supply him and his ancestors with the comforts they needed in the life hereafter. What to do, indeed?

He came to me with the dilemma, and I suggested that he have his wife come in for an examination. We

discovered a small uterine displacement which I was able to correct quite easily. Then she was given some hypodermic injections, for the Chinese have great faith in such treatments. Whether it was the correction, the treatments, or Mr. Chang himself who was most to be congratulated, a year later I was called to the Chang home to deliver a healthy eight-and-a-half pound baby boy. The incident gave the hospital much face in the community.

Not always, however, was the doctor allowed to use the saving practices of science.

At about the same time, I was called to a home in the South City to assist in a difficult labor case. I told the family that an instrumental delivery would be necessary. Mr. Tung explained it carefully to the husband, and he was willing to let me go ahead. But according to custom in all such matters, he had to consult with the women of the family. They absolutely refused to give their consent, and at length Mr. Tung and I had to leave. A Chinese midwife took charge. The child was torn to pieces, and the mother died a few days later of puerperal sepsis.

One day a young man with a deep gash over his liver was carried into the hospital. "Save my life," he begged. "My father is sick, and if I die, he will die too and our family will come to an end!"

"Have robbers been at your house?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "but my father is ill. I have bought him large packages of medicine and he has drunk them by the cup and basinful, but to no avail. Then I heard the story of the flower-seller in Peking

who supported her aged father and who could neither eat nor sleep after he became sick. I did what she did to cure her father, but this did not help either."

After the young man's wound had been dressed, we asked him to tell us further about the flower girl from Peking. This was the story:

While the girl's father was ill, an elderly woman nearby was about to make a pilgrimage to T'ai Shan, one of the sacred mountains of China. The girl asked the woman if her father would be cured if she were to make such a pilgrimage. The neighbor replied that all who go there and pray sincerely receive all that they ask. However, since the flower seller was just a young girl, she could not travel and therefore could not possibly make the pilgrimage. How far, the girl asked, was it to T'ai Shan? More than a hundred *li*. How much was a hundred *li*? About ninety thousand paces.

Every night thereafter, as soon as her father was asleep, the girl took a lighted stick of incense and went out into her yard to walk back and forth, carefully counting her steps. When she was exhausted, she would prostrate herself, facing in the direction of the mountain, saying, "Excuse me for not visiting your temple, but I am only a girl and cannot go." It took her a fortnight to complete the ninety thousand paces.

Every day great numbers of pilgrims flocked to T'ai Shan to worship and prostrate themselves before the Taoist mountain goddess, T'ien Nai Nai. At the first sign of dawn, people from all walks of life crowded into the temple, for the saying was that he who first lighted his incense before the goddess each morning was most likely to have his prayer answered.

On the morning when the Peking flower girl completed her ninety thousand paces, a wealthy Peking court attendant stood before the temple, confidently expecting to be the first to light his incense before the shrine. When the gate was opened, he rushed to the altar, but found to his dismay that a stick of incense was already glowing in the large bowl before T'ien

Nai. Nai. Now the man did have a secret understanding with the priest in attendance that he was to be the first person allowed to appear before the altar, and he was furious. He threatened the priest with dire consequences if anything prevented his being first on the succeeding morning.

The next morning the official was again the first pilgrim to enter the gates; but again there was already a stick of lighted incense in the burner, and the shadowy figure of a little girl appeared to be prostrated before the goddess. As the gate swung wide open, the figure vanished. The court attendant then asked the other pilgrims if they could explain the ghostly figure and the burning incense. An elderly neighbor of the flower girl then stepped forward, told of the girl's filial piety, and suggested that it must have been her spirit lying prostrate before the goddess.

The story had a fairy-tale ending: the girl's father had been cured as a reward for her piety, and she lived happily ever after with a wealthy husband.

Our patient said that he had paced his yard as the flower girl had done, and had twice sent his spirit to T'ai Shan to pray for his father, but all in vain. He would gladly beg his way to the mountain and crawl there on his knees if his father could only be cured, but there was no one else to care for his father while he would be gone.

In desperation he had finally consulted the local doctors again. They had told him that if he would cut out a piece of his own liver and give it to his father to eat, the father would surely regain his health. The boy blamed himself bitterly because he had twice cut into his side, and twice he had fainted and been unable to complete the task.

After we had heard the whole story, we had his fa-

ther brought into the hospital. He was suffering from a chronic dysentery. In three weeks' time, he had been cured and his son's wound had healed and the two went home together smiling. "Well," I asked the boy as they left, "have your prayers been answered?"

"Yes," he replied, "but not by T'ai Shan."

Despite the handicaps of inadequate quarters, the distractions of building problems, and the deep-seated superstitions of the people, the calls upon us increased daily. Not only were the temporary hospital quarters filled with patients, but even the houses of our neighbors. And the neighbors themselves became patients.

One elderly woman, who lived in a single, dark, ill-kept room across the street, was brought into the hospital one day with her throat slit from side to side. We learned that she was blind and could do no work. People kept telling her that she was of no use to anyone and only in the way of those about her. So she had tried to take her own life. Though she had missed the deep vessels of the neck, she had severed her trachea. Her people all expected her to die, but to show some concern before the neighbors, they had brought her in to the hospital. She recovered. We also discovered that she was not really blind. Her eyes were so badly inflamed by trachoma that she could see very little; but after we had treated her eyes daily with silver nitrate, they improved rapidly. We gave her good general care also, and in about a month's time her health and eyesight had improved so much that she was able to go home alone.

Each day brought its surprises, some of them with a humorous quirk.

One shrewd fellow who came in to have a tumor removed asked if we would go half and half with him on the tumor. Surely the thing must have considerable value, for no one would go to all the trouble of removing such a mass just for nothing! Would we let him keep half of it? He got the whole tumor.

Some of my work might be well decribed by the expression, "walking the circuit." Like a judge in pioneer times, I had my outlying practice. But unfortunately there was no way for me to ride my rounds. I either had to walk or be carried. On a long trip it was usually a combination of both. A trip to Kushih and back is a good example.

One of the missionary women had been conducting a reading course at Kushih, some forty-five miles east of us. She was unusually good, and even men came to her classes for instruction. However, her work was so strenuous that at the end of the term, she suffered a complete physical breakdown. A group of carriers and I went to get her to bring her into the hospital.

Usually the trip either way between Huangchuan and Kushih took a good day and a half. But as we set out from Kushih with our patient, I explained to the carriers that we had to make it in one day and that we could not stop overnight on the way. We had slung a camp cot between two poles to serve as an ambulance. Over it, to shelter the patient from sun or showers, we erected a framework of bamboo and stretched a cov-

ering over it. Four men carried it, and I walked beside it most of the way.

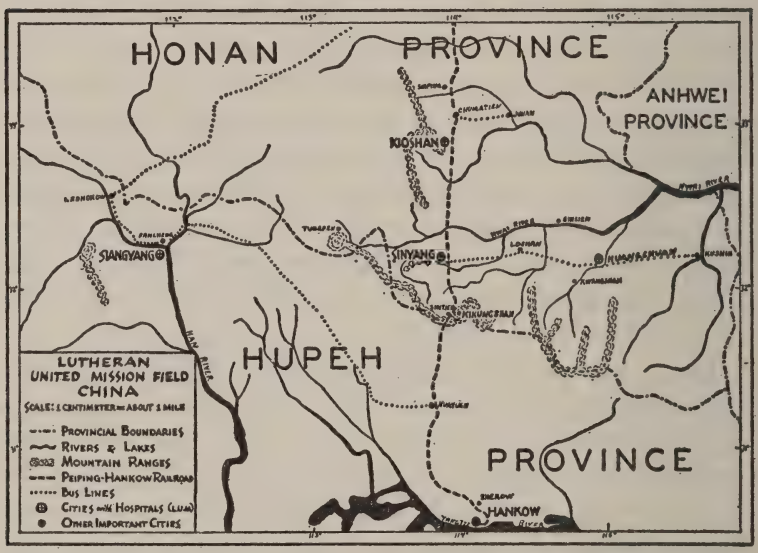
We were a strange sight to the travelers we met on the road and to the people in the villages we passed through. Doctors in China are looked upon as gentlemen, too learned to wear themselves out with physical exertion and far too respectable to travel on foot. But here was a foreign doctor walking beside a covered stretcher. What precious thing could be carried so carefully? Some declared that it must be some important organ of the body to be used in making medicine. That it could be just a sick human being never occurred to them. Surely a doctor would not walk while his patient was being carried. No, it must be something potent and mysterious. So people stared and shook their heads, and mothers sheltered their children behind them as we passed by.

The trip was made without serious mishap. At one river crossing a carrier fell into the water as he was trying to hurry the boatmen ferrying us across. All the carriers worked with a will, bearing the stretcher as if on the wings of a wind. We reached the mission station at Huangchuan before dark. We had covered the forty-five miles on foot in thirteen hours.

My first plans for servicing the territory around Huangchuan included monthly visits to the cities of Loshan and Sihsien. However, the project was not workable. The distances were too great and the roads, at least to Sihsien, not good. Often we arrived after a hard trip only to find a rainy day when the sick could not come to the dispensary. The Chinese have few

clothes and these usually are not of the rough weather type. It is understandable that they hate to get wet.

But Kwangshan, to the south, was only fifteen miles away and could be reached easily by bicycle. The roads, again, were poor, sometimes narrowing to a path along the top of an embankment, with rice fields or deep ditches of water on either side. Yet with an



early start, especially if the wind was favorable, I could make Kwangshan in time for breakfast and have a full morning at the dispensary. Then I could cycle back home in time for a late "mid-day" dinner and for an afternoon in the dispensary at Huangchuan.

Our province had a fine Easter the year that the hospital was being built. The day was clear and the temperature just right for going without topcoats.

In Sinyang, eighty miles west of us, flowers were blossoming in the church compound, and a lovely bouquet adorned the altar. The services were well attended. A number of persons had declared their faith in Jesus Christ as their Savior, and many had been baptized into His Kingdom.

Late in the evening, after the townspeople had left, the little community of foreigners gathered on the lawn for coffee and for a quiet thanksgiving for a perfect day. It was unusually peaceful and still. The neighborhood dogs had stopped barking and the braying donkeys had quieted down. Nearby shops were closed, and the clang of the blacksmith's mallet across the way no longer shattered the air.

The missionaries looked out over the river and up into a sky where an unclouded moon was shining and stars were twinkling cheerily. Then softly they sang together—

"Fair is the sunshine;
Fairer still the moonlight
And all the sparkling stars on high.
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels in the sky."

Almost in a whisper they ended—

"Beautiful Savior!
Lord of the Nations,
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor,
Praise, adoration,
Now and forevermore be Thine!"

With the words echoing in their hearts, they parted silently for the night.

The good sleepers had hardly dropped off to sleep and others were still repeating, "Praise, adoration, now and forevermore be Thine!" when the night was shattered with sound of rifle shots and chattering machine guns. The gatekeepers came running to pound on doors and sound the alarm. The soldiers had mutinied. The mission folks had best dress quickly and hide their valuables.

The gatemen had scarcely returned to their posts when there came a mighty banging at the main gate. Angry voices demanded admittance.

"Stop that noise," answered Ho Shih-fu, the gateman. "You are disturbing our Easter peace."

"Open the gate or we will shoot you."

"You are mistaken, sir," said Ho Shih-fu. "This is not the prison; it is the church compound, and there is no one here slated for execution."

"Dumb turtle!" came an angry voice. "Open up or I will beat the bones out of your body."

Ho Shih-fu continued to stall them off. He told the soldiers to go away and come back in the morning when the gate would be open as usual. He got away with his tactics because he was not quite right mentally, and the Chinese are afraid of those who are touched by insanity. But not all the gatekeepers were Ho Shih-fus, and the other gates were not as strong as the main gate. The gate into the compound where Dr. Distad and his family lived gave way under the pressure, and the soldiers rushed in. They seized or destroyed everything they saw, even the Doctor's spectacles. The Doctor had treated many of the soldiers at the hospital, and he tried to remonstrate with them; but

the only effect he aroused was a volley of harsh words and a blow in the face.

In the early hours of the morning, the mutineers surged out of the city and started eastward toward Huangchuan.

Warnings reached us by telegram Monday forenoon. The message from Sinyang read, "South gate looted. Mutineers proceeding toward your city."

The town was thrown into confusion. People with property loaded their goods on wheelbarrows and made up burdens for carriers, ready for flight. At the compound we hired a *p'ai*—a large raft made of poles of bamboo—and held it in readiness for flight by river should we need to move out.

After we had made what preparations we could, I asked my wife a queer question. "What do we have in the pantry? Are there any Royal Anne cherries?"

"Yes, there are some. Are you planning to treat the mutineers to our cherries?"

"No, no indeed. But we've always been rationed on cherries; and if we're going to lose them now, I am going to have my fill of them first. Open all the tins and let's see who can eat the most."

So we feasted on Royal Anne cherries till we could eat no more.

That afternoon word came that the mutineers had turned north and our city was safe. Well, anyhow, for once we had our fill of cherries!

Building operations went ahead steadily. The hospital took shape, not in imposing facades and corridors, but as a place that would be convenient for work

and that would give much service. The doors were wide enough so we could roll beds through them. The large windows were arranged to give the patients plenty of air without being draughty. There was ample airspace for insulation under the wood flooring. There were two operating rooms—one for "clean" cases and one for infected cases. The clean surgery room was connected with the delivery room. Another rather dark room was reserved for eye cases. A large, well-lighted laboratory faced north. All the corridors were well lighted too. In the private rooms and wards there were enough beds to accommodate one hundred patients. Apart from the main hospital building was a good-sized dispensary with separate waiting rooms for men and women as well as two smaller rooms for special registrations.

In the light of my training and experience and with the means at our disposal, it was the ideal hospital for the work we were trying to do. I looked forward eagerly to beginning my work in the new buildings. But first there was a furlough coming up. Incredibly enough, seven years had slipped by since our arrival in China. With mingled feelings we bade farewell for a time to the work here, and looked ahead to a year of study in America, with the relaxation and refreshment that comes with change.

Sinyang's Hospital on Big Horse Road

SINYANG'S hospital project, born during our brief stay in the city in 1915-1916, was not allowed to die while Mrs. Skinsnes and I were serving in Hunan and Huangchuan. In fact it made good progress. Citizens and officials alike felt the need of a hospital; and political influence at that time was favorable.

It happened like this. General Yüan Chin-peh was a relative of Yüan Shih-k'ai, the man who became president of the Chinese Republic when Sun resigned in his favor in 1912. Yüan Shih-k'ai had been a high-ranking official during the last regime of the Manchus; but when the revolution came, he was instrumental in persuading the Emperor to resign. In the new republic Yüan Shih-k'ai made himself a virtual dictator; and he continued the Manchu practice of extorting vast sums of money and stores of goods from the people by means of taxes and then distributing this wealth among his relatives and friends.

General Yüan Chin-peh had come in for a bountiful

share of the wealth. The people of Honan province said that it came to him by carloads. Now the General was not one to hide his wealth in the ground. He used it to build up great business enterprises. At first he began building houses to rent out in Chengyang, the city of his birth and the ancestral home of the Yüan family.

Chengyang, however, was inland from the railroad and out of easy reach of news and public affairs. So the General moved to Sinyang, where he built himself a palace surrounded by beautiful gardens. He also built a public theater, and erected an electric power plant large enough to service the whole city. The railroad station, in accordance with Chinese custom, had been built about a mile outside the city so that ancestral spirits would not be disturbed by the hooting trains and the blasting and digging operations of road-building. Sinyang's station was outside the North Gate; and Yüan Chin-peh had a broad highway known as the "Big Horse Road" constructed from the station through the North Gate and on into the city. Along the road he built large houses which he rented out. All these enterprises were designed to multiply his already ample resources. For a time they succeeded in doing so.

The people understood his money-making propensities; and so they approached him tactfully with their request for a hospital. They congratulated him on his great wealth and his beautiful home. They praised him for promoting the business interests of the town with his electric light plant and his fine houses, and for entertaining the people with a theater. Then they sug-

gested that he engrave his memory forever in the hearts of the people of South Honan by building a hospital for them.

The thought appealed to Yüan. He stood in need of the prayers that would be offered for him, and of the blessings that would be called down upon him by the sick who would be healed in the hospital. At once he set up a preliminary plan for setting apart some of his houses out on Big Horse Road as hospital buildings; and temporary equipment was bought and installed.

In 1918, Dr. O. E. Distad, who had just arrived from the United States, was put in charge of the unit. He was an able and courageous worker, extremely well-fitted by temperament and experience to do pioneer medical work in Sinyang's hospital. Back in the States, he had practiced for several years in North Dakota in districts where he often had to improvise equipment and do kitchen-table surgery. He had fine stocks of medicine and some money of his own, both of which he used unstintingly in the service of his patients. He was ready to give of himself at any hour of the day or night.

In the meantime, Yüan Shih-k'ai had died while aspiring to make himself emperor. A new national government was set up in Peking. In time, the changes reached to Kaifeng, the capital of Honan province. The new government was unfriendly to Yüan Chin-peh; and before long he found himself being taxed so heavily that he would have been ruined if he had stayed on in Sinyang.

When he left, no one knew what would be the outcome for the hospital on Big Horse Road. Dr. Distad

was called to join the medical service being carried on jointly by our mission and the Covenant mission at the Bethesda Union Hospital in Siangyang, Hupeh.

General Chin Yun-ao, who had a brother in the new government at Peking, was sent to Sinyang to be in charge of the districts of South Honan. Some time earlier, Chin had been ill with pulmonary tuberculosis, and being in the district he had been treated by Dr. Distad. He made a remarkable and rapid recovery which was credited to the care and skill of the American doctor. Accordingly, one of his first acts was to recall Dr. Distad to Sinyang, where he was to take charge of the hospital under new arrangements.

General Chin instructed all the district magistrates of South Honan to collect funds for the Sinyang hospital. The Kaifeng provincial government agreed to contribute toward the running expenses of the hospital. These funds were to be raised by the district magistrates of the whole province. The magistrates were agreeable to the plan since they would be able to collect an additional ten percent for their own revenue.

With sufficient funds assured, it was decided to build a new hospital. The site chosen for it was temple land with adjoining vegetable and flower gardens just a short distance outside the North Gate on Big Horse Road. General Chin saw to it that the temple priests were generously provided for for life and succeeded in convincing them that the new hospital would do more to serve the people than the old temple had been able to do. And so the land was bought.

Since the project had the support of both the mili-

tary and the gentry of the city, materials for construction were readily obtained and the building progressed rapidly. Before long an imposing two-story building began to take shape. It would accommodate about 110 patients. The plans had been drawn by Dr. Distad, and he was to have supervised all the work and equipment. But in 1921 a typhus epidemic, brought down by famine refugees from the north, swept through Honan province; and Dr. Distad was one of the victims. He died before the hospital was more than well started.

Once again the hospital board, this time led by General Chin, the superintendent, approached our mission. Would the mission please furnish a doctor for the hospital? Again the people of Sinyang proposed my name for the place. The proposal made by the Chinese board was that they would furnish the buildings, equipment, and funds. The foreign doctor would be the superintendent of the hospital and would administer all the funds. The mission would be given free hand to carry on its evangelistic work, at its own expense, among the sick.

The question came up for consideration at the annual missionary conference. Some of the older missionaries strongly advocated our accepting the offer. Such an opportunity, they said, had never before presented itself. The sick would be cared for, the Gospel would be preached, and there would be no outlay of missionary funds. The Chinese people themselves would be supporting the hospital. There were others who opposed the plan. These argued that medical missionary work must look to the future and to laying sound foundations for the church. The mission of healing is

one means of revealing Christian love to men. Accepting the Sinyang offer might mean commitment to starting a work which might be taken over as a purely commercial venture by the people later on. The decision, however, was expressed by a vote of four to one in favor of accepting the Sinyang offer. This decision was later approved by the mission board in America.

There remained only the question as to who would be the medical man assigned to the hospital. The matter came up during my furlough year of 1922-1923. I protested strongly against being stationed at Sinyang. I had just completed several years of medical work under primitive conditions in Huangchuan, and had finally built a hospital there according to my own specifications. It was a building in which I felt I could work most efficiently. My family, my workers, and I had many Chinese friends in Huangchuan. We had gained some reputation there, and the work was growing. If I were sent to Sinyang, who would carry on the work in the new hospital in Huangchuan?

Despite my arguments, I was assigned to Sinyang.

However, Huangchuan was provided for. Dr. H. L. Braafladt was the representative of our mission at the Medical College of Cheeloo University in Shantung province. This school was operated by several co-operating missions with the special aim of training Christian Chinese doctors to serve their own people. Dr. Braafladt recommended two of their graduates—Dr. Chi and Dr. Chang—for the work at Huangchuan. They began service there a year after I returned to Sinyang. With nurses Clara Peterson and Arna Quello, they rendered splendid service to the community for

several years, and the institution made considerable headway. The warring conditions of the district finally forced it to close its doors.

At the close of the 1923 conference which assigned us to Sinyang, I set out on horseback for Huangchuan, packed all our belongings, rented a *p'ai,* or river raft, to transport our goods to Sinyang; and within a week I reported for work at the South Honan Union Hospital, known to the Chinese as *Ta T'ung,* or as "big Union Hospital."

The hospital was in its own spacious compound protected by a brick wall from eight to twelve feet high. The main gate was sixteen feet wide, with massive doors barred by heavy booms. The clock tower over the entrance was admired by everyone in town. There was also a constabulary watchtower, and we were guarded day and night against robbers and marauders. There were four main sections within the compound. One section held the residences of the foreign staff members; another was reserved for a separate women's clinic, which we hoped to build some day; a third was devoted to flower gardens, of which the Chinese are very fond; and the fourth held the hospital itself and the quarters for the Chinese staff.

Flowers and shrubs were planted in various spots all through the compound, but especially in the garden and greenhouse. The flowers were of many varieties and they blossomed through most of the year. The hedges were kept beautifully trimmed. A wealthy townsman was chairman of the hospital board. One of

his chief interests was flower-culture, and his periodic tours of inspection made it certain that the three gardeners did their work well. But although the interest in flowers was keen, there was no sign of a lawn. The Chinese did not seem to think grass was worth cultivating, and they could not appreciate the beauty of a well-kept lawn.

The hospital was by far the largest and costliest building in Sinyang. There were graceful arched verandas around it on both of its two-story levels. There were private rooms as well as wards. High ceilings helped to cool the building in summer, but they added to the heating problems in winter. Ventilation and lighting was good. There were a few drawbacks, however. It was hard to keep the patients' beds out of the draughts from the windows; the cement floor had been laid directly on the ground, so that it was likely to be damp and cold in rainy weather; and toilet and bath rooms were just cubby holes in size. The dispensary, too, was small for the number of cases treated there, and it was set apart from the main building.

By and large, though, the buildings made a fine workable unit; and they were well supplied with iron beds, bedding, teapots, dishes, and those indispensable articles for a Chinese hospital—spittoons.

There were two Chinese doctors on the staff when I came. One was a well-trained man from Cheeloo University. The second was not so well trained, but he was a kind and conscientious man though with a tendency to bluster upon occasion.

At first there were not many in-patients. The dispensary patients were mainly soldiers. They were un-

der the command of General Chin and were therefore treated without charge. Often they would pretend illness just to escape their duties, and in doing so they filled up our hospital. Very few women patients appeared. We had been seeing all patients during the same dispensary hour. I knew, however, that in China women have a justifiable fear of soldiers, and I finally concluded that the women were afraid to come to the dispensary when the soldiers were there. We therefore set a ten o'clock dispensary hour for women alone, mornings. In the afternoon, we divided our male patients, seeing the civilians in one room and the soldiers in another.

Thereafter the number of patients increased rapidly. Before long we were seeing more than a hundred women and children a day. Sometimes their clinic hours overlapped the afternoon clinics.

Our in-patient numbers increased accordingly. Still we had more men patients than women. For one thing, Chinese women were timid about coming to a doctor or a hospital. For another, while men were willing to pay their own hospital fees, they were reluctant about paying for the women of their families. Women were generally held of little importance—at least not worth sending to the hospital.

As patronage increased, we added to our equipment. We bought more and better beds, as well as more bedding, more hospital gowns, more dishes. A high-pressure sterilizer and a good instrument sterilizer were added to our surgical unit; and good new instruments replaced the old worn-out tools.

A schedule of fees was set up for the patients. We

did it partly to help defray the running expenses, and partly because those who could afford to pay valued our services more when some charge was attached. However, no one was ever turned away if he could not afford to pay. We asked a ten dollar deposit (about $3.35 in American money) upon admission, enough to pay for a twenty-day stay. If patients stayed a shorter time, they received refunds at the rate of fifty cents a day.

It was amusing to see the tricks some of them would resort to in order to avoid paying even this small deposit. Some would come to the hospital dressed in ragged old clothes, pleading their poverty; but almost always something in their manner would give them away. If we insisted on payment, the patient would sit down and wait, hoping that we would finally give in and waive the fee. When that didn't work, he would open a fold in his garments and pull out a dollar bill, declaring that was all he had. More waiting. Little by little, out would come the whole fee—coins taken one by one from hiding places in stockings, shoes, caps, trousers, and coats.

Since the hospital belonged to the people and was financed by them, I refused to handle the money. I knew the Chinese custom of taking a percentage of all their transactions. Even if I had handled the money, the administrators would find some way of collecting their percentage; then if I protested, ill feelings would arise. And so the hospital board managed all the finances. And on the whole, the arrangement worked out well.

I asked our mission for two nurses to supervise the

Chinese nurses and to be in charge of the nurses' training school. Deaconesses Hilda Petterson and Clara Kravig were sent to take over the work.

We accepted both men and women for nurses' training, since the Chinese did not think it proper for male patients to be cared for by women nurses. Our school was accredited with the national government. Before long we had our own nurses wearing their regulation caps—the men wore skull caps—with one blue stripe for each year of training.

In the beginning, the American nurses often sighed and wished at times that they had never seen China. Their student nurses seemed so irresponsible. There were dark days when a nurse-boy who had been given specific instructions not to leave the side of a patient critically ill might be discovered outside cheerfully playing his bamboo flute or sawing away on a Chinese violin. Or perhaps one of the nurse-girls who had been instructed to stay with a pneumonia patient to administer medicine and provide steam inhalation might forget her instructions and slip away to her room to dress for a shopping expedition with her mother.

But there were more bright days than dark days, and it was gratifying to see how these young folks began to mature in knowledge and in responsibility. Sometimes they met emergencies far more intelligently than we ever thought they could.

One of our main struggles in the beginning was to develop habits of cleanliness. Honan is a backward province; and many of our student nurses, as well as our patients, were from lower class homes. Dust and

dirt had been no problem to them; it was just swept or shoveled out of the way under some bed or box. Refuse was tossed into the nearest corner. Anything that would burn was thrown into the fuel pile in its corner. There were always cobwebs and candle drippings festooning their homes; why bother about them? Our insistence that bedside tables, window frames, and doorways must be dusted daily and washed once a week seemed sheer nonsense—tasks to be avoided if ever possible. Because the floorwashers were paid specifically to sweep the floors repeatedly and to wash them once a day, they did so; but they did it in their own way, trying at first just to dab at the middle of the floor, avoiding the corners and the spots covered by furniture. How unreasonable for anyone to insist that furniture should be moved so that the floor under it could be cleaned! Little by little, though, the supervisors won the battle, and eventually even the floorwashers came to take pride in their ability to discover dirt and in competing with each other on keeping their rooms and halls spotless.

We had a harder time teaching the patients about hygiene and sanitation, for they were with us such a short time. How unreasonable for us not to let them spit on the floor! Why, the Chinese had been doing it for thousands of years, and what nation had more people than the Chinese? When they carried the habit even into the operating room, our nurses were ready to leave in despair.

The Chinese were very fond of peanuts, and it seemed to us sometimes as if half the pleasure for them came from dropping the shells in the bed or on the floor. Why should they try to throw things into the

spittoons or waste baskets—the floor was so much handier, and wider!

When the Chinese nurses tried to remonstrate about such untidy habits, the patient's resentment sometimes exploded in a curse. The resulting quarrel might lead to a real fight; for when a Chinese has been cursed, he forgets all restraints, often cursing back or even striking the offender. More than once our nurse-boys came into the office with black eyes or bloody noses complaining that some patient had hit them. On such oc casions they received no sympathy for they had beer instructed never to answer back but to report all difficult patients to us. The—for them—all-sufficient excuse would be, "Yes, but he cursed me!"

But gradually even these difficulties were overcome as the nurses came to understand that Christ's way is never to strike back but to show patience and love through service, even under the most trying circumstances.

Immediately upon admission, each patient was given a bath. Their own clothing was locked up and they were given hospital garments. Often heads had to be shaved to rid them of vermin. In the private rooms, each bed had a cotton mattress. The ward mattresses were filled with straw. Every patient was supplied with sheets, quilts, pillow, towel, wash basin, and a pretty muslin bedspread on which the Chinese character *Fuh,* meaning *happiness,* was embroidered in blue, the national color. Both color and character bring cheer to the Chinese heart.

We followed regular hospital routine, Western style. Patients received daily baths and alcohol rubs.

Sheets on all beds were changed twice a week, and oftener if patients were very sick. Food was served three times a day, though most Chinese are accustomed to only two meals a day. The nurses brought in the food in Chinese porcelain dishes on aluminum trays. They had to keep eagle eyes on the trays, for there was a lively market for them among the opium smokers who found them just the right size to hold their smoking equipment.

As time went on, it was encouraging to us to see how the people gained confidence in the hospital and its staff. Yesterday all Westerners had been "foreign devils"; now the Chinese entrusted their children—even their sons—to us without fear. Country folks, inclined to be conservative and suspicious, would bring in their children for surgery. They would ask when to come back for them and then, without further question, go home, returning for the child at the time suggested.

It was a pleasant thing for any of us to enter the hospital after the morning work was done. On the shining, spotless floors stood rows of neatly made beds with their clean linen. On the bedside tables stood teapots steaming with hot water or tea. Patients, smiling and happy after their baths and alcohol rubs, would be ready to listen to the words of the evangelist. No one was forced to listen or to accept the teachings, but all were given the opportunity to hear the Gospel message.

The medical missionary realizes and accepts as a basic premise the fact that there is a deep relationship between human suffering and spiritual insecurity, or

between physical well-being and confidence and hope. Any man, we believe, finds the way to happy, purposeful living when he discovers in Christ the means of atonement for his own sins and weaknesses and accepts in faith Christ's work of mediation between him and Almighty God. Most often the man who is distressed in body is looking for the way to spiritual security and peace. The medical missionary then has the opportunity to heal both body and spirit.

Critics have questioned the right of any person to go to pagan lands and there to "force upon the people something they do not want and have never asked for." The mission hospital belies such charges; it forces no man to accept its service or to listen to its message. In turn, however, it would ask of its critics, "If you have knowledge of a way of life which experience has proved leads to real peace and happiness for those who practice it, how in good conscience can you stay at home and not try to share it with those who have never known of it? Have you the right to deny your neighbor the privileges and blessings you yourself enjoy?" To those who would disclaim the actuality of any such knowledge and blessing, the mission hospital in the midst of its work of relieving thousands of sufferers and leading them to spiritual peace issues the challenge, "Come and See!"

The Skeptical Mr. Ma

DO ALL who enter the hospital leave it believing in Christianity? No, of course not. Many will not even listen to the evangelistic message. But all are treated alike, and the seed of Christian service is sown among them.

Many of our patients did listen because from the time they entered the hospital they had been exposed to the sympathy and gentleness and healing ministrations of the workers. As they marveled at it, they talked about it with each other and with us. As they grew better and stronger, they came to understand more and more about this new kind of love which could prompt such service; and they could believe what they had experienced.

But there were those that doubted. Some said that we were exiles from our own lands trying to atone for the misdemeanors of ourselves or our people. Some thought we might even be murderers trying to expiate our sins. However, the Chinese nurses and other patients could eventually convince them that we were not criminals. We were doing this thing not out of fear

but out of love—love for other men and love for Christ Jesus who had shown us the way.

But who was this Jesus, they would ask. How was it that we all seemed to love the same man? We could not all have belonged to the same family—His family—since we had different names, and some had dark hair and brown eyes and some had light hair and blue eyes. Then we would tell them the story of Christ and His work. It had to be told very simply at first because it was so foreign to their way of thinking that it was difficult for them to comprehend it at all. Gradually, after much patient instruction, the meaning of the message would begin to unfold itself. Though not without many a trial and error!

I remember, for example, the comical despair of one of our good evangelists who was trying to give the patients some concept of what a man's soul is. He explained that the soul is the spirit of each man given to him by God—not man's flesh but dwelling in the flesh and constituting man's real self. "Oh yes," said a patient, "now I understand. You are speaking of the bones within us without which we would collapse"!

But let me tell you the story of one of our stubbornest skeptics—the question-asking Mr. Ma.

"I have come many miles to see you, for I have heard that you have many kinds of medicines and can cure all manner of diseases." It was Mr. Ma who was speaking, a wealthy landowner who lived in a village some distance from Sinyang. "Look, I have here on my neck this great *keta'rh* (lump). It makes me look like a buffalo, and it is always in my way, especially when I wish to eat or sleep. At times it almost suffocates me. Please

give me some of your good medicine. I don't care what it costs, just so it rids me of this mass."

I answered, "We have only good medicine, for we never try to buy or sell anything that is poor."

"That is probably so," he replied, "but some medicine costs much and some costs less. I want the kind that costs much because then it will surely help me."

"No," I tried to explain, "it is not the cost of the medicine that determines the cure, but the right choice of medicine. Some medicines are plentiful and therefore cheap, while others are scarce and so cost more. You know that when rice is scarce, it is expensive; but when there is much rice, it is cheap. Yet the scarce rice that costs more is no better than the plentiful cheap rice."

"That is true. And sometimes when rice is scarce and expensive, it is poorer because it has been mixed with sand to increase the weight. But anyway, I want the good medicine that costs much."

I gave up the argument because it is impossible to change the ideas of the average Chinese on this matter. To him good quality is synonymous with high cost.

"Come, let me see your tumor, Mr. Ma. My, that is a big one. It is a goiter. There is no medicine that can make it go away. The only way to remove it is to cut it out; and that should be done or you will have much trouble from it.

Mr. Ma was horrified. "You mean, sir, that you want to cut me with a knife? A big knife?"

"No," I replied. "I will use a small knife, and it will not hurt at all."

"Not a big knife, but a small knife?" Mr. Ma shud-

dered. "With a big knife, you could make one big quick cut; but with a small knife you will be carving all day. No, that is too tough. I cannot take it."

"But I assure you, it will not hurt. We will put you to sleep with some medicine, and while you are asleep I will cut off that mass."

"You mean that you will let me go to sleep and then you will begin cutting and I will wake up with a yell?"

"No," I explained patiently. "You will be in such a deep sleep that you will not feel what we are doing at all."

"Now really, that is too much to believe. You mean actually that I will be dead and not feel anything. A deep sleep, indeed. Who ever heard of such a thing? That is the trouble with you foreigners. You like to play upon our ignorance. Why, your story is even worse than that of another one of you fellows who came up into our village the other day. He told a wild story about a man named Jesus—a man who was, he said, the Son of God but also a son of man. He said this Jesus went around doing good just because he had a love for people. He healed the people's sicknesses, and He cast out devils. He told people that God loves men. And finally He let Himself be nailed upon a big post so that we could all live for always!

"Such twaddle you talk—you foreigners. It is not fair to fool us simple folks like that. We know well that the gods hate us. They hate us for the sins we do. And we must pay for them by our offerings and by enduring troubles and diseases of all kinds. We know that our sons must burn incense for us after we die and thus make peace for us with our gods. Ho! His story that

God loves us, and your contention that you can cut off this mass, while I am asleep—they are two big lies. Please stop joking with me, sir. I have come far and suffered much on the way."

Knowing that further talk would be wasted, I suggested that Mr. Ma enter the hospital for observation. I would give him a thorough examination, and he could watch us and see what went on in the hospital. So one of the nurses helped him register and saw that he was settled in one of the wards. Because he was not ill, he was allowed to go about and visit with the patients.

When he saw the rows of beds with the sick people in them, his first thought was, "What a sinful place this must be with so many people who are sick." Then he began asking questions.

He went to the man in the bed next to his. "What is the matter with you?" he asked.

"You may well ask what *was* the matter with me," came the answer. "I had a dead jaw bone [osteomyelitis]. Pus ran inside into my mouth and outside along my neck. In the years that I had this trouble gallons of it must have run out. And such an odor as there was. It drove everybody away from me, even my wife. I tried to make friends with the gods and spent fortunes in sacrifices, but they did me no good. Finally I heard of this place and came to see what could be done.

"While I was in the waiting room, even the dirty beggars drew away from me. Then the doctor came. He looked at me kindly and did not turn his head away. No, he told me that they could take out the bone

and that in about three weeks I would be well. He told me it would cost about fifteen dollars [five dollars in American currency in those days] and that that would pay for all my food and care. I asked what the doctors and the nurses in those funny white caps would charge. He said, 'Nothing, nothing at all.' I was so happy I cried tears."

"But you still had your soreness and your smell, did you not?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "but he promised. And that doctor's word is as good as gold."

"You mean that he does not ever lie? Then he is not like us. For it seems sometimes we tell more lies than the truth."

"He is a Christian and believes in Jesus. They say that Jesus does not want them to tell lies."

"Well, what happened? You now do not smell."

"They cleaned me up and gave me a medicine to wash out my mouth, but it did not stop the pus. Then they jabbed me in the arm with a needle, and after a while I felt drowsy and wanted to turn over and go to sleep. Then they rolled me into a white room with a white light and with people all dressed in white like the mourners at our funerals. Then they put some white cloth over my mouth and nose and asked me to start counting. They dropped something that smelled bad on the white cloth, and when I tried to get away from it, they told me to take deep breaths and blow it away. The next thing I knew I was back in my room here. One of the Chinese nurses was beside me counting my pulse every so often and one of the foreign nurses would come around to tell me to be of good

cheer. Now, as you see, I am healed both outside and inside, and no one runs away from me. Tomorrow I am going home. Yes, they did it all for me. For fifteen dollars. Ay, they are strange people. We used to call them foreign devils. Now I think they are like gods—good gods."

In another bed, Mr. Ma found a middle-aged man whose arms were swathed in bandages. Their conversation went something like this.

"Whatever happened to you? Did you fall off a train?" asked Mr. Ma.

"No, I have never seen a train. One day a great band of robbers fell upon our countryside. There were about ten thousand of them and they came so fast I could not get away. They looked at me and thought I must have money. But they could not find it, and so they thought that I must have hidden it. And indeed I had. What else could I do? If we put all our money in land, the officials bleed us white with taxes. We had no bank so I hid the money in a secret place near our sleeping room. The robbers burned my finger tips with candles, but I said nothing. Then they poured oil on my arms and lit it. Then they ran long needles into my flesh until I could stand it no longer and confessed.

"As soon as my people could, they wrapped my burns in chicken skin and feathers plucked from live chickens. Then they brought me here. Here the nurses gently washed my wounds and dressed them with ointment that took the pain away. Some of the burns were too large to heal, so the doctor said they would take skin from other parts of my body and use it tc cover the sores."

"Now you are surely fooling me. And how it would hurt!"

"No, they told me it would not hurt. They took me into the operating room. Then they stuck a needle into the bones of my back and soon I could not even lift my legs nor feel anything there. The doctor and nurses were dressed in white with pieces of cloth over their faces. I heard them chatting together and wondered how it was that they who seemed to have so much to do could be talking like that. Suddenly a nurse asked me how I was. I said fine, and then I asked when they would begin. 'Oh,' she said, 'we are all through. I hope we did not disturb you with our chatting.' I told her that I felt fine. Then I talked with the nurse who sat by my head. He counted my pulse and watched a glass tube that had a silver fluid which moved up and down when he squeezed on a ball. And he told me some wondrous stories about a man named Jesus. Now I am almost well again."

"That is indeed a strange story," said Mr. Ma. "But when you tell it and no one denies it, then it must be true."

Mr. Ma looked the room over carefully before choosing the next man to talk to. Then he made his way to one bed, and seating himself on the stool beside it, he leaned toward the patient.

"Now you and I are strangers," he said, "but we are both of the same class. We have money and property, and we can read and write. Tell me, what do you think of these strange people?"

"Well," said the patient slowly, "there is something within them that is hard to understand. They work

all day long, sometimes beginning before daybreak and continuing far into the night. Still if they are needed in the middle of the night, they always come. It seems as if when one of us is in great need, the doctor and the nurses can work without tiring. They pray; and when they do so, they do not just twirl beads and murmur something no one can understand, as the priests in our temples do. They ask to be helped and directed and to be made strong. And they pray for us—whether we believe in their God or not—that we may be healed or comforted. They like to tell Jesus stories and sing Jesus songs. But they can joke, too, and make us laugh so that we forget that we are sick. Their smiles when they pass seem to me to be better than two bottles of medicine. They tell of a heaven; but this place to me seems as though it is a part of heaven."

"It has indeed great peace and pleasantness about it," conceded Mr. Ma.

"When someone is seriously ill, they do not as we do, scream and yell and beat on drums as if to scare away the devils of death. No, they become silent and tiptoe about, and then we patients become silent too. They are so still as though they would avoid wakening death itself. And they work with such an ill person almost all of the time.

"Do you see that little fellow over there? He was so sick we considered him dead. He had fought with another boy and won. But the other boy afterward threw a stone that wounded this one in the leg. The sore would not heal, and after a while the boy could not eat because he could not open his mouth no matter

how he tried. His mother was a poor widow with no resources and no important friends to help her; so she could get no redress from the father of the boy who threw the stone. Finally she brought the boy here.

"When our doctor saw the boy, he became silent and looked at the nurse and shook his head. The mother cried aloud, and some of us wailed with her. They explained to her and also had the Chinese teacher who speaks her dialect talk to her, saying that they would do all they could to save the boy but that there was very little hope. And if he died, she must not hold it against the hospital. They injected medicines into the blood vessels, into the bones of the back, into the muscles, and under the skin.

"They ran short of one very important medicine; but a Chinese nurse told me that one of the foreign nurses was in Hankow having her teeth fixed. So they telegraphed to her to get the medicine there and to bring it by the first train. Well, you know how telegrams here in China do not run; they walk. So though it was sent in the morning, it was not delivered until in the evening when all the drug shops are closed. The nurse located the home of the manager of one of the shops, but the druggist had taken his family to the electric pictures so she called for him there. When the druggist learned it was a matter of life and death, he rushed to the drug shop while the nurse rushed to the hotel to pack her things and hurry to the station.

"The drug manager brought the medicine to the station himself, and the nurse got on the train just when the whistle blew and off it went. Our doctor

here sent a runner to the station to meet the train, and he got the medicine here in time for the next injection. We watched the boy and we watched the doctor, and it seemed there was a little smile on his lips. And we smiled at each other. Later we found we could move in our beds or jar the floor a little without inciting a convulsion in the boy. Then his mother said he could open his mouth a little bit. Now look at him. He can take half a sweet potato at a time. A nurse told me the medicine the nurse brought from Hankow cost one hundred and thirty-two dollars, our money."

"But that is more than his mother can earn in two years," said Mr. Ma. "How can she pay it and still live?"

"She cannot pay it and they know it, so they have not ever told her what it cost. They have a saying among themselves that it is 'happier to give than to receive.' They also say, 'Do not let the left hand know what the right hand is doing,' by which they mean that they should do good and not talk about it."

"But they took money from that man with the dead jaw bone," said Mr. Ma.

"Yes, they make small charges to us who can pay. They use the money for medicines, food, beds, and supplies. But when they know that one is poor they do not mention pay at all. They treat him as well as the others and do not shame him by reminding him that he is a free patient. See that boy in the corner. He is from the city orphanage. When he came, he was just skin and bones, but the Sister—"

"His sister?" asked Mr. Ma.

"No, the foreign nurse. Some of them are called

Sisters. She has been pouring into him milk, eggs, oranges, bananas, chicken soup—all kinds of good food."

"Does not the doctor scold her for such waste?"

"Do not let him hear you say *waste!* To them it is a matter of saving a life. To us it is a strange thing, but to them every life is important—even of a little orphan boy. I am sure that the doctor himself ordered this good food for that boy. And they all have a good time over the gain in weight that the boy is showing."

"Thank you for telling me, old friend. I have had a good time with you and have learned much," said Mr. Ma.

Pausing at the bed of an elderly man, Mr. Ma was asking, "What is your trouble, old neighbor?" For when Chinese of the same province meet, they often address each other Lao Hsien-sheng ("old neighbor").

"I am an old stick, as you can see. And my eyes got so bad that I could not see at all. I had heard of others who had been like me and who, after coming here for treatment, had gone home seeing. So I came too, and just as blind as a new-born kitten! They dropped medicine in my eyes and then with a tiny knife they made a hole in my eye and took out this little hard gray body. See how small it is! The first thing I saw was the doctor's face, his nose and his glasses. But they bandaged my eyes to make them heal faster and now that the bandages are removed, I can see again."

Just then the foreign nurse came by to drop some medicine into the patient's eyes, and holding up her fingers, she asked, "What do you see, Lao Hsien-sheng?"

He counted, "One, three, two, five."

"One, three, two, five what? Apples?"

"No, fingers," he shouted; and all, including the skeptical Mr. Ma, had a good laugh.

The nurse then took Mr. Ma into a room where there was a venerable Chinese teacher.

"What is your honorable name?" inquired Mr. Ma

"My humble name is Li."

"Where is your great home?"

"My worthless home is in Chengyang."

"And your venerable age?"

"My years are few and evil."

After this proper exchange of greetings, the old teacher said, "I was a miserable creature before I came here. I had pains so severe that I rolled on the floor like a madman. I sent my boys to the temple to seek the advice of the priests. They shook their fifty bamboo sticks with the numbers on them, and wrote out prescriptions that they said the gods ordained. The medicines did me no good. Chinese doctors then stuck needles in me, both hot and cold and long and short; but my misery continued. Then my sons bought me opium which I rolled into balls and smoked in my pipe. It brought me some relief, but soon I had to use it at shorter and shorter intervals, and I craved the smoke. It cost me much money and when the officials found out about it, they taxed me white. So great was my misery, I wanted to kill myself.

"Then I came here. They cut open my stomach and cut out thirteen stones. See, here they are! And they gave me medicines. Now when I think of that opium pipe, it makes me gag. And now, too, I know that

my sins are forgiven through Jesus Christ whom God sent to die on the cross for me."

"Hm, hm-m, do you believe that old story, too?"

"Yes, yes," said Teacher Li. "Long ago I saw what it did in the life of my father and mother. See now what it is doing for me. My father smoked opium. We had a small store over at the West Gate where only the poor live because it is close to the execution grounds. Mother worked hard helping the rich so that we could have a little to eat. What father earned was smoked up in opium. We barely managed to exist.

"Then father heard the Gospel message. He began to go to church on Sundays. On that day he even closed the shop to go, and mother called him all manner of names for doing so. Father, strangely, did not strike her; he just took the scoldings. Then he gave up the opium and our store grew bigger and bigger. We moved to a new location and had the biggest shop in town as well as property in the country. Mother no longer had to work for other people. And she stopped her scolding. I should say I believe this Gospel that did so much for us."

Mr. Ma rose and bowed. "Cut you in the abdomen," he mumbled as he moved away, "and then sewed you up with a needle and thread, just like a tailor!"

The next time I saw Mr. Ma, he said, "Doctor, I want you to operate on me. Cut away this lump. But I wish you would use that kind of medicine that you dropped in the eyes of the blind man when you cut out the little gray body."

"No, that would not be suitable in your case."

"Then let me have the kind of medicine that you put into the back with a needle."

"No, that is unsuited for working on the neck."

"Well then Doctor, use whatever you wish, but promise me that if I begin to yell when you are cutting, you will let me loose and let me go home right away."

On that basis we struck a bargain. Mr. Ma's goiter was removed successfully. When he awoke after the operation, he was amazed to find the mass was really gone.

When he left the hospital, I asked him if he still thought that we were liars. He smiled and said *No.* Then I reminded him of that foreigner who had come to his village with the story of Jesus, and I asked him what he thought of that now.

"It is unbelievable," he said gravely, "but perhaps true. Yes, even that is probably true." He went on his way pondering.

Hospital Days—and Nights

IT WOULD be hard to say just when the realization dawned upon me that the hospital whose doors I entered with such reluctance back in the fall of 1923 had become the absorbing interest of my working life. Wherever I had been—in medical school, in countryside practice, in efficiently organized Taohwalun, or in primitive Huangchuan—I had always put my whole heart into the work. But big Union Hospital outside the gate of Sinyang quickly came to be a very part of me. For more than a quarter of a century it was to be the hub of my activities when I stood on China's soil and the lodestone of my heart whenever circumstances called us home to our United States.

Except for a furlough year (1935, 1936) and the years of Japanese occupation during World War II, most of the time between 1923 and 1949 was spent in or about the Hospital. No record could carry the full story of the work we tried to do there—my family, the staff, and I. But again the jottings of a doctor's note-

book or the gleanings from his recollections may help to suggest details of a picture very vivid and very real.

It was evening—late evening—of what had been a busy but not untypical day. I had begun the morning by arranging with a crew of painters to do some decorating in the building, had supplied them with materials and equipment, and given special instructions to a new man on the job. Then I had made the morning rounds with the supervisors, checked and changed the dressings and given the daily orders for about 160 patients. From a tradesman I purchased about fifty dollars worth of lumber, after the usual amount of dickering. Then I had seen about 150 dispensary patients. I had performed twelve operations, large and small, and supervised 25 intravenous injections. I helped with eight special registrations and checked the new admissions—twenty of them. The brickseller's account had been presented, checked, and paid off. Mrs. Skinsnes and I had asked all the nurses, foreign and Chinese, over to the house for supper, and I had held a special consultation with one of them. The surgical cases had been given the evening check-over, and final orders had been given for the night. At last we, too, could go to bed.

To touch the bed brought sleep. Yet something seemed to be disturbing the night. I dragged myself back to consciousness in time to hear Wang the gatekeeper complaining to himself, "I shall have to take a stick and break the window to get him up."

"Was I sleeping as soundly as all that?"

"I do not know how you were sleeping, but your

snoring was as the sound of a thousand frogs. But come quickly. A young woman has swallowed opium. They have just brought her in."

It proved to be a common enough story. The mother-in-law had become angry with the girl and called her a good-for-nothing slut. In the ensuing hubbub, the husband had taken the part of his mother and had beaten his wife. She in turn had struck at him and pulled his hair. Then she had become hysterical, and later had found opportunity to buy a large dose of opium and swallow it.

Now the husband and mother-in-law were frantic with fear—not so much the fear of losing the wife, since they could always buy another, but rather the fear that if she died under such circumstances she would take revenge on them from the spirit world and theirs would henceforth be a cumbersome existence.

By the time I pieced out the story, Sister Hilda appeared. Together we worked through the early morning hours. We used the stomach pump, poured great quantities of potassium permanganate into the girl, gave her coramine and other stimulants, and filled her veins with glucose and saline by needle. A saline cathartic was given to rid her system of the last remnants of opium. Finally we felt that she was safe and staggered home for another snatch of sleep before the six o'clock bell should call us to morning devotions and the start of another day.

One day an urgent call came for us to examine a young man who had apparently drowned. He was, we judged, about twenty-four years old. Though it ap-

peared that he was past helping, we tried artificial respiration. As we worked, we learned that he was a teacher in a government school and that he had taken a group of students to the river to teach them to swim. He had dived into a deep pool, and when he failed to come up, the students called in alarm to some fishermen nearby, asking for help. But the fishermen stopped to haggle about pay. The students offered five dollars; the fishermen asked thirty. They finally settled on eighteen; but by the time they pulled the teacher out, it was too late. They had brought him to us at the hospital; and we did everything we could to fan to life any spark that might be smoldering in him. It was too late. He never opened his eyes again.

And the fishermen? What retribution was meted out to them? Why, none at all. Such an idea would never enter the Chinese mind. The fishermen had a right to refuse any kind of job until the payment had been agreed upon!

"Here is another hopeless case!" Sister Clara spoke despondently.

The patient was an eight-day-old infant who had been brought to the hospital in convulsions, with every symptom of lock-jaw *(tetanus neonatorum)*.

The child did die. Like so many babies before him, he was the victim of the common practice of tying off the umbilical cord with any dirty rag that might be handy. We had seen cases where the cord had been tied off with the straw straps taken from someone's filthy old sandal. Very few expectant mothers came to the hospital for delivery, because a woman was be-

lieved to be unclean for thirty days after childbirth and therefore she could not be moved. If she gave birth in the hospital, she would have to stay there for thirty days. And so, very few infants had proper care at birth. Nor was there much opportunity for us to teach the families how the babies should be cared for or how important cleanliness was.

The babies themselves were not considered "unclean" after their birth, and they could be taken in or out of the homes freely. Cases of lock-jaw arising from infection of the umbilical cord begin with a localized infection which spreads slowly. The Chinese were wont to leave long cords on their babies. There was every chance for a cure if we could get the babies in time. We announced that if any child showed signs of infection, we would care for him free of charge provided that he was brought to the hospital within the first twenty-five hours after birth. There was some response to the offer, but children continued to be brought to us in convulsions, when it was too late to help. We were acutely conscious of the need for community classes in public health, but we had neither the right equipment nor sufficient personnel to conduct them.

The usually quiet corridor echoed a confusion of voices when I came on duty one morning. From the ward came a great buzz of chatter punctuated with the high-pitched ejaculations of the patients.

"What is all the commotion about?" I asked of the Chinese nurse at the desk.

"I don't know. Perhaps it is that fellow whom you would not let go home yesterday. He has been crying

that he left his mother three weeks ago with only two buckets of water, and he is afraid that she, who is too old to carry water, may now be without it. Or it may be that they are fussing again about too little salt in the food. You recall that big strapping fellow who wept yesterday because the food did not have as much salt as his mother used. We gave him more salt, and he brightened at once. Yes, perhaps the others have caught on and they, too, want more salt. I do not know."

"But this does not sound like complaints. It seems more like a hubbub of joy." Turning to the smiling Chinese head nurse, I asked him, "Do you know what all the noise is about?"

"Oh yes," he replied. "Come and see. That fellow Chia-p'a who was brought in a few days ago because he had suddenly lost his power of speech (probably from a luetic cerebral lesion, or shock) —well, now just listen to him sing! Sing again, Chia-p'a."

Chia-p'a sang in a loud clear voice. The words were, "Jesus, Lover of my soul."

Then the nurse said, "Now look at T'ien-hsiang. He could not hear even your voice when he was brought in. Do you remember how you shouted to him, and you must know that that voice of yours when you turn it loose is deep enough to rouse the dead. What did Chia-p'a sing, T'ien-hsiang?" And T'ien-hsiang replied correctly.

Ching-beh was presented next. For four years he had been without sight. But just the day before he had been fitted with glasses after his recovery from an operation for cataracts.

"Read something," cried the other patients; and Ching-beh, looking down at the book in his hand, read, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

"No fair, no fair!" shouted the others. "He knows that one by heart."

So Ching-beh opened a Bible, apparently at random, and he read, "And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him saying, 'Lord, who did sin, this man or his parents?' "

Lao-er now stepped forward to show what had happened to him. For two years he had been unable to walk a step. Now he was walking easily.

And Mr. Wang, another patient, pointed to Lao-ta, reminding us how very ill he had been. When brought to us he had been pulseless, with a temperature of 106. We could give his people no hope, for we feared that admitting him would only mean our having to fill out another certificate of death. The Chinese had considered him already dead. But he did not die. He was on his way back to health.

Then Mr. Wang explained: "For many days now I have been watching the patients come and the patients go. Hardly does any bed have an opportunity to cool off between patients. And this morning, behold how we sit here and laugh and talk together. Do you not see, my Doctor, in this one room 'the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the blind see, the lame walk, and the dead have been brought to life'! That is why we rejoice together." The chattering broke out afresh as he

finished speaking, and they clamored to have their picture taken all together.

We had no film.

Not all our work brought such great joy.

Sister Clara one day had been going over the statistics of the operating room. She found that in the year just past we had performed three hundred amputations. I told her she must be mistaken, or we could soon expect to see half the district hobbling around on wooden pegs.

But she was right.

Sinyang was a railroad town. The trains were in poor condition and usually overcrowded. Most of our amputations were the result of these circumstances. Engines were old, almost worn out. When the engineer opened the valves, steam would shoot out and the train would start with a series of violent jerks. Often there were as many passengers up on the car roofs as inside the train. Others lay on boards placed between the rods under the cars. Not only adults but children traveled in this fashion. When the train jerked or when they fell asleep, they frequently fell off and rolled under the wheels. Even riding inside was not always safe. The cars were so crowded that there was much competition for space and robbers could operate with ease. Sometimes the thief pushed his victim from a crowded car. The station master habitually warned me to be careful lest I should be shoved off by strangers when I had to ride in an empty freight car, or on the engineer's bench, or in the coal car, or on the cowcatcher in front of the engine.

Often when we watched our amputees leave the hospital, we wondered if we had done them a service by saving their lives. There was, for example, our patient Liu. There was not much left of him when his relatives came to get him. Both legs had high amputations and both arms had been disarticulated. The poor fellow could not sit unless he was supported. We wondered if we had done right to let him live, and a nurse suggested as much to his brother. Should we have let him die?

"Positively no," said the brother. "We are all so happy that he is alive. We have lots of food and plenty of help, so he will be well cared for. And he can have children and live on through his children. Please greet the doctor for us and thank him."

When I said good-bye to Liu, he looked up at me and said softly, "Thank you, my Doctor. Perhaps I will have arms and feet again in heaven."

Not all were as fortunate in their families as Liu.

Kala-azar is a parasitic disease with one of its endemic foci in North China. At first it was relatively rare in our district in South Honan, but of late years it has become almost as common as malaria. The manner of transmission is not yet clear despite extensive research; but both the sandfly and the dog have been implicated, the former as a transmitter and the latter as a possible animal reservoir. But probably the principal reason for its spread into our district is to be found in the great troop and refugee movements of recent years.

One mother brought to the hospital three of her

children afflicted with the disease in advanced stages. They were extremely emaciated with large protruding abdomens. One especially looked like a blown-up frog, but with arms and legs so thin that it seemed he could never regain any semblance of a normal human figure. The second was a little girl whose one leg was so eaten with sores that it looked as if it would fall off. Indeed, it had to be amputated, although we managed to save the other leg. The third child was a boy, one of whose cheeks was sloughing away with a sore often associated with the disease and known as *noma.*

When I first saw them, I said to the nurse, "How I wish we could teach these people to bring their children in before such terrible destruction of tissue has occurred! Even if we cure these children, the poor mother will have to look at them always. If only she had come sooner!"

Then the nurse told me that the mother was poor. She had brought the children, who had to be carried in baskets hung from the shoulders, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. Ours was the nearest hospital. On the way they had run into a bad snow storm that made the roads muddy and soft as ploughed fields. The trip had taken her two weeks.

Then I said, "I wish that one month from now I could put them on display at home in America."

"Why?" asked the nurse. "They will then be dead."

"No," I replied. "They are not going to die. But even so, one will be minus a leg and the other will be minus a cheek so that even when we have finished patching him up he will look like an Egyptian mummy."

"Why then, do you wish to show them in America?"

"For two reasons—so that parents at home could catch just one glimpse of the hardships parents have over here in China, and so that in gratitude for living in a Christian land they would be zealous to share their blessings with people here and elsewhere through the world."

"Do you remember Lao Li who worked in the operating room for four years, washing floors and doing odd jobs?" asked Sister Hilda.

"I believe so. He could neither read nor write, and did he not finally leave because we suspected him of stealing?'

"That is the man. And do you know—they tell me now that he has opened a hospital in Peiyang, has a big practice, and claims that he was trained by you!"

"Our floorwasher? Then don't give me credit for his training. That was in your department. He is your graduate! Poor fellow, one of these days he will make a mistake in treating some important patient, and then he will lose both his business and his life."

Not infrequently we would hear similar stories about nurseboys who had left us. They would set up shop as a doctor and begin to treat people. If they restricted themselves to doing just the things they had learned as nurses, they could do good service. But the danger lay in their attempting to undertake more difficult cases than they were trained to handle.

A cholera epidemic spread through our province. Many were stricken suddenly and they died quickly.

And many were the calls for help that came to the hospital. The board did not approve of my going out at night at the call of strangers, for the threat of robbery or kidnapping was not an idle one. One night, however, a soldier came running and pleaded with me so earnestly to come to see a friend of his that I could not refuse. Together we set out, and he led me so far beyond the railroad tracks that this time I was almost certain I was walking straight into trouble. But at last there was the other soldier, a great strapping fellow, stretched out on the ground. My guide had explained that they had just recently come in on a train. His friend had been sick for about eighteen hours. When I bent over him, I saw that he was dead.

But we could save most of the cholera patients who were brought to the hospital. They might be brought in blue, pulseless, apparently gasping their last breath; and then after saline had been administered, they could turn over, talk, and ask for food. It often took a great deal of the fluid to effect the cure. We gave one man seven and one-half quarts of it before we could detect his pulse, and nine quarts before the pulse was good and strong.

Our nurseboy, Chow, was an indispensable helper through the epidemic. Dr. Kan, my Chinese colleague, had brought Chow's brother to the hospital for training; but the boy left rather soon to join the army where he could pass for a doctor on the basis of the training he had had. But shortly afterward the brother died, and that cured Chow of any military aspirations he might have had. Instead, he came into the hospital. He grew tremendously interested in our work.

When he first came, he knew so little of western ways that he did not know how to open a door by turning a knob. But before long he was the most capable and most trusted of our nurseboys. During the cholera epidemic, he took over the great task of keeping us supplied with distilled water. He also helped us give the intravenous infusions. He could be depended upon not to pull out the needle or stop the infusion until he had checked with one of us to see that the needed amount had been given. When there was work to be done, he paid no attention to the clock, but stayed on the job until all was done and done well.

We found later that we could even trust him with setting up the operating room for major operations.

Miss Hsü was another nurse who became remarkably devoted and dependable.

When she first came, she was kind but very unreliable. She would promise to do any task, smiling brightly; but she could not manage to complete the task unless she was supervised from beginning to end. But the patients came to love her for her unfailing kindness; and as her concern in the work grew, dependability came with it.

One day I came upon her coaxing a stubborn youngster to eat. She blushed when she saw me, for it was off-hours for her. Then she explained, "This little fellow likes to eat from my hand, so I come in to help him even when I am not supposed to be on duty. The other nurses like me to help with him because he usually responds well to me."

The presence of well-trained Chinese and American nurses made a tremendous difference in the amount of medical work I could do. Before they came, much of my time was taken up with nursing cares; and I often found myself running around the hospital with bed pans, enema cans, and catheters. In those early days my calls to the patients' homes had to be made alone, and at times this was difficult and even hazardous. I shall not easily forget the night when four persons—counting the baby—and I almost died in a patient's home.

It was a bitterly cold night, and I had been called to assist a woman in labor. All the chinks in the one-room house had been stopped up, and the windows—as was usual—had been covered over with oiled paper instead of glass. The patient wanted warmth, and the room heated by a brazier of charcoal was a marked contrast to the cold outside. The charcoal was glowing red. I had always been told that there was no danger of carbon monoxide poisoning so long as the coals burned red.

Suddenly, though, my patient dropped unconscious. Then the Chinese helper keeled over. The mother-in-law seized the tongs to stir the fire, but she, too, crashed to the floor, dropping the tongs on my sterile supplies as she fell. I also suddenly felt queer, but I managed to get the door open and to throw the charcoal burner outside. Then I got the sick ones to bed and returned to the mother's side just in time to deliver a fine big baby boy.

"That fellow is from Kioshan. That I'd almost guarantee," I said one day

"How do you know?"

"Only in Kioshan do they cut each other up like that," I replied. "It is ghastly the way they can mangle one another."

One of our older missionaries, when he was most discouraged, would maintain that the people of Honan were the most backward of all the Chinese and that the people of Kioshan were the most backward of the Honanese. Whenever we admitted patients from that district as badly mutilated as this one, I found myself almost ready to agree with him.

The people of Kioshan, it seemed, could not be satisfied without exacting terrible revenge for wrongs done them. In that respect they were not too different from some of the old Norwegians I had known or heard about.

This particular patient was a man about thirty-five years old. Masked men had scaled the wall of his home after dark and entered his bedroom. In the dark they seized their victim and went at him with their knives. They left only when they felt sure that they had killed him. Apparently, though, the bedding had given him considerable protection. Now here he was, alive, but with terrible gashes on his scalp, face, arms, and legs. It was a miracle that he had not bled to death. As it was, he was terribly disfigured and he lost one arm.

Late in the 1920's the Chinese Nationalist government undertook to purge the country of Communism and Communists. Michael Borodin, the influential Russian propagandist and former advisor to the Chinese government, was asked to leave the country. This

action was taken as an excuse by undisciplined soldiers for plundering and killing foreigners in many outlying districts. If such deeds were questioned, the soldiers and sometimes even state officials would reply that they had thought the injured person was a Russian Communist.

Upon one occasion, I received a message from Miss Anderson—one of our missionaries stationed at the South Gate in Sinyang—saying that she was ill and in need of help. Conditions in our district were tense, and we had found it wise to stay pretty strictly within the hospital compound. We had been advised whenever one of us went outside to take a Chinese companion along. The evening before Miss Anderson's note came, a man had been killed and buried near our compound. The usual pretext was given that he was a Russian; yet the word spread abroad among the people that the soldiers' pockets had been enriched by at least five thousand dollars.

Still, I had rarely had any trouble myself, and so I set out alone for the South Gate. I felt that the people knew me; and I walked along happy at the opportunity to relax, with the day's work well behind me.

Suddenly I found myself in the center of a ring of soldiers with drawn bayonets. They asked no questions, but told me that I was a Russian Communist and that they had been given instructions to show no mercy to such people.

I protested that I was not Russian, had never seen Russia, and had no connection with the country. I explained, moreover, that I had no money with me since I was on my way to see a sick lady. They would not

believe that I was the American doctor from the hospital, but indicated that I could expect in a moment to be pierced by all six bayonets. Their spokesman shouted into the darkness for orders, and the reply came back, "Kill him!" Persuaded that my last moments had come, I regretted that I had not taken my wife's advice to have a Chinese worker who could identify me go with me. Silently I asked God's forgiveness for my many failings.

It was probably only a matter of moments, although it seemed like a long time, before a commanding voice rang out and an officer stood at my side. He took my lantern, lifted it, and looked me over. Then he shouted, "You stupid fools. Had you killed this man, the people of Sinyang would have killed us. He is the doctor from the hospital, and I myself have been cured by him."

Silently, I thanked God and went on my way.

Occasionally curious cases came to the hospital, arousing the interest of the whole countryside. At one time a young soldier who evidently had a pituitary tumor was under our care for a few days. He was nearly eight feet tall; his feet were eighteen inches long, and his hands twice the size of those of ordinary men. It was said that he required thirty or forty Chinese *moa* or buns at a meal.

The Chinese came from far and wide to see this wonder. When he walked the streets, throngs followed him about, and he kept his hands in constant motion batting aside the curious who got in his way.

He had been discovered in an out-of-the-way valley

and was immediately inducted into the army so that he could be taken around the country and shown to persons of note. During his days in the hospital we had to put two beds together end to end for him. When he left, it was to continue his tour under the command of the army.

Upon one occasion I discovered that the Chinese can move with speed and efficiency. The governor of the province had injured his hand in a show of patriotism on the day of the planting festival. He planted one tree, hurt his hand, and when infection developed suffered generalized septicemia. The doctors in Kaifeng, the ancient capital, were called in; and a telegram also came to me asking me to come.

A special train was provided, and we passed station after station at such high speed that I had to look about at the faces of my companions to convince myself that this was not one of the streamliners that speed the rails between the Twin Cities and Chicago. When we reached Kaifeng at three in the morning, the governor's private car and truck were waiting. They whisked us through the streets in the fastest car ride I have ever had. Soldiers with drawn revolvers stood on the running board, and the few night travelers that we met dived for the edge of the street. Upon reaching the palace I was taken directly to the governor's bedside.

Governor Hu was an enormous man, weighing about four hundred pounds. A special bed was required to support him. I was told that in recent years he rarely completed a full meal, since he usually fell asleep before he finished eating. When I arrived, he

was comatose; and it was my impression that his case was already hopeless. It was, of course, in the days before chemotherapeutic and antibiotic agents were available.

In any event, the nurse boy in attendance informed me that the doctor in charge of the case had left orders for me to refrain from any treatment until he arrived in the morning. There was nothing for me to do but wait. At ten o'clock in the morning, the doctor appeared. He explained his line of treatment and told me how well the governor had been doing. Together, we went to look at the patient. All that we could do was to administer stimulants; and as we watched him, he died.

We were given orders to make no announcement about the death of the governor until General Choh could be called to take over the governorship. While we awaited the general's arrival, we were royally entertained in the governor's palace.

The return trip to Sinyang was also by special train, an honor that gave me much face in our Chinese community.

What a commotion startled the night! Tin pans were banging, trumpets blaring, and drums pounding. In addition, thousands of voices were yelling and screaming. What was the trouble?

"Just look," cried someone, "the dog is eating up the moon."

The moon was going into eclipse; and the people insisted that the Heavenly Dog was out to do away with the moon. They were making what noise they could

to frighten away the dog and save the moon. As the moon grew darker and darker, the noise increased in fury. Finally, as the light of the moon gradually returned, there was a sigh of relief. Once more the moon had been saved from the dog.

The next day one man asked me if we had a moon in America. When I told him that we had the same moon and that it gave the same light, only at a different time, he and the others around him shook their heads in unbelief. Then they asked if we had trains in America. I told them that if they could read, they could see that many of their engines and cars had been made in America. Still doubting, one asked, "But if you have all that, why did you come here to us in China?"

"Oh," said one of them, "I know. He came to eat our good food."

When I returned to America, an American woman asked me if there was grass in China.

It was hot. Even the Chinese, used to their climate, were suffering under the merciless sun. One man was brought to the hospital unconscious from a sun-stroke. Pastor Wu Ying, coming home by wheelbarrow from Wu Li-tien some twenty miles away, had spotted the man lying by the side of the road helpless. He ordered his pusher to stop, hurried to the fallen man, and with the help of the wheelbarrow man, lifted the patient into the barrow and brought him to the hospital.

"If this had happened several years ago," Pastor Wu explained, "before I learned to know Christ, then I would have pretended that I did not see the man and

would have let the wheelbarrow man push me by on the other side of the road. And I would have shivered from fear that the same fate would be mine, since we were both traveling in the same heat. But today I am happy! The Lord sent me to save a man from an untimely death."

To myself I said, "See, when Christ lives in a man's heart, the Good Samaritan still lives."

"Mr. Chang, this certainly is deplorable. Here you are, a member of the hospital board, and yet you wait and wait until you are nearly blind to come to the hospital for treatment!"

"Yes," said Mr. Chang, "but is not the hospital only for sick people?"

"Surely, but are you not sick?"

"No, I am not sick. There is a devil in my eye."

"Who told you that?"

"They all say so," said Mr. Chang.

"You really believe that? What have you been doing for the eye?"

"Certainly I believe it. We have gone to the temple and have worshipped their devil over and over again. Then the magicians made all kinds of signs before my eyes, and blew and blew and blew."

"You mean they were trying to blow the devil out?"

"Certainly."

"I think they blew more in than they blew out—not devils, but bacteria."

Well, we were able to save Mr. Chang's eyes; and he and his family were cured for good of their devil

theory—and many others were disillusioned also, for Mr. Chang was a very influential man.

In shifting panorama of suffering and tragedy and blessed relief, of ignorance and superstition and dawning comprehension, of weariness and despair and sudden, shining victory—in such swift succession moved our hospital days and nights. And the victories were worth many times the cost, for each victory sent out rays of hope for China and her people—"that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

We Walk on Bullets

THE years between 1920 and 1930 saw an intense struggle for power develop between the various war lords of north China. Two of the most influential of these war lords were Wu Pei-fu and Feng Yu-hsiang. The latter had been given much publicity abroad as "China's Christian General," but in his own country he was known as a turncoat who had often betrayed his associates.

In 1926, Feng Yu-hsiang's men controlled Honan; but Wu Pei-fu wanted the province, so war was inevitable. Overnight it came. We awoke one January morning to find the hills about Sinyang, as far as eye could see, covered by tents, soldiers, and observation posts. Cannons, rifles, machine guns bristled about us. Inside the city, a General Chiang (not to be confused with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek), one of Feng Yu-hsiang's men, commanded a garrison of fifteen thousand men. It was estimated that Wu Pei-fu's men numbered about fifty thousand, and people whispered that it would be only a few hours before his army would control the city. This proved to be a miscalcu-

lation. For the first few days, the only evidence of conflict was the constant pounding of cannon in the distance and the steady stream of wounded soldiers and civilians pouring into the hospital. Gradually the fighting drew closer.

During one of the early days of the siege, the Reverend Daniel Nelson visited us at the hospital. He had just recovered from a very serious illness and was rejoicing in the fact that he had conducted his first church service marking the end of his convalescence. He said that he felt like a young man again, and he spoke about a long list of projects he meant to undertake as soon as the war was over.

It was our last visit together. The Chinese have a saying, "Bullets have no eyes." The truth of the words came home to us two days later when one of their bullets found its mark in this beloved and respected old gentleman.

Mr. Nelson had been living at the South Gate. As a precaution against flying bullets—some stray, some aimed—he had had seven layers of galvanized iron sheeting placed before each of his bedroom windows. Feeling quite secure, he had left his lights on. About ten o'clock in the evening a terrific attack was launched on the city, with gunfire the like of which we had not heard before. Half an hour after the attack began, while Mr. Nelson was preparing to retire, a bullet pierced not only the seven sheets of metal but the window frame itself and struck him in the forehead.

Sister Christine Johnson did what she could to stop the hemorrhage, but Daniel Nelson never regained consciousness. Two hours later he quietly expired. The

fighting was so heavy through the night that we did not get news of the tragedy until the middle of the morning. It grieved us all to know that a sudden end had come to Daniel Nelson's long and fruitful service in the mission fields of China.

In the meantime, we at the North Gate were in the thick of the fighting. Our location between the railway station and the main gate of the city—so advantageous in times of peace—now placed us squarely in a no man's land between the defenders and the besiegers. General Chiang's soldiers occupied the city walls, from which their rifle fire and cannon shots showered down upon the besieging forces or upon any innocent wayfarer or sojourner within range. Our hospital compound was within range; and when the fighting was lively, many a bullet came our way. In our own home, bullets embedded in window and door casings were an ever-present reminder for one to walk carefully, seeking whatever cover was at hand. One day, a sudden furious bombardment of the opposing forces forced us to chop a hole through the floor so that we could drop quickly into the cellar. We did not think that the soldiers of either side wanted to harm us, but we were caught between their fire; and at times both sides suspected us of harboring their enemies.

Early in the siege, some of General Chiang's men camped outside the walls to hold the attackers at bay while others stocked the city with supplies. Chiang and his men were from Shensi province. I have heard it said that in the past there were only ships of wood but there were men of steel, whereas in our times there are ships of steel but only men of wood. I can hardly agree.

General Chiang and his soldiers were men of steel. For eleven days his handful of defenders held back the attackers until the supplies were secured. Then they withdrew behind the city wall and barred the gates, barricading them with sandbags. Stern, courageous, faithful to his cause, Chiang clung to his position, refusing to be bought off or scared out.

From the first of the fighting, the hospital had been receiving a steady stream of wounded soldiers and civilians. We had done as many as a thousand dressings in a single day.

After we learned of Daniel Nelson's death, we began to wonder how things were going at the West Gate, where our boys' school was located. We had had no word from them and had been hoping that in this case no news meant that all was going well. Besides the Chinese pupils, there were four missionaries and six American children at the school. On the Saturday following Mr. Nelson's death, a messenger broke through to us with the following note:

"For four days we have endeavored to send you a note but no one has dared to carry it, for all have deemed the trip to the hospital through the fighting zone equivalent to a death warrant. Today, in spite of the danger, the carrier has volunteered to go, and we pray that he may get through without harm. We are desperate. The soldiers have taken possession of our buildings and have driven us into the cellar. Here we sit together with numerous Chinese civilians who have taken refuge with us. We are short of food, water, and all essentials. The shooting is terrifying, and the yells and curses of the soldiers are indescribable. They break the cellar windows and point their guns at us, apparently blaming us at least partially for their retreat. We have even had one baptism in the coal

bin. Our lives are in jeopardy, and we ask that you see the commanding officers and request that something be done for us."

I went at once to the military headquarters inside the city. There was much confusion, but I finally located the one who was second in command. He expressed regret at the misconduct of his soldiers and promised to issue immediate orders to correct the trouble. As I left the building, I met the Reverend Chu Hao-jan and conferred with him regarding possible further action. He felt sure that the officer's promise would be made good, and agreed with me that nothing more could be done that evening. It had already grown dark, and no one could safely proceed to the West Gate in the darkness in the midst of such furious fighting, even though the school was only a twenty minutes' brisk walk from the hospital.

The next morning, after a quick round of the hospital duties, I determined to try to reach the West Gate school to see if the new orders were being obeyed. One of the hospital workers went with me, but I made a mistake in not having a soldier guard also. As we made our way along the outer line of the massive city wall, we literally walked on bullets while live bullets kept thudding into the wall above our heads. As we turned a corner, the ground shook and a cannon ball whizzed over us. It was followed by the shouts and curses of the soldiers on the wall who had discharged it. We were squarely between two lines of fire, and there was no more cover.

We made a bee-line across the open field toward the

West Gate compound. The soldiers occupying the school were amazed at our arrival. Our friends, still in the cellar and black as the coal they were sitting on, looked truly to be in desperate plight. They were hungry and tired. Some had scarcely slept for several nights. In their weariness they could hardly think, but looked to me for the answer to their problems. It was obvious that all of them should be moved to the hospital compound, but the major problem was how to get the children across the road we had just traveled. Some were too small to walk, and all were terrified by the noise of the guns. Recalling the rumbling cannonading and the whizzing bullets, I feared that the trip back might leave invisible scars on the minds and spirits of our little ones.

Nevertheless, the trip had to be made. We gathered together camp cots and secured carriers for them. We placed the children two to a cot and then covered them completely. Then, after committing ourselves to God's keeping, we set out. Soldiers on the wall challenged us repeatedly, demanding to know who we were and what we carried.

Our Chinese companions gave the answer, "It is the doctor from the hospital bringing in some wounded." And wounded they really were, both mentally and spiritually. There came a lull in the fighting, and as we made our way to the hospital compound, not one shot was fired. This stillness remained unbroken until we reached the front steps of our own house and on inside. For this I am still thankful!

We may read in the Scriptures how when one member suffers, all suffer with it and how in the joy of one

member, all rejoice. That evening, the joy of our safe reunion with those we love made the tears come. The tenderness of words and deeds did fully as much as hot baths, clean clothing, and warm beds to soothe nerves that were near the breaking point. The beds, for safety's sake, were just mattresses placed on the floor under the windows where they should be relatively protected from stray bullets by the brick walls of our house.

Few of us will ever forget our devotions on that evening. As we came together quietly, we read from the Ninety-first Psalm, "I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust." The danger was still around us, this night and in the days to come; but the words gave us comfort and strength. Each evening as we came together, we sang,

> Under His wings I am safely abiding,
> Though the night deepens and tempests are wild,
> Still I can trust Him; I know He will keep me:
> He has redeemed me, and I am His child.

Mr. Wu, who was employed by Mr. Wen, head of the Standard Oil Agency of Sinyang, was a sincere Christian and a man of even temper. Wu had charge of the oil station some distance outside the city where we bought our fuel oil for the hospital. He had a friendly smile for all with whom he dealt and he was always eager to be helpful. In spite of the fighting around him, he had remained at his post faithfully guarding the considerable stores of oil kept there.

One day soldiers broke down the gate of his sta-

tion and began to make off with the oil. When Wu protested, they tied him to a post and prepared to shoot him. Just at that moment, I called at the station to buy some oil. I had realized that if the siege were to continue, we might soon be without light and without fuel for the stoves and sterilizers. The soldiers laughed at my request. They would not let me have a drop unless I could show a permit from the General.

While we were discussing the matter, I noted Mr. Wu's predicament. I stepped over to him and he explained what was happening. He was about to be shot; would I carry his last message to his wife? Of course I would, but why should he be shot?

I went up to the officer who had taken over the oil depot, and I said, "I have known this man Wu for years. He is no spy and you know it. Untie him, and you can hold me responsible. If you shoot him, I will hold you responsible. In the meantime, I will take this matter up with your general and see what he says."

The officer gave me an ugly look—I thought the devil himself could scarcely have a more forbidding countenance—but he complied with my words.

Leaving my Chinese companion to look out for Mr. Wu, I hurried to headquarters. Judging from the words and actions of the officers, some serious movement was being planned. Pins were being moved about on the maps, and telephones were ringing constantly. Though no one mentioned the word, the anxious expressions spelled retreat.

I secured the permit for the oil (after the war we paid the oil company for what we took) and got a paper warranting the release of Mr. Wu. Back at the oil

depot, the situation was serious. The soldiers would not let my carriers enter the depot yard, so I had to run repeated trips through the yard lugging the tins of fuel oil to the carriers outside the gate. Mr. Wu had been released, and he watched over my stores while I carried the oil. Once the carriers were loaded, we made haste to leave.

Just a few hours later, the whole defending army had withdrawn into the city and had barred themselves behind the massive city wall.

Thereafter almost daily, a civilian delegation led by our Chinese pastor, the Reverend Chu Hao-jan, was lowered over the wall by ropes. Frequently they stopped at the hospital for reinforcements and then proceeded to the camp of the besieging general seeking for some terms that might be acceptable to General Chiang. At first they would return each evening with some hope; but no matter what the terms were, General Chiang refused them. He seemed adamant in his resolve to fight it out to the finish. At last even the eloquence of Mr. Chu was silenced, and the delegation remained inside the city wall.

All this time there were twenty of us living in our home, for Mrs. Skinsnes and I had taken in our fellow-workers from the boys' school. Twenty people at our table, three times a day for three weeks! Now the trenches of the besiegers were only three hundred feet away from our compound walls, and it became a problem to secure supplies to feed our household. From the besiegers I gained permission to cross their trenches if we came with a Red Cross flag. Thus protected, we could scour the countryside for supplies for home and

hospital. At first, when we still had stores in our pantries and when eggs and chickens could be bought in the country, we had no great difficulty.

But, little by little, our reserve supplies dwindled, and the countryside was cleaned out by the ever-increasing number of soldiers each of whom also had a stomach to be filled. The dangers of gunfire increased daily. The defending soldiers on the city wall kept constant watch, and any movement in or about our compound called forth a fusillade. Our house was about three hundred feet from the hospital. To walk from one to the other would have meant almost certain death. What we had to do was to leave the house on the side away from the city wall, then run in a crouching position behind a low brick wall that separated our yard from the hospital flower garden. This left an open stretch of only fifteen feet to be traversed. A quick dash could do it, but the moment anyone had made the run, bullets would begin to spatter against the protecting wall.

Our situation became so critical that we were forced to make plans to leave Sinyang. Wu Pei-fu's soldiers had complete control of the railroad and were operating trains both north and south. I made arrangements with Wu's officers for our party to be given permission to leave. It was my plan to have all the foreign workers leave except myself. In spite of the protests of the others, I was determined to stay and try to keep the hospital running.

The morning set for the exodus was a busy one. Clothing was gathered together and packed, and carriers were hired to carry the clothes and the children

—not an easy undertaking during the siege. Then we collected all our provisions and prepared a good meal for everyone. At last everything was ready. The gate of the hospital compound facing away from the city swung open; and the carriers with baggage and children loaded on camp cots passed through, accompanied by the missionaries. I was in the lead, carrying a Red Cross flag. As the gate swung shut behind our party, a terrific cannonading broke forth, and one shell crashed into a house wall a short distance ahead of us. No one was hurt. When we reached the trenches behind the hospital, the soldiers helped us across them.

No one knew what had caused the cannonading. Some said that a group of soldiers had mutinied; others said that the defenders were attempting a sortie; and still others blamed the poor condition of the cannon for the fact that the shells were falling closer to the hospital than to the city wall. As we ran along seeking shelter, two strange Chinese joined us for protection. Both fell, struck by bullets. Yet not one of us or our carriers was hurt.

At the railroad station we found not order but chaos. No one could direct us to the train that was to have been ready to evacuate us. We hid in a wooden boxcar first, but it was not bullet proof. We moved on to a Chinese home nearby. It gave us admirable protection with its heavy mud walls. The Chinese lady of the house received us kindly as we crowded over her meager possessions.

While we were trying to get the children settled, with the idea of staying until the firing ceased, I heard the sound of an engine puffing along. We rushed out

and discovered that a train loaded with ammunition was being moved out of range of the cannon of the city. An engineer and fireman were in charge. I climbed into the engine and found in the fireman an old friend and former patient. He promised that our party could ride along with them if we hurried. The engineer objected because of the danger that a stray shell might at any moment detonate the ammunition. However, my friend was at the throttle at the time and he brought the train to a stop, while I ran back for our people.

The engineer must have overruled him, for as we came running out of the farmhouse, the train was again getting under way. We sprinted along beside the train, tossing children and luggage into the open cars as we could. Finally, all appeared to be on board. Then the despairing cry of a mother rang out, "My baby! We left my baby!"

The train was now moving ahead rapidly, drawing out of the danger zone. We searched the train, crawling forward from car to car. In the front car we found the baby. The child was in good hands. At the first call to run for the train, its *ama* (nurse) had picked it up and, despite her bound feet, had dashed for the train. Willing hands had helped her aboard into the first car. There sat the good lady quietly watching over the child.

When the train was out of danger, it stopped briefly. The Reverend Mr. Hesla, who had joined our party, and I decided to try to get back to the hospital. I had come along only to help the group get safely to the station; now I was five miles south on the railroad.

There was a storm of protest as we left; and yet all agreed reluctantly that it was the thing to do.

The train sped away, carrying the nineteen missionary refugees—two men, five women, and twelve children all under seven years old. The party made it safely to Sintien and then up the mountain to the American school on Kikungshan.

Mr. Hesla and I walked the five miles back to the hospital.

I Mediate a Peace

WHEN Hesla and I reached the outskirts of Sinyang, we found the place still a hub of confusion. Wu's soldiers at the railway station pointed out to us a detachment of defenders that had sallied forth and entrenched themselves outside the city wall. One squad had occupied a house not more than two hundred feet from the hospital. It did not seem possible for anyone to reach the hospital alive, so we spent the night on benches in the station. The next morning, Mr. Hesla boarded a train headed south, but I stayed on determined to reach the hospital somehow. When I visited the front line again, I found that the outpost held by Chiang's soldiers was on fire. Shortly afterward the defenders retired behind the city walls leaving the way to the hospital relatively quiet.

Smiling faces met me at the hospital. Some of the staff had evidently thought that I had left with my family. Now all were relieved to find that I was sticking with them. They had had a frightful time. One shell filled with shrapnel had exploded in one of the wards, but providentially no one had been hurt. One of the

temples west of the hospital had been demolished and several people killed or wounded. Tension ran high in the hospital. Some of the nurses urged our leaving at once. The place, they declared, just was not safe. Even if I were willing to risk my life, I should not ask others to take such chances.

I pointed out that there were two hundred wounded patients in the hospital, many of whom would die if we were to walk out. The nurses replied that we would probably all die together anyway.

Thinking matters out carefully, I decided that we could protect ourselves from rifle fire by barricading our windows. The only cannon fire we had to fear was that of the besiegers. Calling together my staff I laid out a plan, then asked if they would be willing to stay with me if General Liu, Wu's commander in charge of the besieging army, promised to direct his artillery fire away from us. They replied that in the first place the General would never make such a promise and that in the second place if he did, he wouldn't keep it. I pressed my point—if Liu did promise would they try it out? At length they agreed, and I set out for the General's headquarters, which were in a well-protected spot behind some hills on the other side of the railway station.

"Hello there!" came General Liu's greeting. "What is your trouble now?"

"Well, you know, those cannonballs of yours are out of control and are scaring the wrong people," I replied. "The whole nursing staff is desperate. They're insisting on leaving just because of your cannonading us."

"Oh no," said the General. "You can't blame us for what those Shensi fellows up in the city are doing."

"No, it's not their cannon, General. They are so close that their artillery shots pass way over us. It's your fire that is falling short."

He eventually admitted that I was probably right. Then he offered to have a special train take me to Hankow, where I could stay until the city surrendered. When I refused that suggestion, he offered me asylum at his headquarters, promising me protection and saying that I could enjoy horseback riding every day.

"Thank you, again," I said. "But I prefer to stay at the hospital with my patients, only I'd like to have you route your cannonballs either to the left or the right of us."

"Impossible!" shouted General Liu. "Your hospital is shielding the North Gate of the city. It is in the wrong location."

"How many men have you under your command?" I asked.

"General Sung and I together have about fifty thousand."

"Fine! Now you collect all your men and we will go over and together move the hospital out of its wrong 'location.' "

The General had to smile. "By asking the impossible," he said, "you are accomplishing the impossible. I will reroute the cannonballs. Tell your nurses that they can depend on it. If you who are a stranger and guest in this country are so concerned for my people that you are willing to risk your life serving them, I must certainly have some concern for them."

General Liu kept his word, and the nurses kept theirs. They stayed on, even when rifle bullets made a sieve of our tin roof and persisted in puncturing our doors and splattering our walls.

The hospital work itself was a routine matter. Few patients dared venture to come to the hospital for treatment, so we had only the wounded to care for. Late every afternoon, I made a trip to the railroad station in search of news. On one such trip I met Archibald Grant, a correspondent for an English paper in Hankow. Wu Pei-fu was his special friend and the General had furnished him with a train to visit the battle front. Grant told me that the American vice-consul had come as far the bridge just south of Sin-yang in order to get me out; but the train crew refused to go beyond the bridge for fear of their lives and so the man had had to return. Grant also warned of a new danger arising in the south where revolutionary armies, led by Russian advisors, were preparing to overrun all China.

A month passed without any supplies coming through for the hospital. We still had rice, but were running short of gauze and surgical supplies. I knew that the Red Cross had previously supplied the Girls' Middle School with considerable gauze. It had not been used up; but how to get hold of it was the problem since anyone trying to reach the school would be exposed to cross-fire the whole way. Finally I asked for a volunteer to go with me. Together we set forth, explaining to the soldiers in each trench as we came along just what we were planning to do. We told them that at a certain time we would appear at a given point

that was completely exposed. They promised to hold their fire when we reached the danger point. No sooner had we reached it, though, than a volley was directed right at us. We dropped down and made the rest of the journey crawling on our stomachs. When we came back two hours later, the men explained that there had been a change of guards and the new men did not know about our trip.

On the whole the officers seemed friendly enough and ready to listen to any reasonable request. But the common soldiers were a rather undisciplined lot and quite irresponsible. We never knew what to expect.

One day while I was out on a jaunt, I greeted a friendly captain by remarking that I noted that he was still in the same place—not one inch nearer the city in spite of all the furious fighting. He agreed, but added that today I would not need to dodge across fields in order to get back to the hospital. I could walk boldly down the street if I wished. I asked him if the soldiers on the city wall had suddenly been struck blind. He said that sandbags had now been placed at strategic spots and promised that he would tell his men in the trenches not to fire when I appeared at the alley exposed to them. On my return, I walked as he had directed me. No sooner did my head appear at the alley than there was a rapid series of rifle bullets directed at me. I pulled back in a hurry, glad that nervous men do not aim well. With the help of some Chinese neighbors, I found another route, scaled the hospital wall at another point, landed on the roof of one of the smaller hospital buildings and slid safely to the ground.

The dreary round of days and nights began to tell on patients and nurses alike. Every evening at about nine o'clock there would be a terrific exchange of gun-fire. Almost worse were the accompanying yells from the city walls. We lived in constant danger of fire. One night there was a terrific blast just outside the compound wall and then the straw and bamboo roof of a neighbor's house went up in flames. Burning debris fell everywhere in our yard.

On the evening of the forty-fourth day of the siege, I received a note from Pastor Chu Hao-jan in the city. The people inside the city, he wrote, were in great distress. Food was scarce and water was giving out. Day and night there was looting and raping. The note suggested that I despatch a telegram to General Chin asking him to come and mediate the dispute. Our oasis in no man's land was apparently a paradise in comparison to the city itself.

I wanted to help the besieged people, but I was dubious about sending the telegram. The plan did not hold much promise of success, and it might be resented by the attackers. Nevertheless I worked out a telegram 163 words long and the next morning set out for the telegraph office in the railway station. The operator assured me that the message could go through, but fearing that it would not get by the censors I waited for a while at the station. I passed some time watching the preoccupation of the soldiers with three great cannon that had just come up from Hankow.

It was not long before a soldier messenger came running to tell me that my telegram could not be sent and that General Liu wanted to see me.

The General met me with a twinkle in his eye. "Hello, old neighbor. Just what are you up to now? Don't you know that meddling in military affairs may get you into trouble? I suppose your heart is grieved for the plight of the people in the city. You think that General Chin, a former friend of mine and a firm friend of General Chiang, can soften our hearts and bring about peace. However, General Chin is now aspiring for the same position as my chief, General Kao; both want to become the governor of Honan. So you can see that my old friend is now my political enemy, and we cannot possibly let him in on this deal.

"Now I have a proposition to make," he continued. "Why don't you save the city yourself? Thus you could help the people and could also repay me for some of the favors that I have shown you."

"What do you mean? Save the city? How? I am only a doctor. Do you have a scheme or are you only playing with me?"

"You saw the big guns at the station, didn't you? Well, we are tired of this protracted siege. We are going to bring it to an end by blasting a hole in the city wall with these cannon. Then we will send the Hung Chang-hwei* through the breach, and as they are mowed down, they will form a springboard from which our soldiers can break through into the city while others are scaling the walls."

"But that is perfectly horrible, General Liu!"

"Perhaps so to you, since your aim is to save lives. To us, it means victory."

**Hung Chang-hwei*—a fanatical group who believed that bullets could not harm them after they had performed certain magical rites.

"When will you begin the bombardment?" I asked.

"As soon as we can get the guns placed—at about ten o'clock this morning."

"But that is only two hours from now. I must hurry back to my people at the hospital. Remember your former promise to keep your aim clear of the hospital compound."

"Wait a minute, Doctor. I do have a plan that I am leading up to. During these many weeks, you have taken a daily walk east through our lines. Today why don't you hike west and visit with our enemies?"

"Thank you! Then you would no doubt blow me up with them."

"No. If you will go into the city carrying our terms of peace, we will hold our fire until four o'clock this afternoon." General Liu wrote down the terms and stamped them with his signet—the signet in China being honored as a signature is in America.

Within half an hour I had got word to friends inside the city and was myself seated in a loop of rope, and was being pulled up the sides of the city wall. Before I reached the top, a soldier shouted down, "I am responsible for this section of the wall, and I have orders to shoot anyone who tries to enter the city. Stop, or I shoot."

There I dangled. Fortunately word had spread that I was coming, and Pastor Chu Hao-jan arrived on the scene with several of the city elders. They found an officer who showed the soldier an order from General Chiang giving me permission to enter.

Once inside the city, I saw how completely the people were bottled up. The city gates, which normal-

ly were wide enough to admit automobiles, were barred; and piled behind each gate were hundreds of sandbags. The city wall was banked about its whole circumference with a massive mound of earth, around the top of which ran a road wide enough for ammunition carts and small cannon to pass on. The streets were empty except for soldiers, and the anxious inhabitants could be seen peering from behind half-closed doors. A depressing stillness hung over it all—an emptiness of sound that was only accented by the muffled banging of guns and by projectiles smacking against the city walls. As I made my way to General Chiang's headquarters, I felt as if I were walking through some monstrous tomb.

The delegation that had met me on the wall were delighted that I came bringing an offer of peace, and they all accompanied me to the General's headquarters. As we came into the presence of Chiang himself, a terrific concussion shook the house from shrapnel exploding nearby. Every face but the General's showed fear. Chiang was unmoved as he rolled his opium balls, getting them precisely the size for his pipe.

Although I knew him well from other contacts, I was formally presented to him on this occasion. He welcomed me kindly, and after the exchange of customary greetings, I made my presentation of Liu's terms of surrender. It seemed to me that never before had I spoken Chinese so fluently or mustered my arguments so well. For twenty minutes or more, the the words flowed out without pause.

I pointed out that all his allies had already been

defeated, withdrawing from Honan, so that there was no longer any hope of reinforcements from outside the city. His opponants, on the other hand, were waxing in strength daily. I praised his efforts in the defense of the city, pointing out that he had proved himself a soldier and commander of the highest order by holding out so many weeks against a force greatly superior in numbers. But I pointed out also that he could not hope to hold back Wu Pei-fu's whole army indefinitely. Then I showed him the terms that Liu had sent, describing at the same time the great cannon I had just seen. The proposed assault on the city would bring horrible suffering to both soldiers and civilians—needless suffering since the fight had already been lost—not by him—but by his associates who could bring him no relief.

When I glanced at the faces around me and when I saw the smile playing on the face of Pastor Chu Hao-jan, I believed that I had won my point and that the General would accept the terms of surrender. His reply stunned us, "As long as I have a soldier left, I will continue to fight. I am a lonely man. Life and death mean nothing to me. Thank you for coming, but tell General Liu that many will die before he captures the city of Sinyang."

In the silence that followed, one could almost hear the heart beats. In that silence, prayers rose from the hearts of those who knew how to bring their troubles before God. After about three minutes which seemed like an eternity, I again ventured to break the silence. I admired, I said, the courage of the General and his faithfulness to his cause. But I elaborated on the

suffering that would come to his men, and I asked him if he felt justified in causing so much sorrow and suffering in their homes back in Shensi for the sake of a cause already lost.

The General replied that he wished to fight on for the sake of the two hundred wounded soldiers now in the city. I pointed out that noble as this sentiment was, if he should persist in his purpose, he would soon have thousands of wounded instead of the two hundred. I offered, moreover, to assume responsibility for the two hundred wounded if he would have them brought to the hospital. When he protested that he had no money to pay for their care, I promised to care for them without any pay and also—if any of them should die—to give them a seemly burial. In my own mind I had no idea how I should get the means to fulfill these promises—only faith that what was needed would be provided.

This offer apparently settled the matter. General Chiang sat down with his secretary to dictate the terms of acceptance. He would leave all guns and materials of war in the city; his soldiers and officers were all to go free and were to be sent by train to Hankow. He added a stipulation that each soldier should receive fifteen dollars and each officer thirty dollars for traveling expenses. The General himself wished to keep two machine guns that he was particularly fond of. I feared that the money he asked for was more than would ever be allowed; nevertheless, thus the terms of surrender were signed and sealed.

Pastor Chu and others accompanied me as I made my way back to the camp of General Liu. We reached

his front-line trenches just five minutes before four o'clock, and immediately telephoned him that we were on our way.

We found General Sung with him. When I showed them the terms of surrender with the stipulation for discharge pay, they just laughed. I hastened to point out that if they accepted these terms, they not only would save many men but also considerable sums of money in terms of ammunition and supplies. Moreover, I reminded them that to turn loose from ten to fifteen thousand men with no money for food would be tantamount to giving them a directive to go out and rob the countryside.

After considerable discussion they finally agreed to the terms. It would take them a day and a half to get the necessary funds together. In the meantime the preparations for withdrawal of troops could go ahead in the city.

The following day, a Friday, was a busy one for us at the hospital. All the patients that could be discharged were sent home. The North Gate of the city was opened and the wounded were brought out and hospitalized without mishap.

On Saturday came the discharge money in bills fresh from the mint. Again the North Gate swung open. Accompanied by a delegation, I entered carrying the money.

General Chiang had some personal requests to make. Among his own possessions—quite apart from army supplies—he owned a touring car, a sedan, a truck, a mule cart, and three mules. He wanted us to keep the sedan for him at the hospital, hoping to send for it

later. The touring car and one mule he offered to me in gratitude for my services. He wished to give the truck and the mule cart to Pastor Chu, and one mule each to Generals Liu and Sung.

I thanked him for the gifts, saying that although I could not assume the whole responsibility for distributing them, I would do the best I could to see that his wishes were carried out if he would get the goods over to the hospital.

Then Chiang turned to me and said, "I have still another request to make of you. Although I do not really fear that the two generals will go back on their word, I should appreciate it very much if you would be my escort to Hankow." I promised to go with him.

Sunday was a quiet day. All preparations had been made for the evacuation. General Chiang's sedan and his proposed gifts were stored in the hospital compound. The north and east gates of the city were thrown open, and the beleaguered army marched out to the railway station unmolested. A band and a guard of honor cheered the departing General. At the station he was courteously greeted by Generals Liu and Sung and ushered into a special car that had been provided for him. The three were soon chatting like good old friends. There was one slight incident when a group of Liu's soldiers tried to rob some of Chiang's men of their money, but order was quickly restored.

After the train had gone about two miles, it was halted to allow General Sung to visit his headquarters before proceeding to Hankow. While we waited there, a runner came from the hospital with the message that soldiers were looting many places in the city, including

the hospital. An American Catholic priest was on the train, having received permission to ride with us to Hankow.

I went immediately to General Chiang and pointed out how easily a dangerous situation might arise for his wounded soldiers in the hospital. I mentioned how friendly Generals Liu and Sung seemed, and told him that the Catholic priest would take my place as a mediator for him if any difficulties should arise with them. The General at once released me from my promise to accompany him to Hankow.

Hurrying back to the hospital, I arrived in time to prevent any major trouble. The looting soldiers were evicted, and posters were secured from their officers warning of severe punishment for any men who violated the hospital precincts.

In the midst of these activities word came that looting was going on also at the Lena Dahl middle school for girls, another enterprise of our mission near the East Gate of Sinyang. When I reached the school, it was a sorry sight. A cannonball had blown a great hole in the residence for foreign teachers. The floor was covered with cotton stuffing and feathers from slashed mattresses and pillows. Dishes and other movable furnishings had already been carried off. Ten soldiers were having a hilarious time, pounding away on the piano and singing at the top of their voices. The minute they caught sight of me, they excused themselves and ran. Out in the compound, I found one soldier carrying a gunny sack of loot on his shoulder. I pointed my camera at him, snapped a picture, and said, "Now I have you in this box, and if you do not

quickly drop that sack, worse things may happen to you." He dropped it and ran.

By evening, quiet reigned, both at the school and at the hospital.

Soldiers who came to the dispensary and officers wandering about the hospital garden looked with interest upon the row of cars and mules. They asked the Chinese staff repeatedly about the ownership of the cars, and were invariably told that they belonged to the Doctor. After four weeks, General Chiang sent for his sedan, and it got back to him without any difficulty. As a matter of fact, when he had arrived in Hankow, Wu Pei-fu, recognizing his courage and ability, gave him an important post on his staff. Unfortunately, General Chiang died not long afterward of carcinoma of the stomach.

In the comparative quiet that now reigned at the hospital, we paused to take stock of ourselves.

Remarkably enough, our whole staff had come through the forty-nine-day siege without loss of life. Nor had any of the patients been harmed by the bullets raining about us. In the relatively calm days that followed the surrender, it appeared safe to have our party of American nurses, missionaries, and wives and children return to Sinyang.

The fighting was indeed over, but here we were with two hundred wounded soldiers on our hands and with no money to secure the things they needed. General Chiang had left a thousand dollars with me to divide among the men when they were discharged; but that money could not be used to buy food and

medicines for them. I sought help from the provincial government in Kaifeng. I was not disappointed. In fact, we were given more in the way of equipment and supplies than we asked for, with money enough to purchase new sterilizers of the best quality.

Somewhat to my surprise our new touring car proved to be a valuable gift. I was no driver, and the roads of China were such that I had not believed a car would be useful even if we had had one. But one day a message came to us from Sihsien saying, "Can you come at once? Reverend Tvedt is seriously ill."

I turned to Sister Clara. "We shall have to go. But how shall we travel?" Sihsien was at least sixty miles east of us.

Sister Clara said with a smile, "Didn't you just have a car given to you? We'll take it, of course."

"But I have never driven a car in my life. All I know is the gear shift!"

"Well, that is fine. I used to drive a Model T back in America. I think if we pool our skills, we'll make out all right."

Off we went with the book of instructions on the front seat between us. We took turns at the wheel. She quickly learned to shift gears; and before long I heard her say while I was driving, "Doctor, do you know that you just hit sixty miles an hour? That's no slow speed for these roads!"

The car was a sturdy Dodge and it did us good service until it was borrowed—permanently—by looting soldiers while we were in America in 1927. In the meantime, it had seen some hard usage. The roads in south Honan were always poor, either seas of mud or

ridged with dry ruts, depending upon the state of the weather. It took a car of stamina to travel over them. The rivers had no bridges by which an automobile could cross, so we had to drive through the water. One night we stalled in the middle of a stream. We had to leave the car there while my helper and I waded ashore to sleep on straw inside a chapel. In the morning the car was icebound and we had to have it pulled out by oxen.

Despite such adventures, we found it a great deal speedier transportation than our own two legs, or the swinging chairs of the coolie-carriers. We were grateful to General Chiang for his parting gift.

An Uprising and an Exodus

FROM childhood we had heard and read about *war, pestilence,* and *famine.* Life in China had introduced us to the first two scourges quickly enough. Now in the winter of '26 and '27 famine came crowding in upon us with all its horror.

It is terrible to see human beings shivering from cold with no means of sheltering themselves from it. It is worse to see them totter and fall as they search for any kind of morsel of food. The famine did not actually arise in our district, but it was rampant north of us. Starving refugees poured into our territory seeking food, and since there was a wall of mountains south of us, they did not dare to try to go farther.

Sinyang became a center for famine relief. Great quantities of rice were shipped in, and it became one of my duties to oversee its distribution. It was not hard to give out the food; it disappeared fast enough. Our problem lay in seeing that it was the really needy who received it. Local people, who were suffering no par-

ticular need, tried to crowd in on the dole by putting on old clothes and joining the lines of refugees. At length we organized bands of volunteer helpers to roam the countryside at night, seeking out groups of refugees huddled in temples and dugouts, and giving them tickets that could be redeemed in the daytime for rice.

We were also given funds with which to buy rice for distribution in the districts lying outside the city. Two Chinese gentlemen and I formed the committee. I held the purse. My co-workers were good business men, well esteemed in the city, respected for their honesty and fairness. Yet their ideas of the right way of relieving the suffering from famine did not accord with mine. One of the men had connections in Hankow where the market price for rice was twenty percent lower than it was in Sinyang. He also had friends among the military who could commandeer free railroad service for shipping the rice to Sinyang. He therefore wanted to buy rice in Hankow, ship it free of charge to Sinyang, and then be paid for it out of the relief funds at the Sinyang price. He would thus make twenty thousand dollars for himself out of the one hundred thousand dollars that were at our disposal. He argued that it was just his good fortune that he had such connections. I admitted that his plan was a good one viewed as a business transaction, but I insisted that business transactions involving personal profit had no place in work undertaken to relieve people who were starving. Since we were the committee entrusted with the responsibility, it was our duty to get as much food for the sufferers as our money could

buy. We must secure all the rice we could at the lowest possible price and distribute it without profit. Our man finally yielded the point, but I know that in his heart he felt I had kept him from making twenty thousand dollars which could rightly have been his. I came close that day to losing a good friend in Sinyang.

Not long after the Christmas holidays, 1926, Sister Ingeborg Sponland—the Mother Superior from the Lutheran Deaconess Home and Hospital in Chicago—visited our mission field. She made our home her headquarters. The warring forces about Sinyang managed to cram her stay with adventures.

A fresh local war had broken out just south of us. Wu Pei-fu, whose forces had so recently driven General Chiang* from Sinyang, had now been defeated himself by General Chiang Kai-shek*, leader of the Kuomintang in the south. Wu's forces fell back to Sinyang to make a new stand there. Once again we found ourselves in no man's land—this time inside a belt of combat area extending southward for fifteen miles. The regular train service south was disrupted through our district.

Sister Ingeborg had, of course, heard much about our missionary retreat at Kikungshan. War or no war, she expressed a desire to see it. I really did have an errand there. I needed to visit some youngsters who were sick at the American School, and I also wanted to take two children back to the school—children who had stayed on with us after the holidays because of ill-

*General Chiang who had been in Sinyang and General Chiang Kai-shek were different persons.

ness. Early one morning we set forth, Sister Ingeborg in a sedan chair and the rest of us on foot. We had gone about ten miles when we heard rifle shots not far away. Our carriers suspected the presence of bandits.

Sure enough, when we reached the next rail station, Wang Chia-tien, we discovered a Chinese stumbling along the tracks. He was naked except for some light underclothing. Blood was streaming from a wound in his thigh, and he was pale from loss of blood and shivering from the cold. He had been robbed of everything he had. Other passers-by were paying him no attention. I shouted to a group of them, "Wait a minute! Take this man to the hospital. Hurry!"

"To the hospital?" they repeated in amazement. "Why, that is twelve miles away, and he is a stranger to us."

"But he will die if you do not help him."

"Let him die then. He is not of our family."

Not until we promised them that a good sum of money would be paid them at the hospital for bringing the man in, did four of them place him on a door for a litter and set out on the journey.

In the meantime, a small-scale battle had developed at the station between regular and bandit soldiers. A man on horseback forbade us to proceed. For hours we waited for the shooting to slacken. Finally, during a lull, we decided to try another route and to walk the whole way to Kikungshan along a road some distance back from the railroad tracks. We had gone about two miles between groves of bamboo, when the shooting began again, and bullets came cutting through the

bamboo tops. Nearby was a farmhouse built of dried clay. We took refuge in it, lying flat on the floor. After catching my breath, I began investigating. I opened one door into an adjoining room and surprised two soldiers with rifles in the act of changing from their uniforms into civilian clothes. Evidently at least part of the shooting had been directed at them. This was no place for us to be. Anything moving might become a target.

Cautiously we retraced our steps to Wang Chia-tien, where we were hospitably housed by a Christian Chinese family. Toward evening I made my way to the railway station. There I was overjoyed to learn that a train would be leaving in forty-five minutes for Sintien, the station serving Kikungshan. When the train came, it was almost filled with soldiers, but we managed to get on the last car. One of the officers kindly arranged to have us sit together at one end of the car, where we should not have to be surrounded by soldiers tired out from a day's fighting and in an evil mood.

But our adventures had not ended. At Li Chia-tsai, a second engine was hooked to the rear of the train to help push it up the steep grade to Sintien. Both engines puffed and pulled or pushed, but their boilers were so leaky that on the steeper stretches we sometimes moved backwards. Switchmen then split the train into two sections, with both engines attached to our section. For some reason an empty freight car was sandwiched between us and the pushing engine. Again the puffing, pulling, pushing began. Suddenly, the rear engine crashed into the freight car, which was jolted loose by the impact and plunged off the track and

down the hillside. We could not see what was happening, but we learned later that the brakeman and two men who were with him had been killed. I have often marveled that the freight car had been placed between us and the pushing engine. Our fate might have been that of the "empty."

Without the second engine, the train slowed down again. Then came the order for all able-bodied persons to get out and help push the train up the grade. This, by the way, was no uncommon occurrence in those days. It was late at night when we reached Sintien. There remained only the arduous climb by foot to the top of the mountain. In the morning, Sister Ingeborg maintained that the view from the mountain and the fellowship enjoyed there was all well worth the venture.

In those early weeks in 1927 every undertaking was venturesome; many were perilous.

A hospital without drugs and necessary supplies is as useless as a carpenter shop without tools. With the whole countryside embroiled in war, we became increasingly helpless. Fighting to the south cut us off for a whole month from our sources of supply in Hankow and Shanghai. Some materials had got through to Kikungshan, but none of the men dared to try bringing them across no man's land—especially since one Fan Tung-shu with a band of robber soldiers had sold himself and his men to the southern forces. Now like a robber baron, he formed an outlaw barrier between the southern soldiers of Chiang Kai-shek and Wu Pei-fu's northern army.

At length in desperation, I went to see General T'ien, who was commanding Wu's troops in Sinyang. I asked for a pass to allow me and fourteen men to go through his lines unmolested. But the Chinese members of the hospital board had got to him first with their request that he deny me the pass. The board evidently feared that if I were to leave Sinyang very possibly I could not or would not return. At any rate, T'ien refused to give me the pass. We argued the points. He said, for one thing, that a pass from him would do no good once we got into the territory of Fan Chung-shu, who sometimes played soldier, sometimes bandit, but who was always a robber at heart. Then he pointed out that it was just not good sense to try to bring supplies through a robber's stronghold.

I agreed that it might not seem sensible, but I also pointed out that there was no sense to all their fighting and that there was certainly no use in trying to operate a hospital without supplies. Since they felt called upon to continue their senseless warfare, couldn't they indulge me in my kind of foolishness? If he should make the attack he was considering against the southern army, he would soon be sending his wounded to a hospital that could not take care of them. What kind of sense was that?

In the end T'ien gave in, and I got my passes. The General said as he gave me the permits, "I do not think the southerners will harm you, but neither do I believe that they will let you come back. They may of course hold you as a spy, in which case there is no telling what will happen to you."

With a Red Cross flag fluttering from a staff, and

with my fourteen helpers wearing red crosses on their hospital uniforms, we set out. We took along gunny sacks and carrying poles. Before I left, I promised my family and the hospital board that we would be back by evening of the following day.

Things went well enough at first. Then, "Stop!' thundered a command from two directions. Two armed bands had come upon us. One group called out for us to stay where we were; the other called to us to advance. I told my men to stand still, and I stepped forward. Thus we obeyed both orders. The outpost proved courteous enough and sent an escort with us to Fan Chung-shu's headquarters. He agreed to let us go on and promised to give us an escort part way to Sin-yang on our return. He sent one of his captains with us to Kikungshan. The captain managed to arrange train transportation for us, and we reached the mountain that night

At the American school we opened all the boxes of supplies waiting there, removed unnecessary wrappings, and then repacked the goods in twenty-eight gunny sacks in such a way that each sack weighed about thirty pounds. The load then would be about sixty pounds to a man, balanced on their carrying poles.

We planned to catch the train going north, which was to leave at seven in the morning. We were up good and early, for we had an hour's walk down the mountain to the station. When we were half way down the mountain, we saw the train pull out of the station and speed northward, half an hour ahead of schedule. There would not be another train till evening, and I

had promised to be back at the hospital by late afternoon.

When we reached the station, our captain escort got on the telephone and spoke to the commanders farther north, explaining that the train by leaving a half hour early had left us stranded. He asked the men to send a special down to get us, and an hour later we were speeding north. We had hardly seen a southern soldier. Our captain laughed, saying that these southern soldiers were not so sharp after all.

Our troubles were not over. The captain had indicated that he would get permission to have the train take us as far north as the Sinyang River so that we would reach home by afternoon. When we reached his base station, he left us saying that he would get the permits for the rest of our journey. He did not return. After waiting for him a considerable length of time, I went out in search of him. He was nowhere to be found. I told my men to get our supplies together and we would walk the rest of the way. But inside the cars, we found soldiers of Fan Chung-shu's sitting on our sacks. They refused to budge, telling us that they had orders to sit on the goods. I heard them whispering among themselves, "Here is a doctor with fourteen nurses and many supplies. Why should we let them go?"

I asked them if we might take our goods and go south by the next train. I thought that we could then get off farther down the line and walk back by a road away from the railroad line. But the soldiers continued to hold down our sacks. I demanded of the soldiers at the station an audience with Fan Chung-

shu. That would be impossible, I was told. He would be asleep. No one dared disturb him. They said that the General smoked opium by night and slept all day. I asked to be taken to the second-in-command. That request, too, was denied.

Suddenly at my side a friendly voice said, "Hello! Do you remember me?" I did not, but the soldier explained that he was a former patient who many years before had come wandering into Sinyang together with other sick people. He had been so ill with fever that we had thought he would die. He went on to say that I had told him to buy oranges for they would be good for him. And when there had been no oranges available in Sinyang, he remembered, I had brought him a bagful on one of my trips from Kikungshan. I had to confess that I did not remember the incident, but I added, "If you say so, it must be true. Why don't you tell your general that?"

"Oh, he knows already," was the answer. "When the General treated you well yesterday, it was not because you are an American, but because of what you have done for so many of us when we were in Sinyang."

"Then why has he changed overnight?"

"That is not his doing. I heard that the southerners had telephoned and requested that you be sent down to them, since you must be a spy. The second-in-command is waiting for Fan Chung-shu to wake up so that he can deliver the message. But I am sure that the General will let you go on, for he never breaks his word."

I insisted then on speaking to the second-in-command. By nature I have a powerful voice that seems

to rise unconsciously in moments of crisis. It has sometimes brought me to grief because people are likely to think I am angry when I am just trying to emphasize my point. This time, however, it served me well. As I talked to the second-in-command, my voice rose and rose in volume until Fan Chung-shu himself woke up and came to his door to ask what the trouble was.

When he found out, he said, "Why should we care what those southerners say? We know this fellow. We know he is not a spy. That should satisfy them. If they do not believe us, let them go to Sinyang and find out for themselves."

In five minutes' time, we were on our way once more, this time on foot. By that time however, it was late afternoon, and that night we had to sleep on our sacks in a farmhouse in no man's land, just four miles from Sinyang. The next morning we arrived at the hospital without mishap and with our supplies.

In the midst of these troublous times, we added to our household a member who brought us much pleasure—a beautiful black and white pointer. Few things are more common in China than dogs, but well-bred, well-cared-for dogs are rare. This one was exceptionally fine. A Chinese soldier brought him to our door. He told us how he loved the animal. But since he was now living in a tent with ten other soldiers and since a dog like this one required as much space as a man, his companions were demanding that he get rid of it. He had decided to offer the dog to us because he knew we would give it good care, and he could not bear to think of its being mistreated or put to death. He

hugged the dog as he said good-bye, and there were tears in his eyes when he left.

The moment the door was closed, the dog made a frenzied effort to reach his master. We had finally to open the door, or he would have torn the room apart. The soldier brought him back to us, and this time we tied him to a car in the garage, using a heavy rope. The pointer simply chewed off the rope and went through the window to find his soldier. For the third time he was brought to us. We took no further chances, but borrowed a prisoner's chain from the jail. That held him.

We called him Rover, and he soon came to respond to us. He showed at once a preference for our foreign food. He was especially fond of white bread—if it was buttered. He was friendly to all of us, and we loved him. At first he was also friendly to our Chinese callers; but the fonder he became of us, the less he would tolerate others, and we eventually had to keep him under close watch. He was keen, intelligent, devoted; and his antics lightened many a dark day for us.

One outcome of the political unrest of the times filled us with foreboding for the future of China. It was the changed attitudes of the young people of the country, particularly of the student class. They were steeped in the problems of the times, and eating their hearts out over the wrongs that had been perpetrated against China by foreign powers as well as over the injustices they still suffered at the hands of many foreigners.

When we first came to China, we had found the stu-

dents invariably alert, eager, courteous, and kind. But one could no longer predict how a young Chinese would react in any situation. Their hostility to foreigners was open and bitter. In groups, they were given to violent demonstrations. They made wild speeches against foreigners in public gatherings. On the trains they might charge through the cars, pushing or pulling the hats of traveling foreigners over their eyes and buffeting them about the head in their rage.

Yet, these same young folks would come to us at the hospital to be treated for their physical ills. We often asked them how they dared to trust themselves to us who were such terrible "foreigners." The answer usually was something like this, "Oh, our demonstrations are not against people like you. You are like one of us, for you are helping us. But those English (the agitation at that time was primarily against Great Britain) —they have forced opium upon us, and now we hear that they are killing our people in Shanghai!"

Our hearts went out to these young people who were so earnestly seeking answers for their country's problems but who were so often ill-advised and misinformed that they could be swayed by any wind of propaganda.

For instance, at one time a rumor was spreading that three Japanese had come by train to Sinyang to blow up the city. The student populace promptly made an organized search of the railway station. It would have been as much as his life was worth for any Japanese person to have been found on a Sinyang train at that time. When some of us tried to point out

to the young folks that it was most unlikely that two men and one woman would undertake to come so far inland and plot so great a project, they replied that these people were devils and would undertake anything. Well, I suggested, the soldiers of Sinyang ought to be able to cope with three persons! "Oh no," protested the students, "our soldiers are lazy and they like to sleep."

With that they clenched their teeth, knotted their fists, and continued their search. It became a veritable witch-hunt. They broke into the city's stores in search of Japanese goods. Anything labeled "Made in Japan" went into a bonfire. They could not be persuaded that such destruction only increased the demand for the things destroyed, nor would they even give useful articles to the poor rather than burn them.

Much of the agitation had centered in Hankow. New labor unions had sprung up there. Wages for all kinds of workers had risen sharply. In the sudden changes, many shops were closed and workers were displaced or dropped from employment. The economic turmoil increased the political unrest.

The southern army which had been resting south of Sinyang, now began a great push northward up through our province. With the army came many agitating organizations. Posters were flaunted in Sinyang, decrying the imperialist nations and crying out against Christianity, which was presented as keeping the people in bondage. Prominently featured were pictures purporting to show Chinese being shot down by foreigners in Shanghai.

As early as January 25, 1927, the American con-

sulate had strongly advised all American citizens to leave their posts in the interior and to gather in Hankow and in the port cities. Through February and March the women and children from our mission stations were moving down to Hankow, my own family among them. The men were following them. I had determined to stay at the hospital as long as possible. A telegram came calling me to Hankow because our youngest daughter was seriously ill with pneumonia. Before I left, the hospital board gave me a letter to the American officials in Hankow requesting special permission for me to return to Sinyang and guaranteeing special protection for me if I did return.

When my daughter's condition improved, I took my letter to the American Minister. After considerable deliberation, he gave the requested permission for my return. "Inasmuch as the letter says that you are most urgently needed at Sinyang, I will give you the permit. Of course we will do the best that we can to see that you are protected, but no one can say with certainty what may happen. Mistakes may be made as the army and the propagandists with them sweep on."

I did return to my post, but a few days later I was called back to Hankow. Conditions had become much worse, and the American consul at Hankow had ordered all but a few American men out of the city and on to Shanghai. My wife wanted help in deciding what to do. She would try to stay in Hankow until I could get there.

In company with the Reverend Erik Sovik and the Reverend Mr. Nesse I left Sinyang once more. Looking back toward the city, Mr. Sovik said he doubted

that we should ever see the city again. I still had my letter from the hospital board assuring me of protection, so I felt more optimistic. I thought I should be back again in a few days.

In Hankow, however, conditions looked really serious. The southern army was now under the control of Russian advisors; and propaganda instigated by Michael Borodin was inflaming the people against all "imperialist nations." My wife and the children had had to leave on a ship bound for Shanghai. The captain of the vessel had said that he had 275 passengers and "a million children" on board. The ultimate destination of the passengers was unknown. Shanghai, Japan, the Philippine Islands were all mentioned as possibilities. Instead of returning to Sinyang, I left for Shanghai to find my family.

At Shanghai, the missionaries had already had a conference, and tickets to the United States had been secured for all except a very small group. Some of us thought that conditions were improving a little, and a second conference was called but there was no change made in the general plan. After finding my family and seeing that my daughter was well on the road to recovery, I wanted to send them on to Norway with friends and then I would return to Sinyang. The Conference, however, passed a resolution that I accompany my family home. Perhaps, I thought to myself, I can go back to Sinyang from Norway by taking a train across Russia. But it was not to be.

We did not again see the hospital in Sinyang until late in 1928.

The Wake of War— Destruction and Death

THE anti-foreign agitation sweeping through China in 1927 had not only driven most of the missionaries back to their homelands; it had damaged or destroyed mission properties built up through the years for the sole purpose of serving the Chinese people.

The damage to the real property was not the most distressing; more tragic was the fact that the whole attitude toward Christianity had changed. All our Chinese nursing staff had embraced the concepts of Communism. Chinese Christians tried to explain. It was no longer a matter of pride for them to be seen with us; rather it would call forth ridicule and curses. Friends assured us privately that if they no longer greeted us on the streets, it was a matter of expediency. They still loved us as before.

We felt that the Christian growth nurtured in these people had been shaken to the roots where it had not actually been destroyed. We learned that Pastor Chu

Hao-jan had been cruelly tortured and had barely escaped with his life. At the hospital all our religious books had been destroyed and even the bedside Bibles had been thrown into the flames.

I have often wondered what would have happened to me had I stayed on in Sinyang. I would certainly have protested against the burning of the Bibles and against the wanton destruction everywhere. The excited mobs would have had no regard for letters of protection, even those written by their countrymen. Again Providence had had a hand in the circumstances that had drawn me out of Sinyang against my wishes.

Our mission had had extensive properties in and around Sinyang. Besides the Girls' School at the East Gate and the Boys' School at the West Gate, there were fine buildings at the main station on the river bank outside the South Gate. The compound there enclosed two residences for foreigners, besides a church, a chapel, and a school.

We found the buildings inside the hospital compound intact, for they were considered Chinese property. Mrs. Skinsnes and I also found our personal possessions undisturbed—all except the car which General Chiang had given us. It had been "borrowed" by soldiers who left us a receipt for it. Of course we never saw it again.

All the other compounds and buildings except for one small chapel had been occupied by the Red soldiers. There had been not only destruction but wanton desecration. All inflammable materials—furniture, doors, window frames, and the like—had been used for fuel. Nails had been driven into the walls to hold

swords and guns. The altar of the church had been made into a toilet. Devastation—much of it just malicious destruction—was everywhere in evidence.

When I questioned the people about it afterward, they explained that the soldiers said this was all their property anyway because the buildings stood on Chinese soil. I remember arguing with one soldier about it. I pointed out that the mission had not taken but had bought the land on which the buildings stood, and that all the materials and labor that had gone into the buildings had been properly paid for. Therefore it was all mission property. When he shook his head, I showed him the characters, "Made in Japan" inside the cap he was wearing. Did his cap belong to Japan? No, he said, he had paid for his cap. I asked him then about the kinds of cars his general and other officers were driving. There were many cars, he said, including Fords and Chevrolets. "Oh! American-made cars. Then they must be mine, for I am an American. I must go and get one." No, he said, that would not be right, for the cars had been bought and paid for. But the mission property, he still persisted, was "his." It belonged to China, to all of them!

All the other mission stations in China had suffered about the same sort of treatment. Although the times had quieted down, we faced a long struggle to regain and hold our schools and churches and chapels and residences. Books and books could be written about the missionaries' attempts to repossess their holdings. Sometimes they succeeded, sometimes not. A few of our experiences will show the usual pattern of our own tactics.

As the Christmas season drew near, we tried again and again to have our fine church at the South Gate released by the military unit encamped there. All we could get from the men were promises. Yes, they were going to withdraw; but no sign of action was forthcoming. The city magistrate was friendly to us, but he seemed helpless so far as the soldiers were concerned. He did serve as their tool to collect taxes from the people. This he did very well, for he had already collected taxes for several years in advance! But he seemed to get no favors from the soldiers in return.

After several fruitless attempts through other channels, I decided to go to the commanding officer himself who was then living in one of our school buildings. I prayed over the matter for some time. I made inquiry as to when would be the best time for me to find him in his office. At the right hour, I set off to see him. Just as I reached the main gate of the hospital compound, I met the city magistrate with his whole family coming to pay us a visit.

I escorted him into our home, trying to think of some way of cutting the visit short so that I could again be on my way. It was of no use. The old gentleman had come to stay the whole afternoon, and of course we would not hurt his feelings. In my heart I was fussing and fuming. I had prayed about this matter; why did God let the old gentleman come just at the time to upset my plans for liberating the church? By the time the magistrate left, I was so wrought up in spirit that I did not trust myself to speak to anyone, but hurried out of the house to walk off my irritation.

My walk took me past the soldiers' parade grounds;

and behold, there was the General just completing an inspection of the troops. As I came up, he was setting off for headquarters, trailed by his bodyguard. I followed like a shadow at a discreet distance. At the gate I gave my calling card to one of the guards, who ran to present it to the General. I hurried past the second guard and managed to be just a step away so that the General saw my card and me at the same time. He could not offer the customary excuse of not being at home. He had to invite me in.

The General was all affability. He offered me tea and cakes and fruit, and he promised to release the church the next morning at ten o'clock. We then discussed various subjects until I thought it time to be leaving. As I turned to go, the General said that he would do his very best to fulfill his promise to me, but if he should not succeed, he hoped that I would understand the difficulties that stood in his way. I asked him if he was not in command of the troops. Yes, he was. Then surely, I said, he could not tolerate their disobeying him. No, indeed, he agreed; that would be fatal to his authority. Well then, he had promised to release the church to us, and surely he would follow up his promise to me with a command to the soldiers to vacate the building. Wasn't his promise the equivalent of a command to himself? He certainly should be as strict with himself as he was with his men. The General smiled and said, "I will give the order." I thanked him and said that as evidence of my faith in him, I would have a repair crew at the church at ten the next morning.

The General kept his word.

By Christmas the church was repaired, and the congregation filled it at the time for worship. I had been invited to give the sermon that day; and you may believe that it was with a penitent heart that I silently prayed for forgiveness, "God, my heavenly Father, help me never again to be wroth when your ways do not seem to accord with my plans!"

Not all our efforts to regain our holdings were so pleasantly achieved. Sometimes the officers I interviewed pounded their desks in rage. Then I would get up and pound too. If they who were intruders had a right to vent their anger, I would point out, surely I who had legal right to the property they held had twice the reason to pound and shout. Somehow or other, we always managed to part as friends—my position as doctor in the hospital that was still serving them probably had much to do with it.

At one time, some soldiers began removing part of our barbed wire. I objected. "You are soldiers, not robbers. How then can you take our wire without asking us for it?" The officer in charge telephoned the General. The General sent for me in a rage. I wondered why he was so angry. I told my story, adding that I could not see why a few yards of barbed wire should be so important to him. We were using it to protect our trees. Of course, if he really needed the wire, I would be glad to let him have it. But it certainly seemed that he should consult us before having his men make off with it.

"You are right," he said, "and the officers did have orders to consult you before taking it. But why do you call us robbers?"

I explained what I had really said. The General went to the telephone to corroborate my story. He came back holding out a friendly hand. His officer had admitted giving a false account of the incident. He then jailed the officer, and I had to plead for his release.

Dealing with the top men, I found not too difficult. I made it a point always to go to the one in command if I could find him. But that was not always easy to do—I mean, to find the right person.

One day the report came that the Girls' School had been invaded again. By the time I got there, forty men were busy sweeping and putting things in order for a brigadier-general who planned to occupy the place. I managed to get all forty out and to bar the gate. Before long, they returned with fresh orders from the brigadier-general. When I would not open the gate, they scaled the wall and came at me with sticks. I offered no resistance but miraculously escaped a beating. I persuaded the officer in charge to go with me to the General in command of the troops of the city. The General over-ruled the order of the brigadier-general. But the next day at the request of the General, a delegation of the city elders waited upon me, begging me to be more careful in the future.

Perhaps the most threatening incident occurred when one of Fen Yu-hsiang's officers tried to make a show of his authority. He brought his horses into one of our wooden buildings and quartered them in a floored hall. When I came to protest, he refused to see me, saying that he was not in. At the same time he sent out orders to his men not to let me leave. When

I turned to go, I found myself facing a row of bayonets pointing directly at me. I told the guards that I intended to leave, bayonets or no bayonets, bullets or no bullets. The guards pleaded with me not to make the attempt, saying that they did not want to harm me, but that they would have no alternative if I tried to force my way out.

I turned back, indicating to the first officer I met that I wanted to see the commanding officer, who must be at home, since he had given the order for his men to restrain me. The fellow turned out to be the commander himself. I told him that I was leaving and that if he did not retract his order, he would have to be responsible for whatever happened. After some further exchange of words, he grew more friendly and finally sent a man with me to countermand his order to the guards. As I remember it, he also had his horses taken off our wooden floors.

Mr. Wu was the gatekeeper at the Girls' School. One day he protested when some soldiers started taking bricks from the school wall. One of the men picked up a brick in anger and hurled it at Wu. It struck the gatekeeper in the head, fracturing his skull. Mr. Wu was brought to the hospital, where he died without regaining consciousness. I took the case directly to the General and pleaded that Mr. Wu's widow should be given compensation. He professed to be sorry, but said that incidents of the sort were happening daily and that there were no funds with which to pay any kind of compensation. I suggested then that he take up a collection among his officers and offered to start the fund myself with a gift of twenty-five dollars. The

General then buried Mr. Wu at his expense and raised about five hundred dollars for the widow.

It was not easy to keep calm in those hectic days. Calls came almost daily, interrupting the busy hospital practice with requests for protection from soldiers who were despoiling mission property. I can still hear the voice of my wife as she would hand me my hat and coat, pleading, "Casper, be careful!" The fact that things went as well as they did was due, I believe, to the prayers of her who stayed behind at home.

Our problems were not confined to the mission properties in and about Sinyang. At that time I was president of the Lutheran United Mission in China and as such was superintendent of all our mission stations in Hupeh and Southeastern Honan. Letters kept coming in from workers at these various stations, detailing the troubles they were having in holding on to their property and complaining that the constant struggle was slowing down their missionary activities.

On behalf of these workers, I wrote scores of letters to the American consul and to Chinese government officials. We secured posters from Chinese officials warning soldiers not to occupy our mission buildings. Sometimes the men heeded the posters; sometimes not. We persistently praised the troops that obeyed orders and cooperated with us; we persistently reported and rebuked those that did not. Eventually we recovered all the property belonging to our missions; and the American consul told me that our Lutheran United Mission headed the list of mission properties recovered. The consul smiled as he added, "Well,

Doctor, I hope the future will be brighter for you folks, and that you yourself will no longer have to burn the midnight oil writing letters about offending soldiers."

New difficulties were shaping up that were to occasion even greater concern and to call for even more urgent letter-writing.

To the south, dissension had broken out within the southern revolutionary forces. Both the right (Nationalistic) and left (Communistic) wings represented themselves ideologically as having at heart the national welfare of China, with the primary aim of freeing her from foreign domination. The right wing had the support of the landowners and industrialists. The left wing was under the influence of Michael Borodin, Russia's chief revolutionary advisor. In many ways, China was serving as a proving-ground for controversial Russian ideologies.

When Nanking fell in 1927, the atrocities committed against both Chinese Nationals and foreigners were so excessive that even some of the army leaders thought things had gone too far. In protest, they revolted against Russian leadership. It also became known that Borodin had received a communication from the Comintern directing the Chinese Communist party to begin seizing the properties of Chinese landlords. As a consequence, the Kuomintang party expelled all its left wing, or Communist, members. Chiang Kai-shek heading the right-wing forces defeated the left-wing troops and forced the Communists into exile in their own country. The left-wing, outlaw army

then moved northward and entrenched itself in the mountains of Kiangsi, Hunan, and Hupeh—right on our doorstep. At the same time, all Russian representatives were expelled from the Kuomintang and driven out of South China.

The Communist forces in Hupeh were closest to to our mission field. The army grew daily as it picked up recruits from the countryside and as sympathizing southerners moved north. To provide for these men, the country was raided for miles around. Many of these foraging expeditions invaded our district. Our whole mission field lay in the path of the migrating armies; and more and more frequently, the land about our stations was terrorized by Communist bands that shifted from mountain range to mountain range.

These bands were a law unto themselves and were utterly ruthless in their pillaging. They respected neither man nor God, and no person nor property could expect mercy at their hands. Because they had been cut off from the Nationalist government, their source of supply was the open country. What they needed or wanted, they took.

It was not until 1930 that the bands became strong enough to attack cities. Even then their strength was not overwhelming. But our district had been depleted of regular soldiers, many of whom had been called up into far north territory to fight the Japanese now occupying Manchuria and pressing onward in their proposed conquest of all China.

When the missionaries gathered on Kikungshan in the summer of 1930, all sorts of rumors were rife regarding the probable movements of the Red armies.

In August we heard one report that Sinyang was to be attacked on the tenth of September. Train service was exceptionally poor. It was not unusual to wait from twenty-four to forty-eight hours for a train. When we decided to return to Sinyang during the last days of August, we were so fortunate as to get permission to ride in the coal car of an engine headed north.

One evening not long after our return, some of our women were at the railway station waiting for a train when a friend who worked for the railroad whispered, "Ladies, you had better not be here. Hurry home." They did not hesitate to follow his advice. He had been well informed. The next morning at about seven o'clock, terrific firing burst out. Within the hospital walls, the word spread that the Communists were attacking. Our Chinese workers and patients received the news with divided feelings. Some heard it fearfully; others with great joy, for these believed that the hope of China lay in popular revolt. Many appeared completely indifferent—probably in most cases a protective indifference, for tension had been high in the city for months and one could not even be sure about the political persuasions of one's neighbors.

The rifle fire had been the prelude to a real battle. The attackers were determined to take the city. The defenders put up a tremendous fight. They were few in number, but they stuck to their posts. Out of one brigade of 146 men, only fourteen survived. Other units also lost heavily. Columns of smoke rose from the railway station not far away.

As the defending soldiers were forced to retreat into

the city, our Girls' School was attacked by the Red forces. The men asked for the foreign doctor, apparently having mistaken these buildings for the hospital. They were greatly disappointed when they learned of their error.

When we saw our soldiers carrying their ammunition past the hospital and into the city, we realized that they were planning to retire behind the city walls for their main stand. Some patients advised us to stay on at the hospital, assuring us that they could guarantee our safety with the invaders. Others, fearful for our safety, urged us to go into the city before the gates were closed. We were at home making preparations to go into the city if it should be necessary when suddenly, at precisely eleven o'clock, the firing ceased. The local forces had lost a great many men. Evidently the Red army had lost heavily, too; perhaps they did not realize how close they were to victory. At any rate, there was great thanksgiving when the firing stopped. Some of us had had about all the warfare we could take.

This was our first large-scale experience with the Communists. We had heard tales of atrocities they sometimes committed, and we dreaded to have ourselves or our friends—Chinese or foreign—fall into their hands. Torture was one means the Red army sometimes used to extort money, food, and supplies with which to carry on their warfare.

For a time we expected renewed attacks at any hour; but the Reds made no further attempt to take Sinyang.

We immediately sent warnings to the missionaries

at our various stations. They were advised to estimate the strength and reliability of their local soldiery. If it seemed to them that there was danger of their city's falling, they were to evacuate at once. We realized that this advice might prove easier to give than to act upon. For one thing, many roving bandits—the riff-raff of the countryside—took advantage of every opportunity to harass the district and to set upon unprotected travelers.

From Sinyang, the Red army first moved north; then it doubled back and veered to the southeast. It by-passed Loshan, pressing on to Kwangshan where Bert Nelson, one of the sons of the late Daniel Nelson, was our only missionary. Kwangshan fell so easily that one suspects someone inside the city must have opened the gates to the soldiers. Mr. Nelson lived on the city wall near the North Gate. It seems strange that he did not try to lower himself from the wall by a rope and thus escape. He evidently misjudged the peril of the situation, or else his conscience held him at his post. He hid himself for a few hours and then walked into the presence of the Communists and gave himself up.

The Communists sent a letter to the American consul addressed in my care, asking a ransom for Nelson of half a million dollars. They suggested that the consul might advance this small sum to them and subsequently put in a claim for it to the Chinese government; or he could, if he wished, wait a few months for his reimbursement until they had captured Hankow and taken over the government. At that time they would be able to repay all the loans of this sort that

they were now compelled to make. One of the Red soldiers walked right into our house with this message. We gave him tea and cake, and I expressed amazement at his daring. He laughed and said it was done easily. There were rumors later that this fellow was captured. If he was, we had nothing to do with it, for we did not notify the regular soldiers of his visit. If the Communists fancied that we had something to do with his capture, that would explain why they seemed thereafter to be out to "get" me at every possible opportunity.

A few days after Kwangshan had been captured, the Communists appeared at Loshan as suddenly as if they had dropped from the heavens. Their advance guards pretended to be ordinary country folks, coming into town carrying their loads. Several of them had entered the city before the town guards became suspicious and closed the gates. That morning an American Catholic priest was at a lumber yard outside the city. Everything was peaceful; there had been no hint of anything unusual astir. He happened to look to the east. He saw what looked to be a surprising number of people headed toward the city. He hurried back to town and got inside the wall just before the gates closed. His parishioners urged him to hide among them disguised as a Chinese. He refused the offer politely, for he felt that in this crisis it was not safe to trust anyone. He had prepared a heavy rope for such an emergency and cached it on top of the city wall. The moment that he realized the Communist forces were really entering the city, he slipped over the wall and hid in the foreign cemetery outside.

When it was safe to travel, he made his way to Sinyang where he reported to us, explaining what had happened and saying that he did not believe our missionaries, the Reverend Kristofer Tvedt and Miss Evanson could possibly have escaped.

He was right. They had not escaped. At first they had hidden under the porch of the mission residence, hoping that the occupation would be of short duration. When days passed and the Communists did not leave, they were forced to give themselves up. Their ransom was set at three thousand dollars, part of it to be delivered in medicines. We packed the medicines on wheelbarrows, and two evangelists carrying the money acted as an escort. Miraculously they escaped being robbed on the way and reached Loshan without mishap.

When the ransom was received, the Communist leaders felt that they had not asked for enough, and quite a discussion arose as to whether or not the prisoners should be released. Finally they agreed to free Miss Evanson, since with their many wanderings it was difficult to have a woman prisoner on their hands. They provided her with a pass and a wheelbarrow, and she arrived safely in Sinyang. They sent along a letter apologizing for not releasing Tvedt. They regretted that their financial difficulties were such that they had to ask to borrow another ten thousand dollars from us. This, they said, would immediately secure his release.

Then began a long series of negotiations to secure the release of Tvedt and Nelson. We made repeated attempts to establish contact with the Communists.

Sometimes our intermediaries failed to find them. At other times, they were unable to deliver the ransom. On one occasion our messengers were robbed of the ransom money by Nationalist soldiers. This sum was later returned to us. Different negotiators brought back different demands for ransom money and goods. On one occasion when ransom goods were delivered, the command of the Red army had been changed and the new leaders would not acknowledge the former terms for ransom.

The Nationalist generals interested themselves in the cases of our two missionaries but they also proved unable to cope with the Communists. At times the way their own troops refused to obey them suggested that in this army the troops were commanding the generals.

Bert Nelson's younger brother, the Reverend Daniel Nelson, joined in the ransom negotiations, working from a more southerly base closer to the main Communist camp. Finally, after more ransom money had been paid, Mr. Tvedt was released. But Bert Nelson was still held prisoner. Letters from him, brought out by our emissaries, told of his illness and discouragement. Our final attempt to secure his release was a special plea sent to the Communists in two letters —one written by the railroad workers in Sinyang, and the other written by masons and carpenters of the city. The first letter had about two hundred fifty signatures. It pointed out the friendly relations between the hospital at Sinyang and the railroad workers —this by way of proving the interest that the mission had in the common people. The second letter in

similar vein was signed by about one hundred twenty-five tradespeople. It especially pointed out how kindly and fairly Mr. Nelson's father, the elder Daniel Nelson, had always treated the working people. The letters were delivered in person by a railroad worker and a carpenter.

But the Red camp, once so strong, had been thrown into confusion by the pressure of encircling Nationalist forces, and the Communists fled northward away from the mountains of Hupeh. From this time on, we received no communications from Bert Nelson. A few hearsay reports trickled through from people who claimed to have seen him. It is generally believed that he met his death at the hands of his captors sometime in 1932, but no evidence has been discovered to tell us where and how.

During this whole period of civil warfare and its attending disturbances—approximately from 1924 to 1934, ninety-eight missionaries were carried off by the Red armies, and thirty-three of them lost their lives.

Planting for Life

IN OUR work with the children of China, we were mindful of a Chinese saying—

> "If you plant for a year, plant grain;
> If you plant for ten years, plant trees;
> If you plant for a hundred years, plant men."

We felt that we were planting for life and for eternity when we watched little ones grow strong in body and spirit in our orphanages and schools.

One desperate summer, floods ruined the crops in the northern districts of Honan, and again there was famine in the land. Hordes of starving people again poured into our district, and again the high mountain ranges kept them from going farther south in search of food. Bands of these refugees, stranded in Sinyang, went about the city and countryside begging for food.

As fall and winter came on, they died like flowers bitten by frost. Parents died, weakened by self-denial, leaving their children to shift for themselves. The little vagabonds lived in the streets and slept in whatever sheltered corners they could find. Sometimes they

crawled upon the stoves built just outside the restaurants in Chinese fashion. Occasionally at night, the flames would flare up and the children would be severely burned—some dying from their injuries.

It was a burden to walk the streets and see the many little ones who had frozen or starved to death, or to see tiny babies trying to suckle their dead mothers. We did what we could both on the streets and in the hospital to relieve such misery; but there was neither the space nor the funds to do what was needed. In our helplessness, we wished for unlimited fortunes so that we could help all, or else that we had never seen this Orient with its suffering.

At the most critical time, when the misery was at its height, a small group of Christian officers of the Chinese army passed through the city. They were appalled at the sights. Down through the ages, they heard a voice crying, "Lovest thou me? Feed my lambs." In a short time these Chinese officers had collected money enough to care for a large number of children. Because they had to move on, they asked our church to gather in the children and care for them.

The Lena Dahl Middle School buildings were not in use at that time, so we housed the children there. Clean straw was spread over the floors to provide beds for as many little folks as possible. Good hot food was provided, and the orphans were cared for all through the winter. We organized an impromptu school for them also. The littlest children listened eagerly to Bible stories and learned to sing simple Christian songs. The older ones were taught to read.

When spring came, our money and supplies had been exhausted and the children had to be sent out again. For most of them it meant a return to begging. The summer brought little relief; and when fall came, we were faced with the same kind of situation as the year before. We had taught these children about a loving heavenly Father and about how He wants us to show our love for Him by doing for others what we would like to have done for us. How could we continue to eat our food and cover ourselves with warm blankets while we left these little folks to starve and freeze?

Once again we gathered the children together. We used our own money as well as funds for famine relief that began to come in from unexpected sources. Some of the money came as surprisingly as manna from heaven. A large gift was received from a boys' school in London which we had never heard of; and a Mr. Baker sent an additional sum which he found on hand when he closed up a famine fund account. We had not supposed our little institution was known outside of the city; yet such funds came to us especially marked for the Sinyang orphanage.

We bought what supplies we could. We made beds there at the school, and quilts and clothing. Other supplies appeared as if by magic. Strong anti-Japanese feeling gripped the country, and again there was an outburst of smashing and burning Japanese goods. Among the wares to be consigned to the flames was a large supply of cotton goods. Somehow fifty bolts of the cloth reached the orphanage, where we put it to good use.

When the children came to us, they were in pitiful

condition. Boys and girls were lice-infested, covered with scabies, and so undernourished that they were prey to all sorts of diseases. It took a great deal of medication, pounds upon pounds of ointment, and long hours of medical care to restore them to health. Especially did they require good food to make them strong and to build up resistance to disease.

Even after the famine conditions were alleviated, there were fresh groups of orphans that needed to be cared for. The countryside suffered from the periodic raids of the Communist armies. Some children were orphaned in the fighting. At one time when our representatives were on one of their missions seeking to bring about the release of our missionaries, Tvedt and Bert Nelson, they came upon a group of orphaned boys living in small dugouts in an old city wall some hundred miles away. Rats and lice were their companions; and they lived by creeping out at night to pilfer what food they could find.

Before their conversion our emissaries would have been blind to the misery of these boys. According to their Chinese custom, the suffering of those outside their own circles of family or friends was a matter of complete indifference to them. Now, however, they had been so touched by the story of Christ's love for mankind that they could not forget the plight of the boys. When they returned to Sinyang, they begged us to send out for the boys and bring them into the orphanage.

The General then in command at Sinyang was kindly disposed toward us and our work. At our request he sent out a truck to pick up the boys. The

waifs were astounded at the speed with which the truck carried them over the hundred miles back to Sinyang. They had never dreamed of any kind of travel like this. When they were brought in to us, they were an emaciated group. Two of them died not long after their arrival. The others were transformed by the help of soap and warm water, barber's shears, new clothes, nourishing food, and a friendly atmosphere.

The orphanage was closely associated with the hospital. Children who were ill were brought into the hospital for care; and when we at the hospital took in sick or freezing youngsters from the street and nursed them back to health, we placed them in the orphanage instead of sending them out again into the streets.

At first we had no trouble housing the orphans, since the almost continual warfare around us prevented our operating some of the schools. But as the fighting drew away from our district, one by one the schools reopened and our orphans had to be moved from place to place. At length quarters became available at Chumatien, a city about seventy-five miles north of us on the railroad. The railroad granted our request for three cars in which to make the move. We got all the orphans, the orphanage staff, and the necessary equipment into the three cars. Not long after we had made the move, the Japanese invaded Sinyang; after that it would have been impossible to make the transfer.

Although the orphanage escaped the ordeal of Japanese occupation, it did not miss all the horrors

of the Sino-Japanese war. About a year after the coming of the orphans, the city of Chumatien was completely laid waste by Japanese bombers. Nowhere else have I seen such destruction. The whole business section of the city was laid in ruins, becoming a smouldering mass of embers. Other parts of the city were destroyed by spreading fires. The raid occurred just fifteen minutes after Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek had left the city and had obviously been directed against him.

At the time of the raid, the children of the orphanage were all gathered in the church for a prayer service. One bomb landed in an open courtyard near the church. Several buildings collapsed, and the walls of the church cracked from the concussion, but not a child in the group was hurt. The main building of the orphanage had been strafed, but it suffered only slight damage. I visited the city immediately after the bombing and saw the dead and maimed lying everywhere. The streets were littered with the carcasses of horses, mules, and pigs.

Mr. Hsü at the orphanage said, "It was a terrible half hour. We kept the children inside the church, where we knelt in prayer and united in songs of praise and prayer. We were fully persuaded that God was able to keep us, though should He have wished to call us home, we were prepared to go."

It now became necessary to use the Chumatien orphanage property to house the great number of children from the city who had been orphaned by the raid. The place was soon over-crowded, and at the request of the staff the orphanage was moved once

more—this time to the hospital compound in Kioshan.

From the time the orphanage had been established on a permanent basis back in Sinyang, we had made it a practice to keep the children as long as they needed our care—usually for several years. They were not idle during their stay. The older children helped to care for the younger ones. Under supervision, the older children took care of many of the chores and housekeeping duties, like cleaning, cooking, and care of the grounds. They were also taught such crafts as weaving, shoemaking, knitting, bamboo work, and gardening. They also cared for their own herd of goats.

We organized classes in writing, reading, arithmetic, history, and geography. The boys and girls also studied the Bible and Bible history and learned their catechism. Many of them memorized chapter after chapter from the Bible and by so doing earned Bibles for themselves. Like other Chinese Christians, they felt that church attendance was not quite complete unless they had carried a Bible and hymnbook, tied in a little bundle, along with them to use during the service.

One Christmas we sent the orphanage a gift of meat for their Christmas dinner, and individual gifts for each child consisting of a khaki hat and small bath towel. When they marched in to church that morning, every child was wearing a new hat and each had wrapped his towel around his neck as a scarf.

The work we were able to do with these children was one of the most personally gratifying experiences of our missionary enterprise. The orphanage grew out of the need that arose for it. It was not on our regular mission budget, and we never asked for funds to main-

tain it. Nevertheless, money always came as it was needed, and the enterprise kept growing. Altogether we cared for nearly eight hundred boys and girls who were otherwise homeless and friendless.

Mr. Hsü liked to quote, "If you plant for a hundred years, plant men," adding, "Our work is to plant, to water, and to wait and see what the Lord does when He gives the increase. These are children now with the enthusiasm of childhood. What may they not become when they grow into mature manhood and womanhood!"

Many of them came to know Christ, and it was touching to hear their testimonies and to see their joy when they acknowledged His goodness toward them. The promise still stands, "He who began a good work in you will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ" (Philippians 1:6). This kind of work appealed to the Chinese people and it spoke to them—more strongly than many words—of the love and power to be found in the teachings of Jesus. Perhaps the chief hope of China today lies in the seeds sown in little children by Christian missionaries wherever they had opportunity to give their witness in deed as well as word.

Some Glimpses of the Lena Dahl Middle School

"Beautiful Savior, King of Creation!" The softly melodious words roused me to consciousness early one morning. I had often heard these words sung at Christmas by school children, but this time they held a tenderness and warmth I had not felt before. I recog-

nized the voices and knew that the singers were teachers and students from the Lena Dahl Middle School for Girls. They were singing to me as I lay recovering from a severe heart attack that had followed a siege of influenza. It was their way of assuring me of their sympathy and prayers. Though many years have slipped away since I wakened to their song, this token of love still echoes in my heart. It recalls vividly the school and its sometimes troublous but always gratifying history in the years that I was concerned with it.

Again and again I had been called to help preserve grounds and buildings for the use of the school when various armies had threatened to loot the premises or occupy the buildings. Sometimes the situation was fraught with danger, but always there was in my mind the consciousness of what this school meant to the young people of the districts all around us. That knowledge made it worth any amount of personal risk to save the school.

There were times, though, when the risk to the pupils would have been so great that we had to close its doors. After one such occasion I walked through the school grounds with a Chinese co-worker. As we noted the deterioration of the buildings and reviewed the difficulties we had encountered in trying to hang on to the property, my companion suggested that the sensible thing to do would be to tear the buildings down and sell the bricks for whatever they would bring. Yet, a short time later, the grounds were again teeming with young people, five or six hundred strong.

Again the yard was neatly kept and bright with flower beds; the buildings were clean once more and

in good repair, and the classrooms were all in order. It was inspiring to see the busy classrooms, and the groups of bright-faced pupils gathered on the grounds for play or in the chapel for worship.

The resurrection of the school at this time had come about in a remarkable manner. Miss Dora Wang, who had been one of the early pupils at the school, now a trained teacher, had been asked to come back to reopen the school and to head it as principal. She had refused the call, but evidently with some uneasiness of conscience. One day not long afterwards, two of her nephews walking down a street in Hankow had picked up a package of Communist literature. They were arrested, accused of being Communists, and were in critical danger of being shot. Miss Wang prayed earnestly for their release, for she was convinced that they were innocent. Silently she promised God that if the boys were released, she would accept the call to the school at Sinyang.

When the plight of the boys was brought to my attention, I became their guarantor. My pledge, together with sureties from other sources, secured their freedom. Miss Wang immediately set about fulfilling her promise. She recruited a staff from friends and from other former students of the school. The teachers were nearly all sincere Christian women, who quickly gained the love and esteem of their pupils.

There is no way of measuring the devotion of these teachers to their charges and to their task. In the upper story of one of the buildings was a room set aside for quiet Bible study and prayer. It was one of the most used rooms in the school. The institution won the

respect of the whole community, and its reputation spread over the whole province.

We wanted, of course, to have the school registered with the government so that its credits would be accepted elsewhere and so that its pupils would be accepted for government positions. But here we ran into difficulties. Under the new National Government, a registered school was not permitted to include studies in religion in its curriculum. Any classes in religion had to be conducted outside of regular school hours. Moreover, all registered schools were required to observe a Sun Yat-sen memorial period every Monday morning. In the memorial, all students were to bow *(kowtow)* three times to the picture of the founder of the Chinese Republic.

There were many missionaries who looked upon this ceremony as a form of idolatry. In our conferences there were heated arguments. One woman missionary at a conference meeting held up two posters, one of a cross and the other a picture of Sun Yat-sen. Placing the latter over the former, she declared that the mission schools were considering substituting the image of a soldier for the message of the cross.

The Chinese, however, were not so unyielding. At our school the difficulties were resolved by taking advantage of the Chinese tendency to make allowance for unusual circumstances and, when the situation warranted it, to overlook the requirements of the law. We were allowed to include religious classes in our curriculum; and although we gave full recognition to the claims of Chinese patriotism, the picture of Sun Yat-sen was never worshipped. Government inspectors

who checked our courses of study never objected to our inclusion of classes in religion. And one of them in a talk to the student body upheld religion as the real moral background for life and encouraged the students to study it.

Many of our students joined the Chinese Christian church and in their free time travelled about the community in groups, spreading the Gospel by song and testimony. The school thus brought great blessing to the community and to the Chinese church.

It was closed again only when the Japanese invaded the city (1938) and the danger of keeping such a large group of girls in one location became obvious.

Memories of Kikungshan

THROUGH all these years of trouble and triumph, of danger and distress or deliverance, Kikungshan had been our sanctuary. To its American school we had sent our children to be educated; to its Christian community we returned summer after summer with our perplexities and problems. There in its cooling, healing atmosphere we held our missionary conferences, laying our plans for the coming year and drawing renewed strength from the strength of these eternal hills and from the warmth of Christian fellowship.

The mountain stood on the Honan-Hupeh border, its southern slopes looking back toward Hankow and to a civilization where western and eastern cultures met. From the northern slope where our church and school dwellings clustered, we looked down into the valley of our endeavors among the people of Honan. When we first knew our mountain, it was a remote, almost untamed retreat. In the spring the slopes were

blanketed with flowering azaleas, indescribably beautiful. In the winter, the mountain sides were coated with ice and snow that bent low the boughs of pine and chestnut and oak and willow.

I had occasion to know the mountain in all seasons and all weathers, for my location in the hospital at Sinyang made me the doctor closest to the School, and when the children were ill I was called upon to take care of them. In the early years it was a rugged climb from the railway stop at Sintien, especially in cold or stormy weather; and one needed to be armed against the wild boars and mountain lions that prowled the slopes. As the years passed and roads and broad, smooth paths were constructed, the larger animals retreated into more remote valleys, leaving our mountain top to chattering squirrels, to birds of all varieties and color, and to flowerlike moths and butterflies.

As the years went on, signs more ominous than the tracks of wild animals appeared. On commanding positions about the periphery of the mountain appeared small, two-story forts built to accommodate squads of thirty to forty soldiers. We had known a time when a small force of local Chinese policemen was the only protection needed against an occasional thief. The new forts were reminders that even our mountain was open to the threat of conquest by the robber bands that prowled the countryside, by Communist armies, or later still by the invading Japanese.

When we left the mountain to begin the journey home for our 1935-1936 furlough, it was with a question in our hearts as to when and how—if ever—we should see Kikungshan again; and on the voyage back

to America, we relived in memory our associations with the place since we had begun our missionary life there a score of years before.

I have said that our mission community was nestled in the smaller ridges and valleys of the north slope. Our main roads followed the valleys, and paths branched off to the cottages on the ridges. Crystal clear water was provided by natural springs. Trees and ornamental shrubs grew profusely about our clearing, and there was an abundance of picnic spots. For those who did not care to venture far, there was Kikung T'ou, the peculiar formation like a rooster's head from which the mountain took its name, and there was the elevation we called the Camel's Hump. For those who enjoyed a long hike, there were natural swimming pools in east and north valleys, and even an old deserted city a few ridges over from Kikungshan.

We made frequent expeditions through the gap of the western ridge where there was the business section that served both slopes of the mountains. Through this gap passed the main road to the mountain from the railroad. Local traders and venturesome merchants from Hankow set up their stores here on either side of the road. From their stocks we bought our provisions, as well as clothing, yard goods, and other staples. Venders from the gap went from house to house offering wood, charcoal, fresh vegetables, juicy plums, peaches, tangerines, persimmons, strawberries in season, and small sweet blue grapes. Other peddlers brought silk embroideries, some discolored with age,

others fresh and clean from Canton and Shanghai. Others offered wares of china, cloisonné, and brass. From such stores we could buy attractive but relatively inexpensive gifts to be laid aside for Christmas or to be taken home to friends on our approaching furloughs.

Craftsmen set up their headquarters in the gap Tinsmiths were prepared to furnish us with bath tubs or wash basins or kitchen wares. In the summer tailors from Hankow would set up temporary establishments on the mountain. They would cut dress patterns from pictures in Montgomery-Ward or Sears-Roebuck catalogues or fashion magazines from America. Some specialized in men's wear. These tailors were friendly and full of humor. If the trousers they made us were sometimes too roomy at the waist, they would chuckle and say, "Good, you become more fat!"

Itinerant shoemakers were willing to try to make any kind of shoe, asking only for a picture from a magazine or catalogue as a guide. They attempted heavy, substantial shoes suited for winter use and for the long over-land walking journeys that were often necessary. For summer wear, they created various kinds of sandals, toeless and heelless, held on by small straps. Their products were always right, for if the shoe pinched, they insisted that the trouble lay with the foot which was simply too large. But they, too, were congenial fellows; and if one would persevere through several fittings and alterations, the shoes would come out right eventually.

In the gap we could find carpenters and painters who would often know beforehand just what repairs

we were contemplating and would have their estimates already prepared for us. These first estimates were always high, for the men made allowance for some dickering on the prices. The customer would put up stiff resistance before the price was settled, for he understood the Chinese custom of bargaining. The final agreement was usually for about one third of the first asking price; and when the matter was settled, there would be smiles and handclaps and a pleasant "Ping-an, Mu-shih" ("Peace be with you, Pastor"). No one was ever afraid of cheating one of the tradespeople, for they were shrewd business men skilled in convincing the buyer that a rock bottom price had been reached before there was any chance of endangering the profit that was their living.

Just outside of the northern boundary of the mission community, on a slope facing west was the foreign cemetery—a lovely spot looking out over the Sintien valley toward other distant mountains. It was a blessed meeting place for those of us who had friends, children, or other dear ones sleeping there awaiting the Resurrection morning.

The center of our missionary community was the American School for missionaries' children. The school was owned and operated by our Lutheran United Mission and other cooperating missions, and it was open to the children of any of the American missionaries in that part of China. The children boarded here at the school for eight or nine months of the year. In the summer their parents often joined them on the mountain top, because the plains could be fearfully hot and fever-ridden. Playgrounds and tennis courts provided

recreation the year around. In the summer there were community gatherings—like Fourth of July celebrations—held on the grounds; and then there would be games with prizes for the children and contests like tug-of-war for the adults, with the heavyweights usually contriving to get together on one team.

The cottages and summer homes were grouped near the school. They were the scenes of many a social gathering over the coffee cups or around the supper table. The women with Norwegian and Swedish backgrounds vied with each other in displaying their skill as cooks. A few Japanese lanterns would be strung between the trees to light us during the evening, as we sat outdoors, exchanging the latest news, telling stories, doing a little speech-making, perhaps; listening to music; and then always closing with the quiet singing of old songs and hymns, a few words of Scripture, and an evening prayer.

The mountain resort was a health center as well as a retreat.

Many of our children owed their lives to the mountain. After holding out as long as possible in the sultry heat of the plains, many a missionary mother would at length bring her little ones up to the mountain. Perhaps she had to overcome exceedingly difficult hazards of travel to reach us. The children might be covered from brow to foot with prickly heat, or suffering from loss of appetite, dysentery, and other summer disorders. They would be listless, or else nervous and irritable. After a week or so of our mountain breezes and cool nights, these same little folks would be their bright

and cheerful selves again, interested in everything going on about them. Such mothers looked to the mountain as a tonic whose worth could not be measured in million-dollar terms.

At one time, a swimming pool had been excavated not far from the point where the main mountain stream began its precipitous descent toward the Sintien valley. The pool was a large square excavation into which the stream could be diverted. The drop from the shallow part to the deep end was sudden, and there was always the danger that some little tot would wade or stumble over the drop. For a number of years we planned but put off improving the pool. Finally it became a menace, as its outlet clogged and the stagnant water breathed out contagion. Something had to be done. A building committee was formed and a practical plan was worked out: we sold low-priced shares in the new pool to interested members of the community, with the original outlay to be retired gradually by selling season tickets to those who used the pool. I was to supervise the construction. The responsibility sorely taxed my limited knowledge of engineering. Parts of the new pool had to be blasted out of solid rock; other parts had to be walled up by laying huge stones in cement. A small stream had to be conducted through gutters underlying the cement bottom.

At last the work was finished, and the new pool was ready for the use of our summer visitors. For the little folks there was a shallow part which sloped gently down to the deep part for swimmers with its spring boards and diving tower. The tower had diving boards at intervals up to a peak board at twenty-five feet.

There were also a watch tower, and easily available ropes and poles for safety measures. Wooden and stone benches were provided for onlookers; and there were dressing houses for the bathers. Sometimes in a dry summer there was difficulty keeping the water changed frequently; but usually there was an adequate supply of water, and the pool afforded great pleasure as well as healthful exercise to the community.

It was not all relaxation and play upon the mountain top, however.

At our missionary conferences we laid out our plans for the coming year, trying to provide for all our goals in evangelism, education, and medical ministry. When funds and workers were limited—as they usually were—the working-out of budgets and the stationing of workers taxed the wisdom of all of us. There were many debates, many heated discussions; but when the votes were counted and the decisions made, there was usually a common feeling of satisfaction.

The placing of workers sometimes led to hard feelings, particularly when some worker had to be moved from a place he or she had grown fond of to some other apparently less desirable station. But the injured feeling did not last. The experience of one worker was typical. She wrote that when she had left the conference one year she had been aggrieved at the mission superintendent and the whole group. She went on to say, "Now that I have been here a few months and have seen both the need of the people and the power of God in this place, I can see that I was at fault. Now

I love you all much the more for not yielding to me but standing fast in what vou saw to be right."

If we had not known it before, we discovered in our relationships on the mountain that missionaries are human beings and not saints. We had the common human traits of jealousy, pride, the urge to dominate, tendency to form cliques, and inclinations toward weighing motives and rewards before making decisions. Sometimes it seemed as if the question of who should have the credit for doing a piece of work was more important to us than having the work done right and effectively. But our failings served to remind us again and again that we were not supermen and that our strength came from our union with God in doing His work.

Awareness of our own frailties gave added significance to the fellowship we had together. And in the communion services in the little stone church we all loved, we felt a spiritual union with one another and with our Lord.

In the last analysis, we knew that it was good for us to come together in conference. The decisions made there were honored by God with His blessings. The work progressed.

My contacts with Kikungshan were especially close. As stated elsewhere, I was the school doctor for many years. I also served as chairman of the school board. There was one resident nurse at the school, whose main responsibility was the health of the children. In her special duties she could count on the help of the matron, who was also a graduate nurse. The two were able to take care of minor ailments of the pupils. They

sent for help only when diagnosis was in doubt or the illness was serious.

In spite of careful attention, serious—occasionally fatal—illnesses sometimes developed. And, of course, with children there are always emergencies arising from accidents. Sometimes there were broken bones from falls, or injuries that required special treatment. Cases like these that required prolonged attention or surgery were brought to our home in Sinyang, which came to be known as the "Small Union Hospital." The designation was not inapt, for we also cared for missionaries who needed obstetrical or surgical care. A large part of my wife's work lay in supervising and carrying on the work in this home-hospital.

The pressure of work in the big hospital was always heavy, so that when an emergency call came from Kikungshan a small cyclone of activity developed in order to get me there and back without any waste of time. One messenger would be despatched to the railroad station to find out when the next train would be going south. This was standard procedure because train schedules were so irregular. From our dining room window we could see the northern semaphore on the rail line. My wife would station a look-out there, for we had discovered that if I dashed for the station just as the semaphore signalled for the train to enter the yards, I could catch the train.

When the messenger returned from the station, I would calculate the amount of work I could hope to do and still catch the first train. Then the semaphore would give its signal and the train would whistle its approach. I would hastily finish the last stitches of an

operation, duck out of my surgical gown, rush after my hat and coat and bag—all of which had been made ready for me at home by thoughtful hands—call out a good-bye as I took the five steps from the porch in one, and leaped into the waiting ricksha. The ricksha coolie's "Chieh Kwang!" (literally, "Lend me the light") would clear the path for us as he raced along, taking corners on one wheel in his haste. One such turn once landed me on my head just inches from a large kettleful of simmering soup in a sidewalk restaurant.

The maneuver of catching the train would be a scramble; but somehow or other I always got the train —though I must admit that on one or two occasions it was with the help of the station master who held up the express for a few minutes on my behalf.

As the years passed and times grew more and more unsettled, the safety of those in our school on the mountain became more and more a matter of deep concern to us. There were anxious hours when we weighed the danger of the school's being invaded against the difficulties and cost of an unnecessary evacuation. Often our co-workers on the mountain underestimated the peril of their situation because their Chinese workmen and neighbors whose living depended upon the school minimized the threats to its peace. And so we at Sinyang made ourselves a listening-post for the school. We made countless excursions from the hospital to reliable sources of information about the movements of armed bands encamped about the countryside.

On two occasions the school barely made it out on

the last train leaving Sintien before the mountain was invaded.

In 1935 we could not know that the destructive invasion would be by Japanese soldiers in the year of 1938 when they mushroomed up into the interior. In that invasion our mission properties were virtually destroyed. Since then our mountain-top has been untenable. The "Kikungshan" we knew has vanished.

The mountain itself still lifts her shoulders to the sky—to us a memorial of the comfort and health and peace we once found there; and in remembrance we cherish the fellowship she gave us and the closeness to God—experiences that deeply blessed our too-often lonely missionary lives.

Now at Last – Kioshan!

BACK in 1915, when the mission fields of China had been only a hope and a dream to a young doctor and his bride, the longed-for assignment had come from the Mission Board: *Dr. C. C. Skinsnes, and wife,* to *American Lutheran Hospital, Kioshan, Honan.*

Now, after more than a score of years in China, Mrs. Skinsnes and I were about to take up our residence in Kioshan—and for the first time. It came about in this way. When we returned to China in 1936 after a year's furlough in America, we found conditions changing at Sinyang. For the nearly fifteen years that we had been in residence there, our Lutheran mission had worked hand in hand with the local hospital board to keep the South Honan Hospital functioning smoothly and efficiently. We ministered to poor and rich Chinese alike. The general administration of the institution had been under a board of Chinese citizens; but I as superintendent of the hospital had full authority to carry on the work in keeping with the highest standards of modern scientific medical service and in harmony with Christian ideals.

Now after our year's absence we returned to find a new hospital board in control. The new board had little sympathy with the work of Christian missionaries and had apparently reached the conclusion that they could operate the hospital without the help of a foreign doctor.

As I sensed the situation, I found my thoughts turning to the pioneer hospital in Kioshan. It had once been the only hospital in Honan south of the Yellow River. In recent years its doors had been closed and its compound vacant for lack of personnel to supervise and staff it. I now appealed to the mission board to release me from my connection with the Union Hospital in Sinyang and to give me permission to reopen the unit in Kioshan. The request was granted.

It was on a dark and rainy April day when the Honan mud was deep, that we arrived in the city of Kioshan and began our survey of the hospital grounds with a view to rehabilitating the place. The hospital was a large two-story building in a spacious mission compound on a high hill outside the city gates. Once the place had teemed with activity; now everything showed the effects of disuse and neglect. The walls of the main building had cracks wide enough to let squirrels and rats into the rooms. Chestnuts and their shells littered the floors. The southwest corner of the building, where the operating room was located, was sagging and apparently in danger of breaking apart from the rest of the structure. There were large windows to give excellent light, but the interior had been painted a dark depressing blue.

We began at once to get the building in good work-

ing order. We built pillars to support the sagging southwest corner, and filled in the cracks in the walls and the holes in the flooring. We covered the dark old paint with coats of soft light gray. Furnishings were repaired and repainted. We bought dishes in bright Chinese colors, neat little lamps, pretty teapots, and of course, spittoons. We decorated the walls with gay Chinese streamers and attractive Bible posters. Grateful patients presented us with silk and velvet panels proclaiming the virtues of the hospital. New bedding was supplied, some of it made right there; and we were able to provide curtains for some of the rooms.

The work had hardly got well under way when a delegation from Sinyang visited us. The men came with a plea for us to return to Sinyang under the same arrangement as before. There were considerations that made it seem wise to accept the invitation, and I was willing to do so, but before all the necessary arrangements had been made, the Japanese invaded Sinyang. We therefore went ahead with the work at Kioshan.

One of our first outside projects was to pave the road lying between the city gate and the hospital compound, fulfilling a promise we had made to ourselves on that sticky, muddy day when we arrived in the city. We hired famine refugees to do the work of collecting the stones and laying the paving. Before long there was a road that was passable in even the heaviest rains.

Below the hospital hill, at some distance from the main building, was the old dispensary, which had outlived its usefulness. We remodeled it into a comfortable residence for the business manager and the

evangelist of the hospital. A new dispensary was built closer to the hospital.

The Chinese use very little milk, but we knew what an important food it is in the diet of patients and of growing children. Kioshan had only one dairyman, and he offered four grades of milk according to the amount of water with which it was diluted. It was our good fortune, then, that the hospital compound was large enough to furnish pasturage for a herd of cows and goats. We bought the animals and soon had more milk than the patients and staff could use. Before long there were daily processions of mothers coming to the hospital with containers of all sorts, eager to get milk for their children. They were learning that it could transform sickly children who looked ready to die into strong, husky children eager to live.

There were good clean stables for the cattle and goats, and we pasteurized the milk in our own kitchen. When customers were able to pay, we charged a small amount to help take care of the operating costs of our dairy.

I found the animals a source of great comfort. Much of the time in Kioshan, I was apart from my family. The children were away at school; and because the times were so troubled, we missionaries often sent our wives to the comparatively safer communities at Kikungshan or Hankow. And so for a few moments at dusk, whenever I was alone at the hospital, I liked to steal away from the suffering in the sick rooms, and with a little salt in my hands go out to the cattle yard. I would pause for a moment with each gentle creature. As I talked to them, they would nuzzle me and seem to

understand. I would give each a hug or pat in turn, and then encouraged and refreshed, I could go back to my patients ready for the late night sessions.

Since Kioshan was a small city, and there was a large hospital at Sinyang and another small private one in nearby Chumatien, we had thought that sixty beds would be ample for servicing our community. But the Sinyang hospital soon had to close its doors, and then the doctor at Chumatien left in fear of the oncoming Japanese soldiers. Before long our hospital was receiving great numbers of wounded from all the theaters of war—even from as far away as Shanghai—and we found ourselves caring for more than two hundred patients. We filled the beds and then the floors. Our kitchen was now much too small, and other facilities were cramped. We proceeded to build a large new kitchen and dining wing, making use of brick from the city wall which the citizens were tearing down to prevent the on-coming Japanese from ever using the city as a fort. We also added a new morgue—a sad necessity in these war-torn times. Finally, we provided temporary housing for the automobiles of visitors.

As long as the fighting remained at some distance from Kioshan, we could get supplies. During this period we laid in great quantities of necessities to provide for possible future needs. We stored away as many drums of kerosene and as much coal as we could afford to buy. But the fighting came closer and closer. After the fall of Sinyang it was almost impossible to get materials and provisions of any sort. Railroad tracks were torn up, and we lost direct communication with

Hankow. It was still possible to travel overland to Shanghai, but the route took one through both the Chinese and Japanese lines. Those who tried the journey were usually turned back by the Japanese at Pungpu. We were among those who were refused passageway.

Then I remembered the American consul who was sympathetic with our work and who had helped us so often in the past. He was able to help us again. Through his influence with the Japanese consul, he secured permission for supplies to come through to us. He also wrote letters in English and Chinese, guaranteeing that our consignments would be used in the interests of the sick and wounded only. With this assistance, one hundred boxes and bundles came to us unmolested through the Japanese and Chinese lines.

Through our many years in China, despite the dangers inherent in the work, I had always felt secure personally. We had locks on our doors, but I paid no special attention to them. On warm nights we left windows and doors wide open, with only screens or mosquito nettings for protection. We had heard from time to time of small hold-ups in Kioshan and its suburbs, but it never occurred to me that anyone would attempt to break into our house. For one thing, I supposed that everyone knew that there was nothing much worth stealing there. But now a curious misadventure befell me at one of the times when I was alone in the house. It came about because of our ministrations to the family of one of the Chinese officers.

We extended our hospital services not only to the soldiers in Kioshan but also to their relatives. These families, living in the crowded quarters of the city, fell victim to many communicable diseases. One day the mother-in-law of the Chinese commander was brought into the hospital suffering from cholera. We were able to cure her of this ailment, but then she contracted meningitis. Again she recovered. But before she left the hospital, she developed an intestinal obstruction from which she died.

Her daughter—the commander's wife—insisted on following the Chinese custom of spending the days and nights before the burial in a room with her mother's coffin. We accordingly let her have a room in the gatehouse of the compound. There for a few days she and her attendants watched the steady stream of patients coming into the hospital. They reasoned among themselves that we must be taking in a great deal of money. At any rate, late one night some person among them opened the gate to a group of their soldier friends.

I was awakened from sleep by an unaccustomed noise, and when I went to the window I saw a man pass my window. I called to him, but he did not stop. Convinced that he was a thief, I called to our cook. He did not answer, so I opened the door to fetch him. To my amazement, I found myself surrounded by a half dozen soldiers, two of them pressing their revolvers against my temples. They demanded money. I replied that I had no money. They laughed, and then ordered four of the men to search the bedroom. The Chinese usually keep their valuables in or near their beds.

But the men found nothing except my glasses, my watch, and a flashlight

The soldiers then asked me where I had hidden the money. They insisted that I must have millions. If I would give it to them, I could report the loss to the Chinese government, and then the government would reimburse me through the American consul. When I protested that I had no money, they threatened to kill me. I told them that they could do that but that it would bring them no money for I had none.

Then it came to me that I had hidden five hundred silver dollars with which to buy hospital supplies in the attic. As a Christian, I could not lie to the men, so I said, "Listen! I am not afraid of your guns, but I am a Christian. I believe in Jesus Christ, and I hate sin. I have told you that I have no money in the house; but I have just recalled that before I went on vacation last summer I hid five hundred silver dollars here to be used for supplies later on. You could never find them, but rather than lie to you I will go and get the money."

The robbers became greatly excited and insisted on going with me. I had to warn them to step only on the joists or they would have plunged through the laths and plaster into the rooms below. I even had to catch one of them as he made a misstep. We got the silver, but it did not satisfy them. They demanded bills. I explained again: there were no bills in the house. All my paper money—the little I had—was at the hospital. Then the soldiers ordered me downstairs again.

One of the men tied my hands behind my back, while another held his gun to my head. They told me to get out of the house so they could shoot me. At the

bedroom door one of them thrust the sharp blades of a closed pair of dressmaker scissors upward into one of my thighs for about three inches. He repeated the performance on my other thigh. I lost control of my legs and sank to my knees. The warm blood ran down my pajama trousers. The men ordered me up. I was to go with them to the hospital where they could see whether I was telling the truth. At the outer door, I remembered that I had no shoes on, and because my feet are very tender I insisted on having my shoes. They tried to force me ahead, but I would not budge. Finally, one of them brought my shoes.

Three men had headed out of the gate. The others hurried after. By the time I had reached the gate only one guard was with me. Then fearing that he would be cheated out of his share in the five hundred dollars, he shouted at them and hurried toward the answering voice—but first warning me that I would be a dead man if I did not stand where I was till he returned. I made him no promise.

The moment he was out of sight, I headed for the hospital and made it. The head nurse almost fainted to see me stumble in soaked in blood. In a few words, I explained the situation. We could see the robbers on the hill searching for me under the trees with their flashlights. I hid in the attic of the hospital, and we sent messengers to the other foreigners on the compound warning them. Evidently the soldiers became alarmed or disgusted, for there was no further disturbance that evening

In the days that followed, delegation after delegation of Chinese came to me to express their sympathy

and their sorrow that such a thing could have happened. Among the callers came representatives from the military command whose soldiers were responsible. I had no patience with this group, but made it clear that the only token of sympathy I would accept from them was their punishing the men who took part in the attack and their making good the loss.

The city magistrate was sympathetic but helpless against the military. Finally pressure brought by the American embassy upon the Chinese government had some effect. Representatives of the military unit in the city came to me with restitution money. I then wrote to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, asking him to sell me three guns for future protection. The General would not sell me the guns, but he ordered that a police guard be posted to protect our premises at night.

I bought our household a German police dog.

A Visitor in Kioshan

Our home in Kioshan—as it had been elsewhere in China—was a haven for foreign travelers. It was a pleasure to welcome these visitors, especially when they were from our homeland, America.

One day we received a message that had us guessing. It was written in excellent English and read like this—

"I am not a Christian; but if you can, despite this fact, house me for a day or two, I shall be grateful. I also have my Chinese secretary with me." It was signed with a woman's name.

In reply I wrote—

"I am a Christian; and because my wife and I are

Christians, you and your secretary are most heartily welcome to our humble home."

Not long afterwards an American woman, Miss Agnes Smedley, dressed like a soldier and carrying a pistol in her belt, rode up to our door, on horseback. It was our guest.

She proved to be a kindly person who had had a varied and colorful career. She was acting now as a journalist and roving correspondent. She was glad to stay with us for a few days, visiting with us and with the patients in the hospital. With her sympathetic generous nature, we felt that if she had had a home life like ours in her youth, she would never have had occasion to write, "I am not a Christian."

Miss Smedley was interested to see how our crowded conditions at the hospital had necessitated putting some patients on mattresses on the floor. She understood that we did so rather than to turn away people who had no other place to go. She saw how our nurses struggled to get our sheets dried, since the new laundry and drying room had not been finished yet. She was amazed at the fact that some of our patients had been in the Red army, for she knew how at times the Red soldiers had been out to "get" me if they could. She had spent some time traveling with this army and reporting the news about it.

The patients themselves challenged her attention. She was delighted with the recovery of three little boys, all in a row, who had been brought in with hernias, one of them strangulated. They were all from the city orphanage, and they smiled when they told her how wonderful it was to be in the hospital. She mar-

velled at the tiny woman—now weighing eighty pounds —who had weighed one hundred forty when she came into the hospital to have an ovarian cyst removed. The cyst had weighed sixty pounds. She was horrified at the tragic story of a young woman who had suffered from a large abdominal tumor for five years. Finally the woman had come to the hospital and had the tumor removed; but to her amazement she was delivered at the same time of a son—"the prettiest boy in the world" —beautifully strong and healthy. But now, the mother sobbed, he was dead, for the elders of the village had said that a boy born so abnormally could not be allowed to live. "He would bring a curse to the town, they said. And so they buried my only boy—the sweetest child I ever saw!"

Miss Smedley laughed to hear how we had saved the lives of some wounded soldiers when Japanese officers from a camp nearby came through to inspect the hospital. The men had been looking for Chinese soldiers among our patients, going from bed to bed inquiring about the nature of the ailments. Then they came to a room where three patients were suffering from tuberculosis. When the Japanese heard the word *tuberculosis,* they clapped handkerchiefs over their noses and ran, passing by in their haste the next ward where the soldiers were. The night before the inspection, smoke had risen for hours as we burned uniforms and equipment to destroy all evidence of any soldier patients.

Sometime later our guest, Miss Agnes Smedley, wrote an account of her visit. She said in part—

"Of all the missionaries in central China, I met none so remarkable as Dr. Skinsnes, an American Lutheran of Nor-

wegian descent. The slate-colored roofs of his hospital rising on a hill beyond Kioshan, a town south of Chumatien, could be seen for miles across the plains.

"The Japanese were so close to Kioshan that their airplanes were able to be over the town within five minutes after the town bell clanged the alarm. There were four or five alarms each day and others on moonlight nights. For miles around the hospital there was no place to run for shelter, not even a tree or a bush. The planes flew low enough to be able to spot and machine-gun anyone who fled from the hospital. So Dr. Skinsnes, his wife, the two American women nurses, the newly trained Chinese women nurse attendants, and the patients just stood and took the bombings as they came.

". . . the home was not luxurious, though in that wilderness of poverty, it might seem so to poor Chinese. It was a typical lower-middle-class American home, clean, orderly, and well cared for. The furnishings looked almost new, but had actually been brought from America twenty-four years before. With Norwegian thoroughness, every chair was kept repaired, oiled, and polished; and every hole in the carpets, couch cover, or window curtains darned. Only the big cracks in the walls and ceiling, caused by bombings, had not been repaired, because it seemed a waste of labor while the bombers kept coming over daily. From one of the nurses, I soon learned that Dr. Skinsnes and his wife had saved no money, and that their son and daughter were both working their way through school in Chicago, their son at Rush Medical College (actually the University of Chicago) and their daughter tending a switchboard while studying to become a nurse.

"The hospital had been equipped for eighty patients, but it now had one hundred and thirty, and had had as many as two hundred. It received medicine from the International Red Cross Committee in Hankow . . . gave it to anyone in need—to soldiers, refugees, civilians, and to both the mission orphanage and the town's non-Christian orphanage. In addition Dr. Skinsnes bought medicine with the fees of patients

who were able to pay, and at times gave surgical instruments and drugs to armies in need.

"As the only doctor in charge, Dr. Skinsnes was on call twenty-four hours a day. He was up at five or five thirty each morning and tried to perform operations before the air raids began. He visited each patient in the morning and again in the evening; and for two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, he took personal charge of an out-patient clinic which served hundreds of civilians and soldiers. If the patients could pay the ten-cent fee for examination, medicine, and treatment, well and good; it was not demanded, and no *means test* was used to establish the destitution of the patients.

"If there were five minutes during the day that could be spared, Dr. Skinsnes spent them inspecting a dispensary that was being built, or directing the construction of new wooden bedsteads to take the place of those destroyed by bombs.

"In his life and work, this missionary doctor was a grim, dour Christian . . . but in his work with the sick and wounded, I saw only a man dedicated to the service of mankind.

"When Dr. Skinsnes worked with the sick and wounded, he was a modern scientist; but when he conducted prayer meetings for his small foreign staff, he became a fundamentalist. I was so interested in his personality that I attended one prayer meeting. . . . I jotted down one of his prayers in my diary.

> " 'Merciful Father, protect the Chinese Red Cross Medical Corps, whose workers are ministering to sick and wounded soldiers on every front. Give them courage, O God, to continue their work, and lead them to Christ. Protect the guest within our gate who ministers to the sick and wounded, and give her courage to continue her work, and lead her to Christ. Guide the authorities in power to show no favoritism toward any army fighting for the country. Free China, O merciful Father, from the Japanese; bring it victory and peace, and teach the Japanese the error of their ways.' "

(14) Early morning mist on the north slope of Kikungshan

(15) The American School at Kikungshan

(16) The small Lutheran Church on Kikungshan

(17) A view across Sintien valley from Kikungshan

(18) Aerial view of Sinyang, taken from mission plane, "St. Paul." (A) Lena Dahl Girls' School. (B) North Gate. (C) South Gate, Church, Bible School. (D) Boys' School. Arrow points in direction of the Hospital which is to the left, out of range of the camera.

(19) Dr. C. C. Skinsnes operates

(20) While his father was still serving in China, Olaf Skinsnes went into medical training

(21) A group of orphans was discovered living in caves and on the brink of starvation

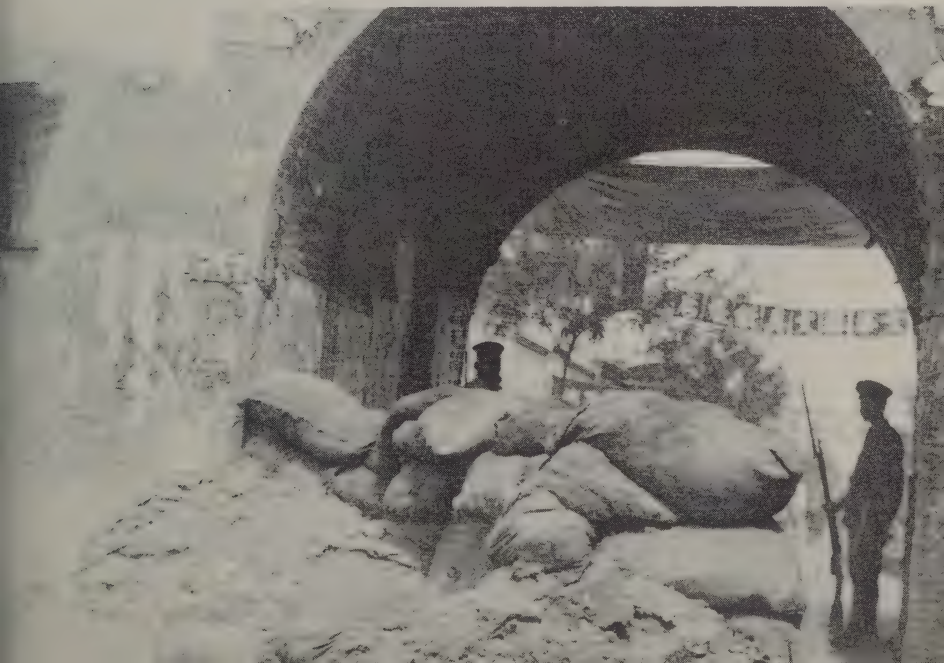
(22) The same boys after being cared for in our orphanage for only a few weeks. One boy of the original group had died

(23) Child sleeping in the street

(24) Machine guns used at Sinyang

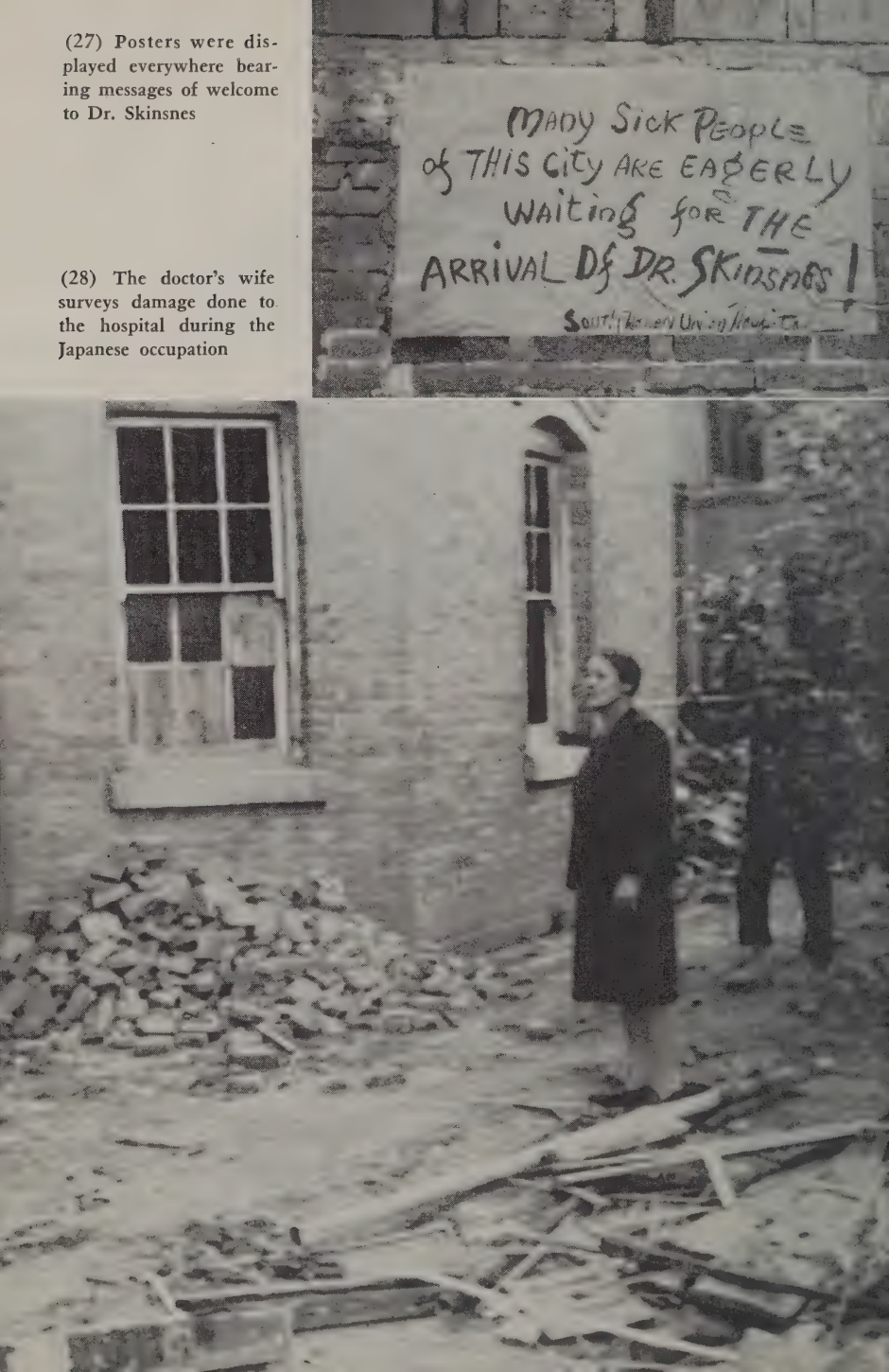
(25) Wall and moat of Sinyang

(26) Sandbag barriers at the city gates



(27) Posters were displayed everywhere bearing messages of welcome to Dr. Skinsnes

(28) The doctor's wife surveys damage done to the hospital during the Japanese occupation



Bibles and Beds, or Bombs and Death?

IF WAR is, as Sherman said, *hell,* then bombings are HELL spelled in capitals.

In the early days of Japan's war against China, the bombers flew high overhead, ignoring us. There was something awful yet beautiful in the sight of the silvery planes flying in precise formation, glittering in the sun. Their colossal size and heavy drone spoke of the burdens they carried; when they had passed, we would breath a sigh of momentary relief even as our anger rose at the thought that somewhere the bombs would be speeding death and destruction to people already bowed down with poverty and misery.

We suspected, as the war drew closer and closer to us, that one day the attention of the bombers would be aimed our way. I therefore prepared maps of our mission station, marking off its position with respect to the city. These maps were forwarded to the Japanese headquarters through the American consular office. The United States was still a neutral country, and we

wanted the airmen to be aware of our nationality. All over the compound, we planted huge American flags, some of them twenty-four feet long.

The Japanese acknowledged the receipt of our diagram, but that was all the attention they gave it. As the war crept closer to Kioshan, the planes flew lower and began dropping their destructive eggs everywhere.

The bombings were horrifying experiences. First there would be the slow chiming of the church bell, which was the air raid alarm, signaling the approach of enemy planes. Then would come the bell's frantic clamor announcing that we were the target. Almost at once the bell would be drowned out by the roar of the engines. Then came the wheeze and whine of dropping bombs. Most of us dropped where we were, covered our heads with our arms, closed our eyes and wondered, "Will it hit me?" Then came the blast of detonation; the earth quaked, buildings swayed, walls cracked, plastering fell, iron roofs rattled, and window-panes shattered. With each whistling bomb came the shock of detonation. One became confused. There would be the cries and sighs of the injured, but clouds of smoke and dirt hid them. One squeezed one's own limbs and wondered if one lived or had died. Finally, came a silence like death as the bombers turned and flew back to their bases. One feared to look about him as the cloud of smoke and dust would lift. Under the blankets covered with shattered glass and broken plaster we would see our patients, some bleeding from injuries, all terror stricken.

In our small town we had hundreds of air raid alarms and more than twenty bombings, each one a

strain on taut nerves. Our own hospital compound was singled out as a target four times. One of the Chinese doctor's residences was demolished and had to be rebuilt. Twice the hospital lost all its window panes, and a huge hole was blown out of the front wall. Beds and furniture were wrecked. Two of our cows were killed and one seriously wounded.

I do not believe in fate. But Providence is another matter. Our experiences during this harrowing period convinced me again of the truth of the Scriptural statement that God sees even the sparrow's fall and that He is directly concerned with the care of His children. When we saw seven men crawl unhurt from the ruins of a collapsed building; when low-flying planes—they flew within forty feet of our chimney—failed at that range to hit their objectives; when bombs failed to explode; or when a nurse was suddenly seized with sharp pains and hurried home just fifteen minutes before her workroom was pulverized; when these and other similar incidents took place in our midst, could we do other than acknowledge again our faith that an all-knowing God still works miracles on behalf of His children?

Our Chinese neighbors had their strange experiences too. A certain merchant of the city dug a small shelter just for himself. When he ran to it during one alarm, he found three men huddled inside it. He drove them out and they had to drop down in an open field. In the raid a bomb fell some forty feet away from the shelter; and although the entrance to the dugout did not face the blast, a fragment of shrapnel burst through and severed the merchant's arm. The

man was not a Christian, but he told us he knew the shrapnel was directed by a devil who wished to punish him for his sins.

Invasion

In the many months that the Japanese army was encamped some thirty miles south of us, there were constantly recurring rumors that the men were preparing to invade our district and occupy Kioshan. With these rumors came reports of the atrocities that followed the taking of a city.

The basement of our dispensary housed the telephone that brought word of approaching Japanese planes; and it was our church bell that was used to give the air raid alarms for the city. There came a day when we sounded fifteen raid alarms, and the planes rode over us incessantly. First came the scouts, then the bombers and strafers. It was one continuing horror.

That night, word came that the Japanese army was on the march—northward! The people of the city fled into the country; the soldiers and guerrilla fighters withdrew leaving only a few policemen waiting inside the walls for the final word to leave also. In the telephone room, the reports continued measuring out the Japanese advance. They were within fifteen miles of the city, then ten, then five.

At this last report, the sending operator tore down his apparatus and all wires were cut. The magistrate of the city mounted his horse and sped away; the

policemen disappeared into the mountains. We had had some seven or eight hundred refugees on our compound; now they too fled into the outlying country.

A stillness, almost unbearable, settled down. As I stood out on the hill top that Sunday afternoon, a feeling of utter loneliness crept unhappily into my soul.

The rattling of rifles exploded the stillness. The Japanese had arrived. Their flags came into view over the horizon. The guns were apparently aiming at our compound, and I too took shelter. A few shots hit home; then came silence again.

An unpleasant stillness lasted until dusk of the following day. Then came the tanks. After them rolled trucks and small cars—all the mechanized equipment of American make. The former railroad bed was their roadway. In the gathering darkness, the vehicles became a parade of lights such as Kioshan had never before looked upon. It was almost as if Chicago's Outer Drive and its traffic had suddenly been set down in this dark pocket of the world. Objectively it was excitingly beautiful.

But then the horrors began.

Houses of the city were battered open. Great fires shot flames into the sky. Shouts and screams affrighted the night. Some of the older women, loving their homes, had dared to stay behind in the city. They had seen much wickedness in their lives, but they supposed that even the worst marauders respected old age. But not this enemy! When even the aged women were raped or—if they resisted—had their legs broken or were thrown into wells, they met depravity that overshadowed any evil they had known or dreamed of.

When day came, the trucks rolled on northward. A garrison was left to hold the town and loot the countryside. All stores of grain and beans were seized, sacked, and shipped by truck to the seaport cities. Every kettle, every bit of scrap iron was collected and carried off. Some of the soldiers found great sport in trapping the hogs that wandered about. Sometimes they would cut off the animal's hind leg, leaving it to bleed to death and be devoured by dogs.

It was not until the third day of the occupation that two Japanese officers accompanied by a collaborating Chinese interpreter came to call upon us at the hospital. They asked for workmen to help clean up the city and offered to pay for the work. Twelve men went with them. Two were assigned to cleaning up the post office. They had orders to burn everything they found. But when they came upon several packages of Bibles intended for west Hupeh, they received permission to bring two large sacks of them to the hospital.

The next day the Japanese came again, this time asking for a mason and a carpenter. They had granted our requests for posters to protect the hospital and had given us permission to fetch and carry water to the hospital, so we hesitated to refuse them any reasonable request. The carpenter and mason, however, feared to go lest they should later be killed by the Chinese for having given aid to the enemy. At length, though, they agreed to go; and I promised to speak on their behalf if any difficulty should arise later.

On the morning of the fifth day, I saw a Japanese officer pointing toward our compound with his long sword. Shortly after lunch, we found ourselves sur-

rounded by armed soldiers stationed very close together. We then received notice that the Japanese wished to search the compound. In anticipation of such a search I had given orders that every vestige of anti-Japanese literature—leaflets, posters, pictures—be destroyed. I had been assured that the orders had been carried out. Still I made a hasty round of the Chinese quarters. When I opened the door to the room of the hospital orderlies, there was a whole wall covered with anti-Japanese cartoons and writings. Though it was a cold January day, perspiration poured down my forehead as I worked at that wall. My tardiness in greeting the men in command put them in a bad humor, but every sign was down before I put in my appearance.

The search was thorough but seemed designed primarily to turn up valuables that could be carried off. They found little. Our ladies served them tea and cakes. The officers liked our cook and laundry boy so well that they carried them off—or were about to do so. But my pleas finally secured their release. The cook and the boy never entirely recovered from their fright.

Upon another occasion, a Japanese officer appeared at my door, thundering, "Who is responsible for this place?'

"I am," I replied.

"Do you know that your people are in our town stealing every morning?"

"That can't be so, for our gate is kept closed and no one is allowed outside."

"But they are. I have verified the report myself. For four mornings in a row, they have made off with great bundles of firewood."

"Oh, they must just be bringing in wood from their homes. They are not stealing anything from you."

He was raging now. "Everything in this town is ours," he shouted. "Every straw that is removed is a theft! It must stop and stop at once, or the man responsible will be shot!" Neither tea nor coffee could placate him.

Upon inquiry later I discovered that without my knowing it our Chinese pastor had allowed the gate to be opened, and some of the women had gone into the city for fuel.

We had steady streams of callers. Many were soldiers looking for girls. We managed to keep them at the gatehouse, where we served them tea. Some were ugly, drunk, men to be afraid of. And since we could not speak each other's language, difficult situations often developed.

One friendly group of Japanese doctors kept us busy entertaining them when they came to visit. They had excellent cameras of German make and photographed everything in sight. They were quite talkative and wondered what in the world could induce a fellow like me to take up my work in a little inland town where there were no amusements at all. When I told them that it was because of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, they just looked at each other and laughed. They felt sure that the war with China would soon be over, and each of them had been assigned an important post which he was to take over as soon as the firing ceased. They were all much interested in America and hoped to visit the United States for observation and study some time in the not-too-distant future.

(Japan had not yet opened her attack against us at Pearl Harbor.) Chicago, in their minds, was a famous city because of the exploits of Al Capone and his gangsters.

The sound of barking dogs is not an uncommon one in China. But one night the dogs around us set up a terrific racket which lasted for almost an hour. It awakened me, but I could see no sign of disturbance. Then things quieted down and I went back to sleep. At two thirty, there came a pounding on my door, and the excited gatekeeper called to me to come quickly. Japanese soldiers wanted to search the place.

"Search? They have just searched us. Tell them to go away and come back in the morning."

"No. They are breaking down the gate! Please come quickly."

In the clear moonlight, I could see six soldiers, three with drawn swords and three with rifles and pistols. One was a Chinese turn-coat. He warned me that one of the group was an influential Japanese general. The general was drunk and might become dangerous. He advised us to humor the man. I took them into our house.

As we came inside, the general noticed that his uniform was plastered with lime. The Chinese interpreter said that he had fallen into a lime pit when he had been wandering along our hedge. That was when our dogs had set up their clamor. Now the general pulled off his trousers and ordered that the suit should be cleaned. Clad only in his heavy underwear, he glanced around the room, spotted our piano, and sat

down at it. For the next two hours, he played and sang national songs. For the two hours my servants and I brushed and cleaned the general's uniform. We served him milk and cake when his clothes were ready, and finally he left after promising to return at eight the next morning.

At ten o'clock he and some other officers showed up, bringing a large bottle of wine as a gift. One could speak English. He apologized for the night before. The general said he was thankful that we had put up with him so tolerantly, for otherwise he might have ordered his men to shoot. I was inwardly thankful for our old untuned piano which had saved the situation for us.

We had our first intimation that the Japanese were planning to withdraw from Kioshan and turn south again from a group of doctors who came to inspect the hospital. Then came a message from the quisling interpreter. This fellow, who was a regular devil when the Japanese were within ear or eye-shot, was kindly disposed when left to himself. His message was that the invaders would be leaving the next day, and he warned us to double bar our gate since the rank-and-file soldiers might attempt to do some looting on the side. Rumor had it that Kioshan was to be burned. Fortunately, though, a snow storm hurried the withdrawing army on its way. They feared that their trucks might become mired in the soft roads. Moreover, the wet snow dampened any fires they tried to set. As the last vehicle lumbered out of town, it was as if a great burden had been lifted from us.

The day after the Japanese left, the city magistrate returned. He came at once to thank us for having protected so many of the Chinese and for having saved some valuables for them. I took occasion of the opportunity to tell him about the carpenter and mason who had been employed by the Japanese against their will. His expression was so forbidding, that I pointed out that it would have been just as pointless for us to refuse such demands as it would have been for him to have remained in the city. I also explained that the men had been engaged in making repairs that would be just as beneficial to him as they had been to the Japanese. When finally I told him that I had been responsible for the men and that if he still disapproved, he would have to shoot me before he shot the workmen, our magistrate then was ready to laugh the matter off. The men were forgiven. But they had been in grave danger. On that very day many a collaborator was shot, some of them right outside our own compound gate.

After this invasion, we were subjected to one more with similar experiences. And we suffered continual bombings—all this before Pearl Harbor.

The constant alarms, the bombings, the invasions were extremely hard on human nerves. All of us were jittery, but the women suffered most. We wondered again and again as to whether or not Mrs. Skinsnes should leave for America. She wanted to go, and yet she did not want to leave me here in the midst of such uncertainties and peril.

Finally, the Reverend John Skepstad came through our town on his way to Shanghai. If Mrs. Skinsnes was ready to leave, he would help her and any others who wished to go along on what might be a hazardous journey. We decided that Mathilde should accept this opportunity; and Sister Bergitha Nelson, who was extremely tired, also decided to leave with them.

The party set out early one morning—actually on the anniversary of our wedding day. The journey was long and slow. Part of the time they traveled in a two-wheeled cart pulled by two men. For fourteen days they waded through snow and mud from early morning until late at night. They stayed overnight in small, dark Chinese inns, getting food as best they could.

Tired and worn they at length reached a small town named Li-tse, which was situated on a river. Here they were told that to go farther would be impossible, since the district lying between them and the Japanese lines through which they must pass was in the hands of a band of robbers some two thousand strong. After a great deal of negotiating, one crew of boatmen took courage and agreed to take the party through the dangerous stretch by boat. Men and women took what precautions they could to safeguard their money and jewelry. My wife hid her wedding and engagement rings and a small watch chain she cherished in her long hair.

In mid-afternoon, they were hailed by a robber band and ordered to pull up on shore. Everything movable was carried ashore, broken open, and looted. Then in their search for hidden valuables, the robbers stripped the ladies. They ordered one to take down

her hair; but when they did not find anything hidden there they passed by Mathilde's hair. They even took some of the passports, thinking that they perhaps might prove useful. Then they marched Mr. Skepstad off, saying that he was to be shot. However, the pleas of the ladies and the arguments of the Chinese boatmen saved his life. He was finally released, and the bandits picked up their loot and left.

When the party finally reached Hwayuen in Anhwei province, Mrs. Skinsnes had only thirty-five cents in Chinese money left to her. However Dr. Murdock in the mission hospital there was able to help the party out. From Hwayuen, they reached Shanghai—and eventually the United States—without further incident. But such experiences coming after a prolonged siege of bombings, invasion, and violence left scars that are slow to heal. For a year after their arrival in the United States, the women would give a violent involuntary start every time a church bell pealed out.

Back at the hospital I was wrestling with the problem of securing supplies to keep the place going. After the Japanese invasions, the difficulties grew greater daily. Japan had a tight grip on the sea-coast ports. Our roads south and east now were completely closed. The only source of outside supplies for all of China was the flying service from India over the "Hump." But we were so far north and east of this supply line that its goods were used up long before they could reach us. Moreover, we were so close to the Japanese lines that any travel toward us was hazardous. Chungking had become the capital of China, but even it—

more than a thousand miles inland—was not safe from the Japanese bombers. The situation began to look hopeless indeed.

Upon occasion as if by magic a few things trickled in. At one time we were out of several essential drugs, including quinine. I had called the drug room for tablets for the many malaria patients we were caring for. There were only six tablets left. What could we do? As I racked my brains for some solution, I heard the creaking of wheelbarrows outside. There were four of them that had come over a long devious overland trail, and they were filled with the absolute necessities of hospital care—gauze, cotton, ether, chloroform and other drugs. We opened box after box in search of quinine. Then we came to the last box of the last barrow. There it was—a package of 20,000 tablets.

But such miracles were all too few, and what went out in servicing our sick far out-measured what trickled in. Our latest order had been sent out of Chungking six months before, and there was no sign that it would ever be filled. The Japanese in the meantime had attacked Pearl Harbor, and the United States had declared war against them. We Americans in China could look for no further immunity at the hands of the Japanese. Their army was encamped just one day's march south of Kioshan. If they took it into their heads to turn north again I should have to go into hiding along with the Chinese staff members; and then our bed-ridden patients would be left entirely without care. It seemed better to close up the hospital making what provisions we could for them before another invasion came. And we must work quickly for at any

moment the bombers could make a graveyard of the hospital.

In the meantime a cable came through from the mission board in America advising all of us to come home. My furlough was due, and I had lost forty pounds in weight. If I were to go back to America, rest up for a year or two, the war might be finished in the meantime; and then we would be ready to come back to our missions refreshed in body and mind. So it was determined.

Before leaving, I did everything I could to provide for a day when the hospital could be reopened. Everything in the way of supplies and equipment that could be sold was disposed of and the money was deposited in America to the credit of the hospital. Other things were walled up in empty spaces in the basement and upstairs. Altogether there were six such hiding places, and a seventh was provided for supplies from the dispensary when it should be closed. I made arrangements to keep the dispensary going as long as possible. The cows and goats were leased to a mission farther inland. The same mission took over our X-ray plant.

I was still hesitant about leaving. At length I prayed for a sign to direct me. If I was to go let there be three air raid alarms and no more before twelve o'clock noon. There were just three alarms. I prayed again asking forgiveness for my doubt. If I was indeed to go let there be just one more alarm before two o'clock. There was one alarm before two; then no more that day or for several days. With a heart both relieved and heavy I set about my final personal preparations.

It is always hard to leave for the mission field after a

furlough; one's home must be broken up, and often there are dear ones that must be left behind. It is even so when one leaves the mission field. There is so much here too that one has learned to love. There is the work that needs to be done, and the heavy thought of disappointed people who come seeking healing—often from great distances—only to find a closed hospital and the doctor gone. There are co-workers, faithful and affectionate, and Chinese friends both Christian and non-Christian who must be left behind.

For me this time there was also the tug at the heart of things not human to which one said good-bye perhaps forever. There was the compound and the trees we had planted and nursed along. There were even the houses repeatedly repaired and rebuilt after the bombings, homes that became a part of one, almost. And there were the cows and goats who had given us not only so much good milk and butter but so much affection and comfort. How often my aching head had been pillowed on some friendly back! How often had I drawn fresh courage from their uncomplaining trust!

And then there was Klang. Beautiful, faithful Klang! To me no greater dog was ever bred. She was the German police dog I had ordered after I had been attacked. With her former owner, she had been driven to Hankow by unsettled conditions further south. In the crowded city there was no place for her. Just as she was to be shot in pity, my note came asking for a good watch dog. Shortly afterwards she started north to me by train under the guidance of a staunch Chinese friend of mine. With half the trip behind them, the train came to a standstill. The tracks were up.

There followed a two-week detour over mountain paths and through rivers as dog and guide walked the rest of the way. At times they were escorted by soldiers. All were kind to Klang, for to know her was to love her.

In Kioshan she became my special companion. There she was, always at home and always looking for me. She knew me for her master but she seemed to love me as her friend. In her faithfulness she never failed so that I found in it some rebuke for my lack of greater faith and trust. I would pray, "Lord, make me faithful to You as she is to me." Here she was always waiting for my company, completely at rest and satisfied when she was at my feet. And here was I, a human being, created in the image of God, yet longing for so many hundreds of things besides God's company. I often had to pat her and tell her that she was the more faithful of us two.

Now came the hardest leave-taking of all. I knew that when I went away her lot would be cruelly hard —if I left her behind. Yet there was no way for her to come along. Only one thing could be done. I had prayed that God would let her die, but she did not die. I had to take care of her myself. When she finally lay there stiff and cold, I seemed to hear a voice saying, "So you loved this dog so much that you had to take her life, and now you are crushed with sorrow and all the world seems dark! So loved I the world that I gave my Son that you might have eternal life." It seems that now I understand better the measure of that *so* in our beloved verse from John. I had loved Klang and I had to let her die.

Chinese friends and co-workers gathered at the gate by the hundreds on that early morning hour when the two foreign nurses and I set forth. We sang some songs together, read a portion of Scripture, and offered prayers. Out into the country they followed us on the first of the twenty-two thousand miles that lay ahead, and the last we heard was their voices singing, "God be with you till we meet again."

Then as we trundled past the compound walls on our bicycles, I caught a glimpse of the little grave where Klang lay, and one red rose atop the mound waved me my last farewell from Kioshan.

The way back through China was a disheartening panorama of the desolation wrought by war: blocked roads, broken bridges, disrupted railroads; empty schools, closed hospitals with shuttered windows bespeaking empty beds and corridors; bombed-out dwellings; shattered churches—all evidence that the work of years had been undone or utterly destroyed.

Was this—*could* this be the final answer to Christian enterprise for China? Was the future for the teeming people of this land to be forever in the hands of those who dealt with guns and swords and bombs and death?

Then we thought of the loving friends bidding us God-speed at the gates of Kioshan, and within our hearts blossomed again the words of promise—

"And now abideth faith, hope, love—these three; but the greatest of these is love"—immortal Christian love!

Ten Years After

It was in July, 1942—seven months after Pearl Harbor—that Dr. Casper Skinsnes reached America and was reunited with his family. The long journey home had been made overland from Kioshan to Chungking—a distance of several hundred miles traversed by bicycle or afoot or afloat by whatever means could be found—and thence by air to India where it was possible to get steamer passage home.

Those who have read the Doctor's record of his work in China may well be wondering about the years between his return to America in 1942 and the present. What is there to say of the Doctor today and of the country to which he gave so much of himself? Was he ever able to go back to China? What is he doing now? And what Christian hope is there for China today?

For the Doctor himself, we may reply briefly. As one may guess, the ten years have been years of continued service in the ministry of medicine.

After a period of rest and recuperation from the strains of hazardous travel and the preceding struggle to keep a hospital running under battle conditions, Dr. Skinsnes and his wife volunteered again for foreign service. They were sent to Tanganyika in East Africa, where they labored for three years, or until the end of World War II again opened the ports of China to foreign missionaries.

The record of their experiences in Africa is a thrilling story in itself. But the urge to return to China and her people burned like a fever in the blood of Casper Skinsnes. Japan had paid dearly for her bid for supremacy. When the documents were signed that ended the warfare between the United States and Japan, the Japanese surrendered every inch of ground they had taken in China, including Manchuria and Korea. The weeks following the surrender were full of hope for China and for those who loved her people.

The Skinsneses were among the first missionaries to return. In December of 1946 they left the United States for China, and early in the new year they were once more in Honan. It had been arranged that they were to resume residence in Sinyang and that Dr. Skinsnes was once more to be superintendent of the Big Union Hospital.

It was a great day for Sinyang when the Doctor and his wife arrived. They were met by a delegation of the most important people of the district, and there were great festivities, marked —according to Chinese custom—by the firing of countless firecrackers to signify public rejoicing.

Between ten and fifteen thousand people lined the streets to greet their Doctor as he entered the city. Posters everywhere —even on the city wall—bore messages of welcome, some in Chinese characters, some painstakingly lettered in English. One signed by the "Railway of Sinyang" read, "Many sick people of this city are eagerly awaiting the arrival of Dr. C. C. Skinsnes." Others bore wishes for the long life of the Doctor and his family. As the procession wound its way toward the hospital, one heard again and again the words, "This is the greatest day Sinyang has had. It compares in joy with the day the Japanese evacuated." It was a heart-warming welcome.

Not so cheering was the condition of the hospital. It had been sacked. Not one piece of equipment remained; and the building itself had been vandalized. Windows were smashed; door frames and casings had been ripped out and burned; walls were crumbling. Ceilings and walls inside were black with smoke from fires that in some instances had been kindled

right on the wooden floors, burning great charred holes through them.

Under the Doctor's directions, a crew of workers began at once the task of rebuilding and remodeling. Sick folks were already clamoring for admission; and so while repairs were in progress, a dispensary service was initiated. It is a matter of record that in the first twelve months, 64,000 dispensary calls were handled. And in the first nine months after the hospital reopened, the staff cared for 2,100 in-patients, while the doctor with his assistants performed 960 operations. The nurses' training school was reopened, and both Chinese and American nurses helped to make possible this tremendous volume of service. Especially valuable were the services of Sister Bergitha Nelsen and Sister Hilda Petterson, veterans of many years of duty on behalf of Chinese patients.

By the end of 1949 the hospital was completely rehabilitated, ready to serve its district more effectively than ever before. An electric light plant, though not yet installed, was ready to provide light and to operate an x-ray machine for which funds were available. And for the first time the hospital would be provided with running water.

But unfortunately by 1949 the people of China were again warring against each other, and the province of Honan was once more a battlefield. Late in the year, orders came again for all American missionaries to leave China.

The hospital plant was turned over in perfect running condition to the new government, whose officials felt that it could be operated without any foreign assistance. So far as is known, the hospital still stands, though it sees only limited use. But whether or not the building survives the fortunes of internal warfare, the record of its services through years now past will live in the lives and memories of those it served. And that record must stand as a challenge to whoever follows there in the profession of healing—whether Chinese or foreigner, civil doctor or missionary.

Before Christmas in 1949, Dr. Skinsnes and his wife had returned to America, this time to take up residence in Illinois.

At this present writing (1952), the Doctor is still practicing. Astonished at the size of the fees paid to a physician and surgeon for his work here in the United States, Dr. Skinsnes was first at a loss to know what to do with "all this money!" He found his own answer to the problem—he has opened an account in which he is depositing everything beyond the modest amount needed for living expenses for himself and his wife. When China at length finds her way to peace, there will be a fund waiting in America with which to reopen (or perhaps build anew) a hospital for the people of Honan.

With respect to China herself, our questions are not so easily answered.

Since 1950, little direct information has been available about conditions in the provinces of the interior. However, the son of Casper Skinsnes, Dr. Olaf K. Skinsnes, is at present a pathologist in the University of Hong Kong and is also connected with the work being carried on among the lepers there. Two years ago he prepared a report on the health problems of China as they were revealed by studies available then. Appropriately enough that report may be appended to our Postscript. Olaf Skinsnes writes:

"Statistics are not available to describe adequately the health problems of China. For the last thirty-five years—roughly the period covered by my father's memoirs—the country has been embroiled in political, economic, and military turmoil. Under such conditions, accurate surveys could not be made of conditions affecting the health of the people. At best there has been a sad lack of public health services, and even in times of peace the facilities for communication and transportation are terribly inadequate. Where medical centers had been established, most of the work had to be directed toward relieving the people's acute ailments—always an overwhelming undertaking because centers of population are overcrowded and because China suffers chronically from the inroads of warfare, famine, superstition, and pestilence.

"As has been said elsewhere, the population of China is

now estimated at somewhere between 400 and 500 millions of people. The Chinese Medical Association in 1943* estimated the disease morbidity rate to be four per cent. Assuming that there are 400,000,000 people, this means that on any one day in China about 16,000,000 people are sick. An estimated death rate of 25 persons out of every 1,000 means that 10,000,000 people die in China every year; and these figures do not include those who are killed in warfare but only those who die of disease.

"Modern medical science considers a death rate of more than 15 per 1,000 to be excessive. In other words, each year some 4,000,000 Chinese die from causes that proper medical care could prevent or cure. Szeming Sze, formerly the general secretary of the Chinese Medical Association, points out that the immediate health problem in his country is to find some way of providing medical care daily for 16 million people and to reduce the number of deaths annually by at least 4 million.

"At the time of his writing, Szeming Sze reported that in all China only 12,000 doctors and 38,000 hospital beds were available to these ailing millions. How many doctors and hospitals are still functioning cannot be guessed; but the toll of war and revolution is always great, and foreign medical help has been curtailed if not cut off entirely. To be sure, there are large numbers of China's traditional medicine men. Some of them have learned a good deal about healing from observation and from studying the writings of other careful students through the centuries of Chinese medical history; but even the best of them rely mainly upon the use of herbs prepared and administered with a good deal of traditional superstition and hocus-pocus. Interesting accounts of such beliefs and practices have been included by Drs. K. C. Wong and L. T. Wu in their *History of Chinese Medicine*** and by Dr. E. H. Hume in *The Chinese Way in Medicine.****

"According to figures admittedly incomplete which were re-

*Szeming Sze, *China's Health Problems,* Chinese Medical Association, Washington, D.C.

**The Tientsin Press, Ltd., Tientsin, China.

***The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, 1940.

leased in 1948, just before the Communists took over the government of China, there were in 1947-1948 some 241 Protestant mission hospitals with over 18,000 beds still operating.* The report listed 85 other mission hospitals as already closed, destroyed, looted, or otherwise rendered inactive. The figures do not include special mission projects such as leprosarial work. At the same time six medical schools were still functioning, with 1033 students enrolled, and there were more than 80 nursing schools with an unspecified number of student nurses.

"Such hospitals and schools had been instrumental in lifting the standards of scientific medical practice in China; and if one compares these figures just quoted with those from Szeming Sze's report, one realizes the very large role once played by the missionary hospital in helping to meet China's needs for medical service.

"But even when the work of medical missionary enterprises was at its peak, the combined efforts of Chinese and foreign service were inadequate. According to American standards, proper care of China's millions would require at least 266,000 doctors and surgeons and at least 2,000,000 hospital beds. In fact, since the incidence of disease in China is twice what it is in America, this number of doctors and beds should be doubled—at least to begin with.

"In the past most of the trained physicians and well-equipped hospitals have been concentrated in China's large cities, leaving the rural areas where 84% of the people live without medical care. It is in these country districts that traditional methods still prevail.

"Our medical missionaries were pioneers in an endeavor to provide medical care for such country districts. My father's work—except for the two-year interlude in the hospital at Taohwalun, Hunan—was centered in the locality indicated by the shaded area of the map in the picture section. This inland

*K. C. Wong and W. S. Flowers, *Directory of Christian Medical Work and Prayer Cycle,* the National Christian Council of China and the Council on Christian Medical Work of the Chinese Medical Association, Shanghai, 1947, 1948.

rural section has a population of about eight million souls. It is one of the most backward and hence the poorest districts of China, as well as one of the districts most devastated by recent wars. Even within the 35 years of our association with the district, recurring wars and insurrections have swept over our medical centers, destroying valuable records and carefully compiled statistics along with medical properties and equipment.

"From the figures we do have, it appears that in spite of all interruptions and handicaps, under my father's direction our dispensaries handled about 900,000 call-patients; our hospital in-patients numbered about 39,000; and 18,000 major operations were performed—a remarkable tribute to the tireless, devoted leadership of one man. In addition to this direct medical care, a nurses' training school was maintained in connection with the hospital—a school accredited by the Chinese government. Many of the graduates of the school have remained in medical work. Others have gone back to their home communities where their training and specialized knowledge must be a factor in the slow process of educating rural areas with regard to scientific methods in the practice of medicine and public health.

"In the period of active medical ministry in Honan, much was accomplished in the way of winning the confidence of the people over to the side of scientific practice, with a consequent breaking-down of traditional superstitions and fears. The fame of hospital and doctor spread inland, and patients often came on long toilsome journeys to the medical oasis at Sinyang or Kioshan.

"The cost of the whole venture to the supporting missionary organization was less than $120,000 in American money. This sum covered the salaries and expenses of transportation and living for the American doctor and nurses participating in the work as well as the building costs and expense of equipment except in the case of the hospital at Sinyang. There, as my father explained, the hospital was built and equipped by the Chinese authorities in the district and by certain well-to-do

Chinese citizens. Other sources of support have been occasional grants for special purposes—such as famine relief—, gifts from interested Chinese in the district, and nominal charges made when patients were able to pay for services. These charges averaged about ten or fifteen cents a day per patient, the fee including the medication as well as care. After World War II, many materials and supplies for the work of rehabilitation were provided through the China Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, a division of the R.R.A. of the United Nations.

"Today the future of medical ministry in China is unpredictable. Trained doctors and nurses stand ready to serve again in obedience to the commission of their Master. Whether or not their ministry will be accepted rests with China herself. As the peoples of the land struggle to settle their economic and political problems, the missionaries of Christ stand by waiting to bind up the wounds of battle. We Christians are persuaded that in the words of Christ may be found the solution to the differences that too often explode in passion and bloodshed throughout our world. When the call comes—from China, from India, from our own land—let us be ready in increased numbers and strength to bear the lamp of enlightenment and the scalpel of healing under the cross of Christ even unto the uttermost parts of the world. In the meantime our prayers must rise for China—for her heartsick, weary people in remote but war-scarred districts like Honan."

The Editors

APPENDIX

A CALENDAR OF CHINESE HISTORY

Early Chinese Empires

221 B.C.	The Chinese Empire established by the semi-barbarous Ch'in dynasty in the north.
202 B.C.-220 A.D.	The "imperial age," noted for its peace and prosperity.
221-618 A.D.	Four centuries of warfare among petty states, with repeated invasions of the Huns from the north.
618-906	The Tang dynasty established, a period of culture and expansion. In the seventh century, the Tangs controlled Korea, Manchuria, Mongolia, and Turkistan, as well as China. Long before the end of the period, China had lost control of the border territories, and the Mongols gained great strength in the north.
906-960	A period of chaos and confusion.
960-1269	The Sung dynasty, a period of scholarship and art. China was threatened by barbarians north of Mongolia who were later conquered by the Mongols under Jenghis Khan. Then Kublai Khan—grandson of Jenghis—conquered China.
1368-1644	The Ming dynasty. Under the Mings, the Mongols were driven from China. The Empire extended from Korea to Burma, with capitals at Peking and Nanking.
1644-1912	The Ch'ing or Manchu dynasty, established by the people of North China when they captured Peking. With the Ch'ing dynasty, the period of modern China begins. People of

the south never forgot that the Ch'ings were Manchus from the north.

China in Modern Times

1736-1795	Under Emperor Ch'ien Lung, China enjoyed what was perhaps its period of greatest power.
1834	Canton was first opened to foreign trade.
1839-1842	Britain waged the Opium War, compelling China to allow the importation of opium. As Europeans forced the opening of Chinese ports to France, Germany, and Russia, as well as to England, other abuses of foreign influence spread; and in consequence, the Ch'ing regime was weakened.
1894-1895	First Chino-Japanese war ended in victory for Japan and in China's loss of Korea.
1900	Anti-foreign sentiment flared into warfare in the Boxer Rebellion. The Rebellion was put down by the armed forces of several foreign powers, and a heavy indemnity was levied against China. The United States used some of its indemnity money in scholarships for Chinese students. The United States also advocated the Open Door policy, allowing all nations to trade with China regardless of zones of special foreign influence. The policy probably saved China from being parceled out among the nations, but the Chinese were still suspicious of all foreigners, and resentful.
1911-1919	Sun Yat-sen made himself the leader of a republican revolution which brought about

the abdication of the Emperor in 1912. Sun became the first president of the Republic of China, and remained its military leader after he resigned from the presidency in favor of Yüan Shih-kai.

The powerful Kuomintang party, based in south China, was in control of the government. Opposed to it were the "war lords," or semi-independent military commanders in the north.

In World War I, China joined the Allies and received some concessions in the Nine-Power Treaty signed in 1921, '22.

1928- Chiang Kai-shek became virtual dictator of the Kuomintang and established a government at Nanking. A Communist wing developed in the party, finally breaking away from it. These Communists were eventually driven north where they united with other strong Communistic forces.

1931- Japan occupied Manchuria, setting up the puppet state of Manchukuo. Next the Japanese attacked Shanghai and seized Jehol province, and the invasion of China had begun.

1937-1945 Japan was openly at war with China, with the aim of dominating all of eastern Asia. Japanese armies swept inland, forcing the Nationalist government west to Chungking. After Pearl Harbor, the Japanese armies were diverted elsewhere; increased foreign aid came to China; and with the end of World War II, Japan was forced to relinquish Korea, Manchuria, and all that she had held in China.

1945-1950

The Chinese Nationalist government, however, weakened by prolonged warfare and internal strife, was proving itself helpless against the steadily growing strength of the Communists. By 1949 little of the Chinese mainland remained to the Nationalist forces; and when the United States finally withdrew her support, the Communists (1950) proclaimed their rule over all China, with the seat of their government at Peking. Chiang and his forces withdrew to the island of Formosa.

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